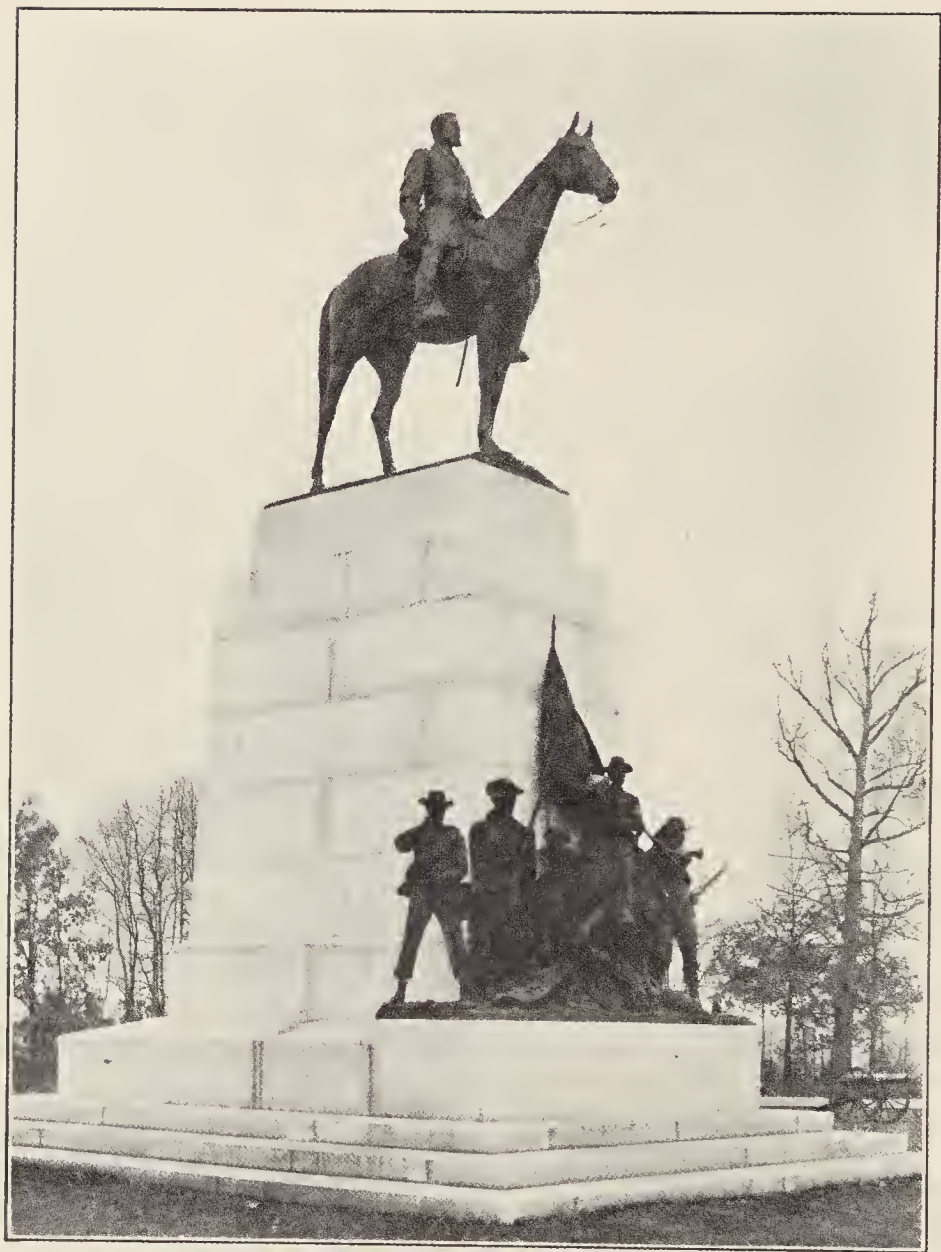


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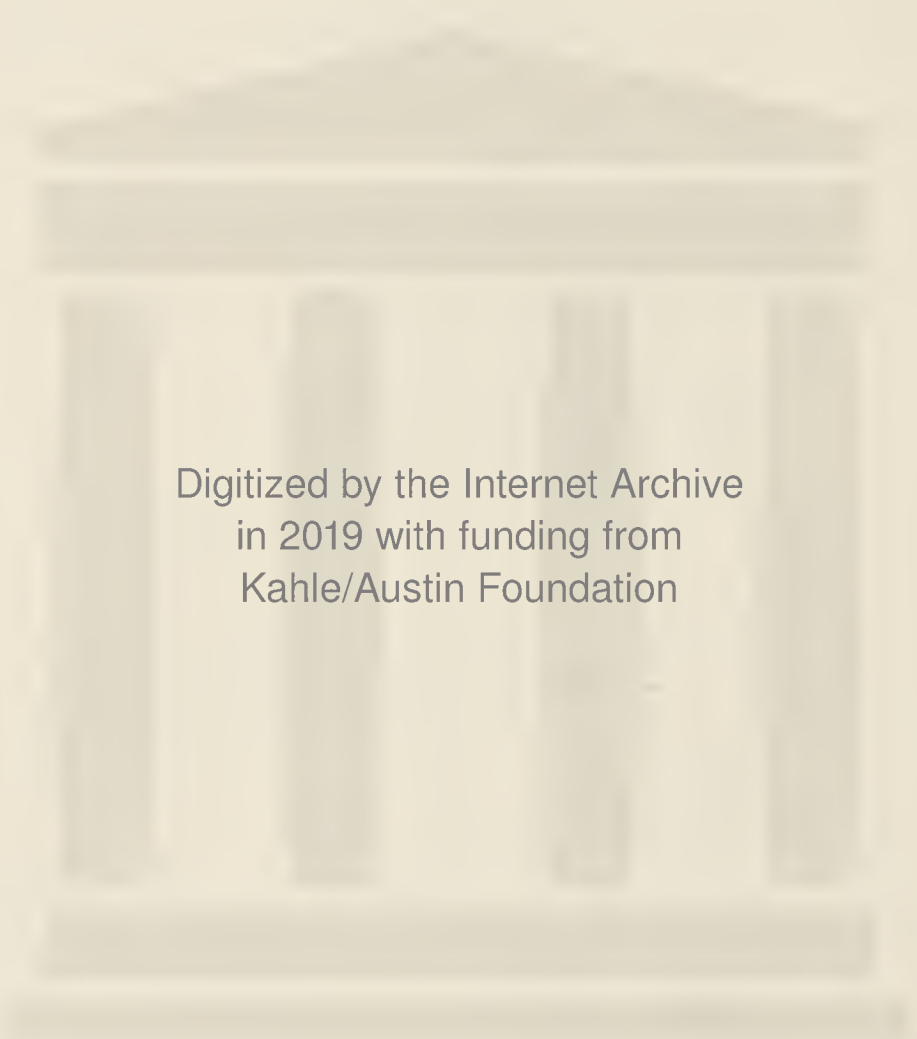
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Southern Historical Society Papers.

NEW SERIES. Richmond, Va., Sept., 1917. VOLUME IV

GONE FORWARD.

By Mrs. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Gen. Robert E. Lee died October 12, 1870. His last words were, "Let the tent be struck."

Yes, "Let the tent be struck"; victorious morning
Through every crevice flashes in a day
Magnificent beyond all earth adorning;
The night is over; wherefore should he stay?
And wherefore should our voices choke to say,
"The General has gone forward!"

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender,
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure commander, lofty, simple, tender,
Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
Wearing his armor spotless till at last,
Death gave the final "Forward!"

All hearts grew sudden palsied; yet what said he,
Thus summoned? "Let the tent be struck"—for when
Did call of duty fail to find him ready
Nobly to do her work in sight of men,
For God's and for his country's sake—and then
To watch, wait, or go forward?

We will not weep,—we dare not!—such a story
As his large life writes on the century's years
Should crowd our volumes with a flash of glory,
That manhood's type, supremest that appear
Today, be shown the ages—nay, no tears
Because he has gone forward!

Gone forward? Whither? Where the marshalled legions,
Christ's well -worn soldiers from their conflicts cease,—
Where Faith's true Red Cross Knights repose in regions
Thick studied with the calm white tents of peace,—
Thither, right joyful to accept release
The General has gone forward!

PAPERS OF HON. JOHN A. CAMPBELL—1861-1865.

COPIED IN 1917.

Letters from the Hon. John A. Campbell to Daniel
Chandler, Esqr.

WASHINGTON CITY, Novr. 24th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 17th inst. requesting me to give you the result of my reflections upon the present crisis has been received. I proceed to comply with your request.

The election for electors of President and Vice President having resulted in favor of the candidates of the Republican party, the persons chosen by them must be inaugurated if the Constitution and laws of the United States remain in force. The single question is, whether the fact of their election affords a legitimate cause for the overthrow of the Constitution and laws, and a consequent dissolution of the Union of these States?

I shall not consider the question of the natural, moral or constitutional right of the people of Alabama to dissolve the Union.

My purpose is simply to consider the reasons assigned for exercising the right, supposing it to be conceded. These reasons are contained in the preamble to "Joint resolution of the General Assembly of Alabama, calling a convention, in a certain contingency in the election of a President of the United States; approved February, 1860." It is as follows:

"Whereas anti-slavery agitation persistently continued in the non-slaveholding States of this Union for more than a third of a century, marked at every stage of its progress by contempt for the obligations of law and the sanctity of compacts,

evincing a deadly hostility to the rights and institutions of the Southern people and a settled purpose to effect their overthrow even by the subversion of the Constitution and at the hazard of violence and bloodshed; and, whereas, a sectional party calling itself Republican, committed alike by its own acts and antecedents, and the public avowals and secret machinations of its leaders to the execution of these atrocious designs, has acquired the ascendancy in nearly every Northern State, and hopes by success in the approaching Presidential election to seize the Government itself; and where, to permit such seizure by those whose unmistakable aim is to pervert its whole machinery to the destruction of a portion of its members would be an act of suicidal folly and madness, almost without a parallel in history; and, whereas, the General Assembly of Alabama, representing a people loyally devoted to the Union of the Constitution, but scorning the Union which fanaticism would erect upon its ruins, deem it their solemn duty to provide, in advance, the means by which they may escape such peril and dishonor, and devise new securities for perpetuating the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity," etc., etc.

Upon these reasons the General Assembly have thought it to be expedient to provide for the election of one hundred men, in the different counties, within a short period after the Presidential election, and have invested them with power "*to consider, determine and do whatever, in their opinion, the rights, interest and honor of the State of Alabama require to be done for their protection.*"

That is, so far as the General Assembly have power (and I confess that I am wholly at a loss to know whence comes that power) they have abdicated their own functions, and have committed to a single body of one hundred persons for an undefined period, all that belongs to the people of Alabama—rights, interests, and honor—to be disposed of as they, in their opinion, may deem meet.

The commission is as broad as that of the Roman Dictator, and I do not know that the danger is less, from the possession of unlimited power whether in the hands of one hundred men, or of one man.

I remember that in the darkest hour of the revolutionary history of Virginia, when Arnold and Phillips were ravaging her coasts and Tarleton and his dragoons were making her country desolate, there was some proposition to make Patrick Henry dictator.

Mr. Jefferson then recorded his opinion, that "the very thought was treason against the people, was treason against mankind in general, as riveting forever the chains which bow down their necks by giving their oppressors a proof which they would have trumpeted through the universe of the imbecility of republican governments, in times of pressing danger to shield them from harm."

It is not my purpose to discuss the joint resolutions of the General Assembly, either in respect to their Constitutional competency to surrender the rights, interests and honor of the people to a body unknown to the Constitution of the State, or as to the propriety or policy of that measure.

The charges of the General Assembly are:

1st. That the anti-slavery agitation in the non-slaveholding States evinces a deadly hostility to the rights and institutions of the slave holding States, and a settled purpose to effect their overthrow by the subversion of the Constitution at the hazard of violence and bloodshed.

2nd. That the Republican party are committed to the execution of that purpose and hope to seize the Government with the design of employing it for its accomplishment—for the, "unmistakable aim to pervert its whole machinery to the destruction of a portion of its members."

The General Assembly affirm that to permit such "a seizure" would be an "act of suicidal folly and madness," on the part of those who are menaced, and resolve that, upon the election of a President advocating the principles and action of the party in the Northern States calling itself Republican, a convention of the kind before described shall be convoked, etc.

Roman history informs us that Nero at one time formed the resolution to massacre the Senate of Rome, set fire to the City and let loose his whole collection of wild beasts to devour the people in the general consternation.

The General Assembly have described a presidential Nero—a man seizing the powers of the Federal Government at the head of a party “deadly hostile,” and with the “unmistakable aim” to use them to the destruction of a portion of the people by the subversion of the Constitution, and their rights and institutions. I cannot but think that the picture drawn in these resolutions must have had for a prototype the raid of John Brown.

I assume that Mr. Lincoln will be elected President of the United States conformably to the Constitution and that he will be inaugurated according to law and usage. There will be no seizure nor usurpation of the office. The persons who elected him are from one million and three-quarters to two million of voters in the different States and are in the majority in fifteen States of the Union. The party that nominated him is ruled, in respect to some questions, by ideas confined to one of the two great sections of the Union, and these ideas are of no mean consequence in the domestic relations of the two sections.

The election of Mr. Lincoln I regard as a calamity to the country, as it has undermined if not destroyed the confidence—the diminished confidence—of a portion of the Southern States towards the Federal Government:

“Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.”

The Democratic party which had assumed to provide for the stability, energy and repose of the Union and claimed the support of the people to execute these great duties, was rent during the Presidential canvass by scandalous factions who employed the summer in biting and devouring one another, taking no heed lest they might consume one another. They left the government exposed as an easy prey to a party numbering less than two-fifths of the voters of the Union. The question before us is not whether a more acceptable election could not have been made. In my opinion, Mr. Hunter might have been nomi-

nated at Charleston, with proper care, and his enlightened statesmanship, scrupulous integrity, moderation and virtue would have been recognized by the people, and his administration would have been as favorable to the country as that of Jefferson.

But the question is whether Mr. Lincoln will come to the Presidential office with "the unmistakable aim to pervert the machinery of Government to the destruction of its members."

Does this election show an integral of mischief, calculation, malice—dispositions regardless of Constitutional or confederate obligation and fatally set to work wrong and injustice.?

No man, no body of men, is authorized to arouse the evil passions, the restless desires, the factions, proscription hate, revenge incident to revolution, nor to disturb the clear written law, the deep-trod foot-marks of ancient custom, the healthful industry, the confident calculations, the faith, duty, quiet, content and repose of civil society upon grievances, speculative or contingent, or upon the apprehension of evils, that are not imminent and beyond reach of regular and constitutional modes of redress. It was never anticipated by the framers of the Constitution of the United States that the President selected by the electors would always be a capable or virtuous man. The wisest member of the Convention (Dr. Franklin) said: "The first man put at the helm will be a good one. Nobody knows what sort may come afterwards." The difficulty of adopting a plan of election disturbed the Convention during its whole session. "In every stage," said a Virginia member, "the question relative to the Executive, the difficulty of the subject and the diversity of opinions concerning it have appeared." There were propositions that the election should be made by the people at large, by the legislatures of States, by the Executives of States; by freeholders voting for several candidates, by Congress: by the People of each State nominating one of its citizens, from which nominees a choice should be made, and *by lottery* from a certain number of members of Congress. The plan incorporated into the Constitution was once rejected, and late in the session of the Convention it was reported by a committee and adopted without discussion.

That he might have no opportunity to conspire against the public liberty, propositions to confer the office for life or good behavior, or even six years, were rejected. The tenure of office is four years, and it is plain that a re-election will, hereafter, be an exceptional case. In the chief of his executive duties, he is placed under the supervision of the Senate, and no observant man at the seat of government will say that the check is nominal.

The Senate have secured a large influence, not to say an undue influence, ascendancy in the administration of the Government. In the most important of his administrative duties he is subject to the control of Congress.

The House of Representatives will rarely be on strictly accommodating terms with a President or a Senate. That body, if properly chosen, is a real control for the people. Besides these restraints upon the Executive, the Constitution has demanded of him a specific and comprehensive oath of office and denounces him for impeachment upon the commission of crimes or misdemeanors. Fifteen persons have exercised the functions of President since the Constitution was adopted. I do not know of a stain upon the public character of either of them. Upon their public conduct there has been uniformly the impress of personal honor. In a number of instances, the country was torn by violent factions at the time of their election, and during their continuance in office and threats of discussion were loud and deep from the minority.

The case of Mr. Jefferson is an instructive one. Federalists of the highest character and largest influence regarded his election as the triumph of Jacobinism. One of them wrote, "we have no part in Jefferson and no inheritance in Virginia. Shall we return to our own vines and fig-trees and be separate from the Slaveholders?" Another wrote: "If we were peaceably severed from the rest of the United States with perhaps some other States joined with us, and left to manage our own affairs in our own way, I think we should do much better than we now do." Roger Griswold, a very prominent leader, "was without doubt or hesitation" (says one of his friends) "decidedly in favor of dissolving the Union and establishing a Northern Confed-

eracy. He thought it might be affected peaceably, and without a recourse to arms." But Mr. Jefferson was re-elected, all New England except Connecticut voting for him and there being only fourteen electoral votes against him. I suppose you will recollect the time when blue cockades and minute men, and measures tending to disunion, were plentiful during General Jackson's administration, when he was denounced as a tyrant, usurper and "a toothless tiger." Yet only one of the Presidents has had a wider popularity than he, or had more of the respect and affection of his countrymen. The fact that Mr. Lincoln has been chosen President of the United States in my opinion is not a sufficient cause for a dissolution of the Union.

The circumstances of his election impose the duty of moderation on his part and circumspection on the part of his supporters in all that concerns the irritating and disturbing questions of slavery. He is under an imperious necessity to mould his measures of administration so as to conciliate the sober opinion and calm judgment of the people. I do not fear the influence of his party over him or his own dispositions.

There is a radical division in his own party and he was chosen because he was more conservative and constitutional in his opinions and ideas than his opponent. My inquiries of most respectable and reliable gentlemen who know him, confirm me in the opinion that he is not an object of fear. But if he were bad, disposed to work mischief, I have too much confidence in the Constitution of my country to suppose that it does not afford a sufficient remedy in case of his wickedness. It is our pride and glory that, for all the evils of Government, there are constitutional modes of redress for every citizen.

I am wholly unwilling to dishonor them before the civilized world by any coups d'etat or insurrections against their authority except as a last resort. I consider the election of Mr. Lincoln as a fact of grave significance not to be acquiesced in silently. When taken in connection with the anti-slavery agitation and the principles that have contributed to his success, I am not surprised that a strong and pervading sentiment of resistance should have risen, and has sought expression through public meetings, legislative assemblies and State Conventions.

I have considered this subject under the single point of view of the election of Mr. Lincoln as President. There is another question of wider scope and far more difficulty which I will consider in another letter. The question is the anti-slavery agitation and the course that it is proper for the slave-holding States to adopt to secure peace and obtain exemption from further interference.

I am,

Truly yours,

(Signed) JNO. A. CAMPBELL.

DANIEL CHANDLER, ESQR.

Mobile, Ala.

WASHINGTON CITY, November 26th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR:—In order to explain my views upon the subject of your inquiry, I propose to ascertain the position of the Southern States upon the various questions connected with the slavery agitation in the short period of peace in the years 1851-53.

The conventions of Georgia and Mississippi, after a mature consideration of the series of measures of Congress for the admission of California, the organization of Utah and New Mexico, the settlement of the boundary of Texas, the suppression of the slave trade in the District of Columbia and the extradition of fugitive slaves, in connection with the rejection of the Wilmot Proviso, and the refusal to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, agreed to abide by them as a permanent settlement of the sectional controversy. They declared they would resist to the extremity of disrupting the Union, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia or in the forts or arsenals, etc., the suppression of the slave trade between the States, the adoption of the Wilmot Proviso, or the refusal to admit new States because their constitutions tolerated slavery. They expressed the opinion that the faithful observation of the fugitive slave law was essential to the preservation of the Union.

Alabama did not have any convention and her general assembly did not adopt any corresponding declaration; but the acquiescence of her people in the Georgia platform was indicated by other unequivocal evidence. In what condition was the subject of slavery as respects the territories at the date of these declarations?

By the Act of March, 1820, for the admission of Missouri, slavery was prohibited in all the territory acquired from France, north of 36, 30 north latitude, and there being some doubt whether Oregon was held under the French treaty of 1803, slavery was prohibited there by the Act of August, 1848.

There was a question whether the Mexican laws prohibiting slavery were not in force in Utah and New Mexico. Some of the most prominent statesmen of the Union declared them to be in force, others thought differently. This question was left open. The right of the master to carry his slaves into territory south of 36° 30 north latitude was not denied. In 1854, the prohibition contained in the Acts of Congress of March, 1820, and of August, 1848, relating to Missouri and Oregon, were repealed by the Nebraska and Kansas act and the rights of the slave master made to depend upon the operation of the Constitution of the United States in the Territories.

In the spring of 1857 the Supreme Court of the United States determined in the case of Dred Scott that the act of March, 1820, while in force, did not operate to divest the titles of a master to a slave who had been removed from one of the States into the territory into which it applied. The result of this Congressional legislation and judicial decision is to remove from the statute book all hostile legislation against slavery in the territories and from the jurisprudence of the United States the principle of such legislation.

The status quo of this question then, to be satisfactory to the Southern States, and I infer it is; for when their Senators were asked to vote for the immediate protection of slavery in the territories, they answered in the negative. In some of this hostile and unconstitutional legislation I cannot say that the entire responsibility belongs to the North. The validity of the

act of March 1820 as constitutional, was supported by eminent Southern authority, and the obnoxious section in the act (8th section) was introduced into it in the Senate, the slave holding States voting fifteen votes for to eight against it. The vote of Alabama in favor of the section was cast by Wm. R. King and John W. Walker, and in the House of Representatives by John Crowell, her only representative.

I do not refer to these facts as any matter of imputation or complaint, I do not so regard them. But I mean to say that the right of the slave holder of Alabama to remove with his slaves to any territory of the Union at this time has been lately established against the force of concessions made by his own Senators and Representatives acting under their sense of constitutional obligation and duty.

In 1850, the Nashville Convention, composed of delegates for the Southern and Southwestern States, resolved: "That the performance of their duties upon the principle we declare (the principle of equality now in force) would enable Congress to remove the embarrassments in which the country is now involved." The vacant Territories of the United States no longer regarded as prizes for sectional rapacity and ambition would be gradually occupied by inhabitants drawn to them by their interests and feelings. The institutions fitted to them would be naturally applied by governments formed on American ideas and approved by the deliberate choice of their constituents. The community would be educated and disciplined in habits of self government and fitted for association as a State and to the enjoyment of a place in the Confederacy." They at the same time resolved, "That a recognition of this principle would infuse a spirit of conciliation in the discussion and adjustment of all subjects of sectional dispute, which would afford a guarantee of an early and satisfactory determination.

The subject of dispute principally referred in this resolution was concerning the rendition of fugitive slaves; those of the boundary of Texas and the settlement of the Territories having been previously considered. There is no other subject connected with the administration of the Federal Government that re-

quires to be approached with more discretion and with a greater spirit of moderation and candor. A fugitive slave is possessed of intelligence, activity, powers of endurance and ardent desires for a change of condition. He has therefore great resources to aid his flight. In the Northern States there are societies, perhaps not numerous, which avow, "that as abolitionists they could not execute the pro-slavery commands of the Constitution; and as honest men, they could not swear to maintain them, with the deliberate purpose of breaking their oaths, and what they might not do themselves they clearly could not appoint others by their votes to do for them. The only political action that lay open to them was to labor outside of the Constitution and not within it, for its overthrow to convince the people that their form of government was the greatest enemy of their safety, their prosperity and honor."

These are then public enemies associated and banded together to destroy the government under which they live, and who takes advantage of every incident to accomplish their par-ricidal purpose. They obstruct the execution of this law. Besides this class there is a large class of clergymen and church members who teach and believe that it is their moral and religious duty to abstain from any participation in the execution of this law.

It is impossible to deny the existence of a strong religious sentiment—if you please, a fanatical sentiment on the subject. I have experienced the difficulty of executing laws that the moral sentiment of the community sanctions, when obstructed by combinations I fully understand the difficulties that beset the most efficient executive or the most incorrupt judge in the effort to administer this law. The United States do not deny their duty to execute this constitutional obligation.

The fugitive slave act was proposed under the counsel of Southern representatives. The courts of the Union have sustained it. But the South complains that the Northern States have passed acts for the obstruction of this law; that the local governments sustain their people in the offense of disobedience and encourage them to withstand the Federal administration.

And this I believe is a well founded charge. The abolitionists have instigated this legislation. They point with exultation to their influence in defeating the claims of the master. They say: "the tide which has been flowing for so many years, but especially since the inception of the anti-slavery enterprise, from the South to the North has continued to pour in a swelling flood, in spite of the increased vigilance and angry care of the slave master. * * * Where one slave made a successful escape twenty years ago, probably fifty make good their flight now."

The Federal Government having failed of its obligation, and the States in their duty, the States whose citizens have sustained an injury may demand redress on their behalf.

It creates a case of compensation and indemnity under the international law.

That principal has been applied to similar defaults on the part of Great Britain. In a number of instances, that government has paid for slaves that were wrongfully withdrawn by her authorities from the master or lost under a change of her laws, to the injured citizen of the United States upon the complaint of the Federal Government. This form of redress in my opinion is better than an increase to the police force of the United States for the recapture of fugitives or permitting this vexed and disturbing question to remain open to destroy what remains of harmony and peace in the land. It is due to the Supreme Courts of Massachusetts and Ohio to say, that they have maintained the supremacy of the Federal laws against their State laws, and the judgment of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin of a contrary aspect has been annulled by the Supreme Court of the United States, in accordance with that act enforced.

I do not consider that the case of the fugitive slave act affords an adequate cause to justify at this stage a disunion of the States.

The Federal Government has in good faith attempted to perform its duty and is to make full compensation for its failures.

I propose to consider another part of this subject, that presents more difficulty.

In your speech you say, "in view of the principles, declarations and platforms of the Republican party, the avowal of their candidate that, 'the irrepressible conflicts' had commenced and would go on until slavery was abolished, and this in the face of the declarations of the South that she would not submit to the election of the Southern States, has arrived."

This presents with sufficient distinctness the additional grounds of complaint to be considered. My library furnishes some three or four distinct statements of the thought embraced in the phrase, "irrepressible conflict," and my memory retains one or two more. In the year 1850 I prepared two essays on the nature and results of the anti-slavery agitation, one of which was published in the "Southern Quarterly Review" for January, 1851, and both were circulated by Southern rights associations.

Their object was to show the nature and extent of the conflict in the United States on this subject. The testimony adduced proved that divisions arising out of diversity of views upon the subject of slavery appeared in preparing the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Federal Constitution, in the debates upon the treaty for the acquisition of Louisiana, in the proceedings of the Hartford Convention upon the admission of Missouri, the right of petition, the annexation of Texas, the organization of Oregon, and the measures connected with the disposal of the acquisitions of Mexico, and fugitive slave acts; that societies in the Northern States had been organized to effect the entire abolition of slavery in the United States, and that their plan was to excite, arouse, and agitate the public mind, especially by means of the debates in Congress; that they exercised over politicians, public officers, ministers of the gospel and citizens a censorship of the most stern and rigorous character. A kind word to a slave-holder was reproved and insults and outrages upon him were commended. My conclusion was: *there is an irrepressible tendency* in every community to arrange its material interests around an uniform, consistent, and harmonious system of moral, social and political dogmas. It is this harmony which creates and constitutes a community. All classes which compose a civilized society, es-

pecially where there are no legal or social barriers to hinder it, continually tend to the same standard of intelligence, and to submit to the rule of the same opinions.

The decomposition or disturbance of this body of opinion and doctrine are the parent of anarchy and confusion and lead to revolution.

The moral war upon us, as we are justified in terming it, was an inevitable fact to occur in our history. The question was only one of time."

I have never attached the same importance to this expression of Mr. Lincoln or Gov. Seward that many others seem to have done, for the remark is, to some extent, if not in the absolute manner in which they state it, true. This conflict of opinion and feeling does exist, and the misfortune is that many seek to aggravate and intensify the operation of the causes that produce it.

But the question for wise men at the South to consider is not what these politicians think of the nature or operation of existing causes of conflict, but to determine what their own course of conduct and that of our people should be in respect to them.

I think now, as I said in 1850, "the inquiries for the Southern States cannot be reduced to questions of wounded sensibility, contumacious treatment, national indignities or indignities or injuries; they go to the foundation of our institutions, and involve the existence of our social fabric."

The subjects of inquiry are these: "Can the institution of slavery be maintained or parted with, in safety to the communities in which it is tolerated, under the existing Union and the present condition of public sentiment by any and what modifications of the Federal Constitution? Or would it be better for those Southern States most interested, under a new constitution and a different confederation, to seek their safety and happiness?"

The conditions have not altered in such a degree as to change the apramount importance of these inquiries. My advice then was, as it now is, for the Southern people to take counsel

together, in a calm, deliberate, impartial and honest inquiry concerning these mighty issues. There ought to be no party divisions, sectional or local prejudices, personal competitions or antipathies confused with the inquiry. It involves all that we have. The community should arouse itself to its highest degree of magnanimity and come with this spirit to make up its judgment. I have no sympathy with those who would precipitate our or any other State into consequences that cannot fail under any circumstances to produce disaster and distress.

I have no desire to force reluctant or unwilling States to link their destinies with ours as a desperate choice between opposing dangers.

Least of all, I have any respect for the counsel that disparages or would disregard Virginia. Virginia is entitled to a place in any council that is charged to decide upon what befits the rights, interest and honor of the South. She has never wronged the South. Her principles have contributed to their security and peace. Her councils have been those of justice and conciliation. Her conduct has uniformly evinced magnanimity and honor. That Southern Confederacy that is formed without her will lose a great deal of that moral power and historic renown that command respect and win confidence. To a council of Southern statesmen, chosen in all or most of the slave States, I would submit the duty of preparing the measures requisite to repress and settle the conflict that has been productive of so much disorder and discontent in our country.

I close this letter in stating that I have endeavored to show; First—That the election of Mr. Lincoln does not afford sufficient ground for the dissolution of the Union.

Second—That the great object of disturbance, that of slavery in the Territories, rests upon a satisfactory foundation, and that we have nothing to ask except that the status quo be respected.

Third—That the subject of the rendition of fugitive slaves can be adjusted to the satisfaction of the injured property holder and without dishonor to ourselves.

Fourth—That in relation to the maintenance of the rights we have or those that have been defeated or impaired, and in whatever concerns the subjects of contumely and insult we complain of, there may be sufficient cause for increased vigilance, for preparation for alliance among the Southern States, for the demand of new guarantees, but not for disunion until there is a refusal or redress. In my opinion separate State action will result in discredit and defeat every measure for reparation or security.

I have thus stated my opinion at large. I need not state to you that my connection with the Federal Government has continued until this time rather in deference to the inclinations of others than from any desire on my part to hold my office. My commission would not be affected by the action of the State. But I determined, many years ago, that my obligation was to follow the fortunes of her people. I shall terminate my connection with the Government as a consequence of her act.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

DANIEL CHANDLER, ESQR.

Mobile, Ala.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 12th, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 29th ulto. and 2nd inst. have been received. I was in New Kent the day of the Presidential election, whither I had gone to receive my daughter (Mrs. Lay) on her return from Europe. The election was conducted with order and propriety. The feeling in favor of the Union and of conciliation of the South was marked and visible. The majority in our favor liberal. Before midnight it was ascertained that Lincoln had been elected. The question what will be next was talked over the next morning at breakfast. That question recurs every day, nearly, every hour.

I have long been persuaded that the programme of disunion was settled in Montgomery in 1858. My belief is that Edmund

Ruffin was a principal contriver of the project and that Toucey was the chosen champion of the plan. The Southern league, African slave trade, and the conquest of Nicaragua made parts of it. The act of the Alabama Legislature of last year was framed, I think, to carry it into effect. The preamble recites the anti-slavery agitation for a quarter of a century; "the deadly hostility to the rights and institutions of the Southern people and the settled purpose for their overthrow," and the Republican party that carries on the sectional strife hopes to seize the government itself and designs to use it to accomplish that purpose. To avert this a convention is called which, when elected, is charged to consider, determine and do whatever in the opinion of the Convention the rights, interests and honor of the State of Alabama require to be done for their protection.

To consider—that is, examine, inquire, investigate, discuss, canvass, agitate, deliberately reflect and weigh.

To determine—that is, resolve, conclude, decide, to *adjudge*.

To do—that is, to act, perform, perpetuate, inflict, accomplish, *execute*, whatever in the *opinion* of the Convention the rights, interests and honor of Alabama, that is, whatever the moral, political, social or material relations of the inhabitants of the State, may be supposed to require. This commission to a single body of one hundred men is dictatorial, arbitrary, unlimited. What hinders them from annulling the Federal and State Constitutions, one or both? What hinders them from revoking every commission in the State? What hinders them from prescribing citizens from incivism and confiscating property and extinguishing personal security and liberty? What hinders them from making a Dictator? What hinders them from declaring their sittings permanent and their rule omnipotent? The conspiracy began with the formation of the Southern League, whose power rested with the executive committee. The work will be carried on, if at all, by this absorbing paramount club coming together under an apparent popular sanction and having the semblance of legal authority.

The first inquiry that occurs to me is, whence comes the power to convoke so extraordinary a body in this State? I can

understand that the legislative power of the State may be adequate for the calling of a convention of the people to consider of organic changes in the State. This is a broad and perhaps unwarranted concession. Our Constitution provides for its amendment and that provision that would exclude any other mode of change on the ordinary principles of legal construction. But whence comes the power of the legislature to abdicate all its constitutional functions and to place all the power of the State in a single body convened without any previous consultation with or authorization from the people?

The people have not thrown off their Government, State or Federal. The people are not resolved into an elemental condition by any act of their own. Their authorities have convened a body of one hundred men, a body having no name or authority under their Constitution, and submitted to their disposal the rights, interests and honor of the people. You need not tell me that the power will come directly from the people. This is not true. The people are simply required to designate who are to exert this despotic and unlimited authority. If nine out of ten of the people refused to vote, nevertheless the remaining tenth might constitute the convention by the election of its members. What the Convention may do is determined not by the people but by the act of the Legislature.

The General Assembly invests them with power to consider, determine and do whatever, "*in their opinion*", the rights, interests and honor of the State of Alabama requires to be done for their protection."

Now, I ask you as a constitutional lawyer, whence comes the power to the General Assembly to create such a body with such a commission? Allow me to call your attention to the genesis of the State of Alabama. The Congress of the United States in March, 1819, enacted that the inhabitants of the territory of Alabama might form for themselves a Constitution and a State government, to assume such a name as they might select, and when formed into a State, it should be admitted into the Union. They provided for the election of representatives to form the Constitution and to give their assent to the conditions

submitted on the part of the United States. This convention prepared the Constitution of the State, agreed to the conditions proposed by Congress as preliminary to the admission of the State into the Union and in December, 1819, the State was received into the Union. The State Constitution settled the form of the State government. It divided the powers of government among three district departments to be composed of a separate body of magistracy and inhibited the persons who belonged to one department from exercising powers belonging to the others except in enumerated cases. The government is restrained by a bill of rights and each department is placed under restrictions, and its powers are distributed among a number of bodies and persons so as to secure the people from tyranny, oppression or corruption.

The legislative powers are distributed between a Senate and a House of Representatives and their exercise is subject to check from the veto of the Governor. The Constitution provides for its amendment upon a proposal of two-thirds of one legislature, the sanction of the people at a popular election and the ratification of a succeeding Legislature. I have mentioned these familiar facts in order to submit the question whence comes the authority to the General Assembly to invest all the powers of government—the power to deliberate, decide and execute—to a single body of men?

I conclude that the people may alter, reform or abolish their government at pleasure. But the people have done nothing of the sort in this case. The Legislature have ordered the Governor to direct a certain election upon a certain contingency and the persons thus elected constitute the members of the new government. The new government may under the unlimited power conferred by the General Assembly supercede every other power or authority in the State. Their opinion, without restraint or control, is declared to be the law of the land. There is no limitation as to the term of the existence of this body nor any rule of proceeding to restrain their action.

I am impelled to the conclusion that the revolution of which we have heard so much was commenced in February last

when these resolves were precipitated through the General Assembly.

I am not to be answered that we need not fear the members of a convention coming fresh from the people. I know that the Jacobin Club that filled France with misery and woe was originally a "club of the friends of the Constitution." I hear from every quarter that the promoters of these resolutions are looking to this convention to annul the binding force of the Constitution of the United States, the supreme law of the land of Alabama as of other States of the Union—which every officer of the State is bound by an oath to support, and to set up another government than that ordained by the Constitution and laws of the State.

If the operation of the Federal Constitution is to be nullified and destroyed in Alabama by this extraordinary body under this sweeping commission, what is to prevent them from treating our State Constitution in the same manner? I deny this power of the General Assembly of Alabama to overturn the Constitution of the State or to delegate to an occasional body all the powers that belong to the people. I have written you at some length and I fear that I have been tedious, but my desire was to place my view distinctly before you so that you might see the dangerous principle which these people have sought to introduce.

We have found a Senate and House of Representatives wholly unable to maintain their equilibrium against the influence of political excitement and the passionate and violent agitation of factious leaders. How much more a body selected amid popular agitation and convened to consider and act under no legal restraint or check will be exposed to disturbance and sinister influence.

I trust that the conservative men of every party will combine and organize for the dangerous conflict to arise in our State. The question of the Union should be discussed anew and at large. The fact that within a third of a century alluded to in the preamble the Statute book of the United States has been purged of every law of which the Southern States has complained:

The Tariff Act for protection; the Act for the Bank of the United States; the Missouri and Oregon slave restriction acts, have been modified or repealed. We have acquired Texas, established the Independent treasury and reduced the price of the public lands in favor of actual settlers. I hope you will form a Union party and be firm and fearless. I do not object to declarations of discontent at the state of parties in the country. But I do object to disunion except for *deliberate, plain and palpable* violations of the Constitution—violations showing enormity of mischief and tokens of malice and where no other form of redress exists.

Now the election of Lincoln at the most is calculated to awaken an apprehension. He comes to the government with a majority of Congress opposed to him. He is compelled to conciliate his opponents to be able to carry on the government. I do not doubt his administration will be conciliatory. The persons who are raising the cockade of rebellion, who are abandoning public employment of execrating without reserve or stint the people of seventeen States, weaken the hands of the South, convert her friends into enemies and thus precipitate revolution. I cannot believe our people can be carried to sanction such conduct. The cause of the South is not lost. It would be strong and powerful in the Union if we had wise counsels among our representatives and people. The people of the North have been imbued to a large extent with anti-slavery sentiment, but their opposition does not rest upon that alone nor is the party of Lincoln triumphant from the power of that party sentiment. Supreme disgust for the Democratic rule and rulers is the *causa causans* of this revolution.

Truly yours,

(Signed) JNO A. CAMPBELL.

DANIEL CHANDLER, ESQR.

Mobile, Ala.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 4th, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—I have received your two letters. Congress met yesterday. There are schemes in every man's mouth for settling all the differences between North and South, and it would not surprise me if Seward were to come forward as the pacificator of the "irrepressible conflict."

The current notions seem to collect about the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific Ocean and a suit against persons and counties that shall obstruct the recovery of a fugitive slave. My notion is that the South will say, "too late," to this. South Carolina will undoubtedly.

The truth is that the grievances complained of by the cotton States are either not material or not remediable. What guarantee will prevent the denunciation of slavery and slaveholders in the pulpit, press and academy? What will prevent the pragmatist and conceited Yankee from making foreign newspapers and magazines the vehicle of his mendacity and spite? What will prevent their women and fanatics from making petitions to Congress and their politicians from irritating the Southern representatives? Who can give self-control to Southern members or prevent them from showing that slavery is ordained by Heaven?

The agitation is an agitation resulting from a fundamental difference between the sections on questions of active and living interest. This is the irrepressible conflict against which laws are powerless unless supported by an inquisition or an army.

By the Nebraska and Kansas Act and the Dred Scott decision, every act of Congress that places any prohibition upon slavery was removed from the legislation and jurisprudence of the United States. It was determined that Congress could not prohibit the introduction of slaves into the territories and that they were protected in the territories by the Constitution, as property. That is the bill of rights, as the amendments to the Constitution are called, protects the rights of a master to his slaves. Now that bill of rights embodies the clauses of the Magna Charta of England under which the rights to private

property in England have been reposing for eight hundred years.

But this does not satisfy politicians or even senators and representatives. They want the endorsement of a party convention such as that of Charleston and they are brought to insurrection and disunion because a President-elect holds contrary political or social opinions. There is no respect for written law or for judicial decision nor confidence that they afford protection. What has excited and alarmed them is the agitation of tumultuous political assemblies, and this is not within the reach of law or decision.

I do not know of a single statute in the statute book that a Southern man can complain of. The Missouri compromise excluded the slave-holder from 900,000 square miles of territory; the Oregon provisō from 340,000. New Mexico and Utah are slave-holding communities. The status of the territories is all and more than all that any Southern statesman has attempted to secure, for the Dred Scott decision is something they could not agitate for.

Then again the fugitive slave Act is of comparatively small consequence to the cotton States and in the nature of the subject is almost useless. The slave has resources that are adequate to his successful flight from the border States. The facilities to reach Canada are so many and efficient that he can attain his asylum before he is missed from the plantation.

There can be a provision for an indemnity, but that goes to the master, and not one in ten thousand of those who agitate this subject have ever lost or have ever known of a person who has lost a slave. It ought to be said that the courts of the Northern States have all been firm on the subject of the fugitive slave act except Wisconsin. The decisions in Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania have all been favorable to law and order. I am glad you have decided to speak. I hope you will discuss at large the whole catalogue of grievances which Col. Walker, copying Gov. Wise, has arranged.

It is a gross exaggeration. If our country is to be destroyed at least let us not deceive or be deceived as to the cause. The

Republican party was organized in 1854 as a consequent of the Nebraska and Kansas Act and collected its recruits from Americans, Whigs, and disappointed Democrats.

It was defeated in 1856 and would have been dissolved had not Mr. Buchanan fortified it by his vicious policy of the Lecompton constitution and appointments to office, ignoring the claims of a class of his party and persecuting the members of another.

The friends of Genl. Pierce and Mr. Douglass in the nomination have been considered as strangers and have been weaned from the party.

They first weakened it by their complaints and secessions and finally desolved it in the quarrel at Charleston. I believe now that it is destined to a short life. Mr. Cobb will probably leave the Treasury. It is in a state of partial insolvency and in a few days it will suspend specie payments. I think his course has been fatal to him and disastrous to the country. He goes to Georgia to complete the mischief.

Truly yours,

(Signed) J. A. CAMPBELL.

DANIEL CHANDLER, ESQ.
Mobile, Ala.

WASHINGTON CITY, 21st January, 1861.

DEAR CHANDLER:—I have received your letter of the 14th inst. The exultation and delight of the citizens of Mobile over their secession ordinance are edifying. I suppose that except the filibusters and slave-traders, no portion of the people have the slightest cause to complain of any of the laws of the United States. Those things that in the other countries have excited discontent and created insurrection have had no place in our system. The mildness of our administration, the extreme reluctance of our public authorities to employ the strong arm of the government, their anxiety to preserve peace and order by the voluntary effort of a self regulated population are the radical causes of the present revolution.

It is in the fatness of pride and self-confidence that the public authority is contemned and rejected. The Alabama, Florida and Mississippi Senators left the Senate today. Mr. Hunter resigned his place as Chairman of the Committee of Finance, saying that the majority of the Senate would soon be with the opposition. This will place the legislation of the Union under their command. I think that Mr. Buchanan will employ every effort to avoid all civil war and contest.

But the revolutionary party at Montgomery, Milledgeville and Charleston wish to have a collision to prevent the reaction which has already commenced in all the border States and which in a few months would sweep away the revolutionists as if by a deluge. The Republicans are neither wise nor humane, and if in my belief the policy of *coercion* is *resolved on* in their *counsels*, I believe that this policy will not be adopted without an effort to save the border States and that they will anticipate Virginia in acceding to her demand on the subject of slavery. If Virginia should demand that the secession of the cotton States be recognized I have great doubts whether it will be accepted. Your secession movements have much larger proportions to your eyes, at home, than they do to the best of your friends here. We see that in Alabama. North Alabama has given an undivided vote against it.

We know that the odium of an addition of one-half of one per cent. to the taxation of the State would defeat you in four out of five of the counties in Alabama. We read the debates on the *stay law*, and we mournfully conclude that you are in no condition to bear even the ordinary burdens of social life in a period of peace. How then carry on a war in which your trade would be stopped by a single steamer? How is Georgia? The majority for secession is merely nominal. I do not speak of the vote in the last instance but the first. If in the heyday of your revolution you can barely get a majority, what are we to expect in the season of your adversity? Take my word for it, secession is a cake not turned, and there will not be warmth enough to complete the baking.

I think the result of the entire movement will be injurious

to the Southern States and that our people will rue the day when they submitted to the lead of the shortsighted, selfish, reckless politicians who have involved them in this confusion.

The reasons that prevented me from resigning in November will continue until the end of the present term. Besides the Supreme Court is a venerable tribunal that deserves well of the country. It ought not in any measure to be affected by revolutionary politics and I shall take care that through me that this shall not be done. I shall resign, in accordance with predispositions which existing circumstances allow me to follow without self-reproach or personal discredit. I can come back to the bar now but could well do so ordinarily without suffering—I shall not add any testimony to the revolutionary cause by any adhesion to it. I shall not enlist in the new order of things if there be a new order. My purpose will be to make an honorable living for my family, which if this revolution continues will need my personal exertions to secure it.

Finally, it is not a part of my plan to return to Mobile as a residence. I suppose the slave trade and filibustering will be in the ascendant then as they appear to be now. I wish to be a better stranger to them than ever.

My love to your family.

Truly yours,

(Signed) J. A. CAMPBELL.

DANIEL CHANDLER, ESQR.

Mobile, Ala.

WASHINGTON CITY, 28th Jan'y, 1861.

DEAR CHANDLER:

Yours of the 22nd inst. has been received. Some two or three hours after the secession ordinance was adopted at Montgomery I received a telegram that ran as follows:

"I haste to inform you that Alabama has seceded from the Union. You are expected to resign."

H. G. HUMPHRIES.

There was a man in Mobile named Humphries, who married the daughter of my friend Mr. Krebbs, that I supposed has sent this message, but I have had no intercourse with him for some years, and I did not know any motive for his haste and anxiety, so I took no notice of it. I suppose that there must be some Humphries that the troubles of the time have thrown up into prominence, that I have overlooked, and that perhaps I have offended some dignity that I should have considered in not replying.

I do not remember to have said that Govr. Moore ought to be impeached to any one likely to repeat it. I never said that I should impeach him. But I have no objection to say that no man who is in public station in the State has done more of substantial mischief to the character and honor of the State, who has more plainly violated his obligations as a citizen and a Governor, who has more plainly violated the laws, than our Governor Moore, and he well deserves impeachment.

I wrote to you a few days ago as to some of my purposes. One of these is to have no share in the crime of overturning the Constitution and government of the country. I am quite willing that others may take all this on their shoulders. I have used and shall continue to use every effort to avert, and if it cannot be averted, to mitigate the great calamity that has overtaken the country.

I believe the way of settlement was open by a convention of the Southern States and if not so settled that we might have formed a stable confederacy peacefully and without seriously involving any great interest. But this did not suit the politicians who had lost caste from their incapacity, recklessness, and malevolence in the Union, or the politicians who were struggling to get a place there.

My belief is that under the lead of loyal men in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Maryland, that before the 4th of March there will be an adjustment offered that will be acceptable to those States and accepted at the North.

The great spirit of our country is rising to meet the responsibilities of the occasion and the people will support those they find worthy of trust.

I would have offered my services to the Governor to attend the consultation on the part of Alabama here, if I had not supposed the act would have been misconstrued and perhaps have furnished an occasion for contumely. But I shall take every interest in the issue of that convention and hope much from it.

All I hope from the leaders in Alabama is that they have found they cannot conquer the Union, and that they will take advantage of an opportunity to escape the consequences of their frenzy. I shall remain at Washington until the adjournment of our court and then return to Alabama, not to reside but to look after my affairs.

My love to your family.

Truly yours,

(Signed) J. A. CAMPBELL.

DANIEL CHANDLER, ESQR.

Mobile, Ala.

FACTS OF HISTORY.

On the 15th of March, 1861, I casually met Mr. Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington City, returning from a visit to Mr. Secretary Seward at his office. He informed me that he had a full conversation with Mr. S. upon the laws relating to navigation, commerce and revenue and the impediments to the execution of those laws (without additional legislation) in consequence of the ordinances of secession in the Cotton States. These impediments, in his opinion, would be insuperable, except by the use of military force and the danger of an immediate civil war.

He told me that Mr. S. expressed his obligation for the conversation, and his satisfaction to find impediments to war—"That his policy was that of peace, and that he would spare no effort to maintain peace."

Judge N. further informed me that the Commissioners of the Confederate States had written a letter, requesting a reception, and that negotiations should be opened—which was a matter of embarrassment to Mr. S. That the administration was adverse to the reception of the Commissioners, and Mr. S. thought, if they returned home with an answer of refusal, it would produce irritation in the South, excitement and counter irritation at the North, to the jeopardy of counsels of peace. I returned with Judge Nelson to his hotel, and had a free conversation upon the matter last mentioned. Our conclusion was that the country would be better satisfied, and the counsels of peace promoted by the reception of the Commissioners and obtaining from them a full exposition of their demands, and the reasons on which they were founded; that this could be done without any recognition of them, as officers of an organized government authorized to hold diplomatic relations, or any recognition of the Confederate government itself, as a subsisting or valid representation of the seceding States. We returned to Mr. Seward's office to enforce these views upon him.

Mr. Seward heard what we said with courtesy and attention and replied to it, "That not a member of the Cabinet would consent. 'Talk with Montgomery, Blair, and Mr. Bates, with Mr. Lincoln himself, they are Southern men, and see what they say,'" said Mr. S. No one of them would agree. "No," he proceeded, "if Jefferson Davis had known of the state of things here, he never would have sent those Commissioners. It is enough to deal with one thing at a time. The surrender of Sumter is enough to deal with." He took from his table a letter from Mr. Weed, whom he described to be a statesman and a patriot, and read to this effect: "That the surrender of Sumter was a bitter pill. That it would damage the party in the elections. That he was sure *he* could have made a better arrangement with the Commissioners. That they would have been willing to allow Maj. Anderson's force to remain in the fort without molestation, to purchase supplies in Charleston, and his regret was for having left Washington before something had been concluded." I had not before this had a hint

of the proposed evacuation of Sumter, and replied to Mr. Seward, that I fully agreed with him, that only one matter should be dealt with, at a time and that the evacuation of Sumter was a sufficient burden upon the administration. That too much circumspection could not be employed to prevent agitation or excitement of the public mind. I said I would see the Commissioners on the subject and also write to Mr. Davis. What shall I say to him on the subject of Fort Sumter? He said, "You may say to him, that before that letter reaches him: (How far is it to Montgomery,") three days." You may say to him that before that letter reaches him, the telegraph will have informed him that Sumter will have been evacuated." What shall I say as to the forts in the Gulf of Mexico? He said, "We contemplate no action as to them, we are satisfied with the position of things there."

I agreed to see the Commissioners on that day, and to obtain their consent to a delay of their demand for an answer to their letter and would afford him an answer. Mr. S. said he must have an answer that day, and if I were successful I might prevent a civil war. I called upon Mr. Crawford, one of the Commissioners, and informed him that I desired to write a letter to Mr. Davis, that I wished him to defer any call for an answer to his letter to Mr. Seward, asking a reception or recognition of his public character, until Mr. D.'s reply was received.

He objected. He said that the Commissioners had been sent to obtain a recognition from the United States and a peaceful settlement, and if they could have those, that they would return to their people, that their people might know what they had a right to expect. I informed him of the contemplated action as to Sumter, of the probable continuance of affairs in the Gulf, without alteration, and what the conditions might be of hasty or irritating action. After some discussion he consented to my request, provided I would assure him on the subject of Sumter, and he required my authority for my assertion, informing me at the same time that he was satisfied that it was Mr. Seward. I declined to give him any name,

and told him that he was not authorized to infer that I was acting under my agency; that I was responsible to him for what I told him, and that no other person was. I informed him that Judge Nelson was aware of all that I knew and would agree that I was justified in saying to him what I did. I certified in writing my confident belief that Sumter would be evacuated in five days; that no alteration would be made in the condition of affairs in the Gulf prejudicial to the Confederate States and that a demand for an answer to his letter to the Secretary would be productive of evil. He preferred to write the letter to Mr. Davis and consented to the requisite delay.

I informed Mr. Seward of this the same day by letter, and of the communication I had made. At the end of five days Mr. Crawford called upon me to know why Sumter had not been evacuated. I requested him to inquire of Genl. Beauregard the condition of affairs at the fort. Genl. B. replied that no indication of an evacuation of the fort had appeared but on the contrary that Maj. Anderson was at work on the fortifications. I requested Judge Nelson, who was still in Washington, to accompany me to Mr. Seward's office. We found Mr. Seward much occupied and he could only reply to our question that everything was right and that he would certainly see us the following day.

On the following day we had a free conversation with Mr. S. He spoke of the prospect of maintaining the peace of the country as cheering. Spoke of coercion proposition in the Senate with some ascerbity, and said in reference to the evacuation of Sumter that the resolution had been passed, and its execution committed to the President. That he did not know why it had not been executed. "That Mr. L. was not a man who regarded the same things important that you or I would, and if he did happen to consider a thing important, it would not for that reason be more likely to command his attention. That there was nothing in the delay that affected the integrity of the promise or denoted any intention not to comply." I asked him of the intention as to Pickens. He said, the status of Pickens would not be altered. "You shall know," he said,

"whenever any contrary purpose is determined on." I communicated to Commissioner Crawford in writing what was the result of my inquiry and informed Mr. Seward what I had written.

My next visit to Mr. Seward was on the 30th of March. On that day Commissioner Crawford brought to me a telegram from Govr. Pickens, of South Carolina, complaining that Col. Lamont had been permitted to visit Fort Sumter and that after doing so, he had promised to return to Charleston in a few days for the purpose of arranging for its surrender, but that nothing had since been heard from him. Mr. Seward received the telegram and promised to answer me on Monday (April 1st). On the 1st of April he stated that the President was concerned at the contents of the telegram I had left with him. There was a point of honor involved. That Col. Lamont did not go to Charleston under any commission or authority from Mr. Lincoln nor had he any power to pledge him by any promise or assurance. That Mr. Lincoln desired that Governor Pickens should be satisfied of this, and Col. Lamont was in an adjoining room and that he would answer any question I would ask him concerning the matter. I declined to see Col. Lamont but inquired of Mr. Seward what I should report upon the subject of the evacuation of Sumter. Mr. Seward wrote and handed me a writing to the effect, "That the President may desire to supply Fort Sumter, but will not undertake to do so without first giving notice to Governor Pickens."

I asked Mr. Seward "what does this mean, does the President design to attempt to supply Sumter?" He answered, "No, I think not, it is a very irksome thing to him to evacuate it. His ears are open to everyone, and they fill his head with schemes for its supply. I do not think that he will adopt any of them. There is no design to reinforce it."

I then said if there be no formed design to attempt to supply or to reinforce the fort he should not express a desire to do so. The evacuation is not considered to be an open question in Charleston, and in their State they would regard the expression of a *desire* by the President to supply the fort as

evidence of an intention to supply and reinforce it. "That this would probably lead to a bombardment. That it was difficult to restrain the people as it was." Mr. Seward said, "he must be particular in his intercourse with me, and that he would go to see the President."

He left me in his office and was absent some minutes. When he returned he wrote for the answer to Govr. Pickens:

"I am satisfied the Government will not undertake to supply Fort Sumter without giving notice to Govr. Pickens." It was understood between us that the import of the conversations previously had were not affected by what had taken place. During the first week in April it became apparent to persons in Washington City that some important decision in regard to the questions relative to the seceding States had taken place. The troops which had been collected there were removed; rumors of movements of vessels of war and among naval officers were current. There had been an unusual concourse of politicians there and the tone of one party became more menacing and of the other more anxious and despondent. I recollect to have heard that an expedition for the relief of Sumter had been resolved on and also threatening speeches of President Lincoln were quoted. Mr. Crawford applied to me for a fulfillment of the pledge for the evacuation of Sumter or for explanations. On the 7th of April I addressed Mr. Seward a letter, reciting what had taken place, the anxiety of the Commissioners, and asked explanation. I expressed to him an apprehension that a collision might arise and suggested a remedy. My communication referred to the condition both of Sumter and Pickens. His reply "Faithfully kept as to Sumter, wait and see, other suggestions received and will be respectfully considered."

There was no signature to this note, date, etc.; the address was merely on the envelope that enclosed the loose piece of paper on which this was written.

The Commissioners concluded from this that the expedition fitted out in New York was for Pickens, inasmuch as my note was not replied to in reference to Pickens, and that there

would be an attempt to supply but not reinforce Sumter. They concluded to call for an answer to their letter demanding audience etc., etc. A reply written the 15th of March was handed to them.

They subsequently exhibited to me a fierce attack upon Mr. Seward, which they proposed to publish or to send to Montgomery. I objected to their use of Mr. Seward's name. I stated to Mr. Crawford that I had assumed all the responsibility of the intercourse, and had not appeared as the agent for Mr. Seward or to speak at his request and that I had expressly stated to Mr. Crawford he was not to infer that I derived information from Mr. S., or any other person in particular. He acquiesced in the accuracy of my statement and expunged the objectionable paragraph.

The Commissioners left Washington City during the week, and one of them on his return home misrepresented my relation to this negotiation and endeavored to swell the popular outcry that then existed in the Southern country against me. On Thursday, the 11th of April, I was informed that Mr. Lincoln had said that none of the vessels of war that has gone to sea were designed for Sumter; that the expedition to Charleston was designed merely to ascertain whether the South Carolinians would interfere with vessels of the United States employed to relieve famishing soldiers of the United States in one of their own forts.

On the same day information was given to me that Genl. Beauregard had summoned Major Anderson to surrender Fort Sumter as a preliminary to reducing it, in the event of a refusal. This information came through a telegram of Genl. B. to the Commissioners which their secretary exhibited to Mr. Douglass, who recommended that it be brought to me. I called at Mr. Seward's office and dwelling the same day but found him absent. I informed Mr. Frederick Seward of the reported remark of Mr. Lincoln and the danger impending for Fort Sumter, and proposed that I be permitted to communicate to Governor Pickens the matter contained in Mr. Lincoln's statement expressing the opinion that it would prevent the bombard-

ment. Mr. F. Seward promised to see his father and repeat his answer the same evening to me, but I did not hear from him on the subject.

The bombardment of Sumter was commenced the next day and the result was published in Washington City Sunday morning. Before this was known I addressed a respectful letter to Mr. Seward, requesting some explanation of the circumstances which had produced this great calamity. There seemed to be testimony to show that his assurances to me had been continued after the decision to evacuate Sumter (if it ever existed) had been abandoned. To this letter I had no reply.

The preceding narrative will explain the cause and conditions under which my communications with Mr. Seward and the Commissioners took place.

My interposition was voluntary and my object was to prevent a collision between the seceding States and the United States. My hope was to secure peace and to prevent a civil war. I believe that in preventing war that a settlement would be made that would satisfy the sober, considerate and conservative people in all the States, and that no settlement could be made otherwise. I informed Commissioner Crawford that I did not look beyond the securing of peace; that if peace brought defeat to secession, I accepted that result cheerfully. I desired that the people should have an opportunity to render a calm, intelligent and undisturbed judgment upon the questions at issue. I had a firm belief in the wisdom of the solution that would be made.

I opposed the secession of Alabama openly and publicly. I had no respect for the conceit of a Cotton State Confederacy and so declared myself. I condemned in strong terms all that resembled a conspiracy against the Union of the States and took no part whatever in any of the measures that tended to secession or disunion.

I had no correspondence with the Montgomery government, and there was not then nor had there been at any time since any great cordiality between the leading members of that government and myself.

Copies of notes from W. H. Seward Secretary of State, in April, 1861 without date.

1. "I am satisfied the Govt. will not undertake to supply Sumter without giving notice to Governor P."

(No Signature).

Confidential.

No. 2. "Faith as to Sumter fully kept. Wait and see. Other suggestions received with views (?); thanks and high respect. Envelope endorsed.

The Honorable J. A. CAMPBELL,
Justice of Supreme Court,
Washington, D. C."

LETTER TO W. H. SEWARD FROM J. A. CAMPBELL.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 13th, 1861.

SIR:

On the 15th March ulto, I left with Judge Crawford, one of the Commissioners of the Confederate States, a note in writing to the effect following:

"I feel entire confidence that Fort Sumter will be evacuated in the next five days. And this measure is felt as imposing great responsibility on the administration.

I feel entire confidence that no measure changing the existing status prejudicially to the Southern Confederate States is at present contemplated.

I feel entire confidence that an immediate demand for an answer to the communication of the Commissioners will be productive of evil and not of good. I do not believe that it ought at this time to be pressed."

The substance of this statement I communicated to you the same evening by letter. Five days elapsed and I called with a telegram from General Beauregard that Sumter was not evacuated but that Major Anderson was at work making repairs.

The next day, after conversing with you, I communicated to Judge Crawford in writing, that the failure to evacuate Sumter was not the result of bad faith, but was attributable to causes consistent with the intention to fulfill that engagement, and that as regarded Pickens, I should have notice of any design to alter the existing status there. Mr. Justice Nelson was present at these conversations, three in number, and I submitted to him, each of my written communications, three in number, and I submitted to him each of my written communications to Judge Crawford, and informed Judge C. that they had his (Judge Nelson's) sanction.

I gave you on the 22nd of March a substantial copy of the statement I had made on the 15th.

The 30th March arrived and at that time a telegram came from Govr. Pickens with inquiries concerning Col. Lamon, whose visit to Charleston he supposed had a connection with the proposed evacuation of Fort Sumter. I left that telegram with you and was to have an answer the following Monday (1st April). On the first of April I received from you this statement in writing ("I am satisfied) the Government will not undertake to supply Sumter without giving notice to Gov. P." The words, "I am satisfied," were for me to use as expressive of confidence in the remainder of the declaration. The proposition as originally prepared was: "The President *may desire to* supply Sumter but will not do so," etc., and your verbal explanation was, that you did not believe any such attempt would be made, "That there was no design to reinforce Sumter."

There was a departure here from the pledges of the previous month, but with these verbal explanations I did not consider it a matter then, to complain of. I simply stated to you that I had had that assurance previously.

On the 7th April I addressed you a letter on the subject of the alarm, that the preparations by the government had created, and asked you if the assurances I had given were well or ill-founded. In respect to Sumter, your reply was: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept. Wait and see." In the morning's

paper I read: "An authorized messenger from President Lincoln informed Govr. Pickens and Genl. Beauregard that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or *otherwise by force.*" This was the 8th of April at Charleston, the day following your last assurance, and is the evidence of the full faith I was invited to wait for and see.

In the same paper I read that intercepted dispatches disclose the fact that Mr. Fox who had been allowed to visit Major Anderson, on the pledge that his purpose was pacific, employed this opportunity to devise a plan for supplying the fort by force,—that his plan had been adopted by the Washington Government and was in process of execution. My recollection of the date of Mr. Fox's visit carries it to a day in March.

I learn he is a near connection of a member of the Cabinet. My connection with the Commissioners and yourself was superinduced by a conversation with Justice Nelson. He informed me of your strong disposition for peace,—that you were oppressed with the demand of the Commissioners of the Confederate States for a reply to their first letter, and that you desired to avoid a reply if possible at that time. I told him I might perhaps be of some service in arranging the difficulty. I came to your office entirely at his request, and without the knowledge of either of the Commissioners.

Your depression was obvious to both Judge Nelson and myself. I was gratified at the character of the counsels you were desirous of following, and much impressed with your observation that a civil war might be prevented by the success of my mediation. You read a letter of Mr. Weed, to show how irksome and responsible the withdrawal of the troops from Sumter was. A portion of my communication to Judge Crawford on the 15th of March was founded upon these remarks, and the pledge to evacuate Fort Sumter is less forcible than the words you employed. Those words were, "Before this letter reaches you (a proposed letter by me to President Davis), Sumter will have been evacuated." The Commissioners who received those communications, conclude they have been deceived and overreached. The Montgomery government hold

the same opinion. The Commissioners have supposed that my communications were with you, and upon this hypothesis prepared to arraign you before the country in connection with the President. I placed a preemptory prohibition upon this, as being contrary to the terms of my communications with them. I had pledged myself to them to communicate information upon what I considered as the best authority and they were to confide in the ability of myself, aided by Judge Nelson, to determine the credibility of my informant.

I think no candid man, who will read over what I have written and consider for a moment what is going on at Sumter, but will agree that the equivocating conduct of the administration, as measured and interpreted in connection with these promises, is the proximate cause of this great calamity.

I have a profound conviction that the telegrams of the 8th of April of Genl. Beauregard and of the 10th of April of Genl. Walker, the Secretary of War, can be referred to nothing else, than their belief that there has been systematic duplicity practiced on them, through me. It is under an oppressive sense of the weight of this responsibility that I submit to you these things for your explanation.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

DESPATCHES AND MEMORANDA OF JOHN A.
CAMPBELL—1861.

DESPATCHES.

T. L. P. Walker, Sec. of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Gov. Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably or otherwise by force.

Genl. P. G. T. Beauregard:

If you have no *doubt* as to the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intention of the Washington government to supply Fort Sumter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation, and if this is refused, proceed in such manner as you may determine to reduce it.

SECOND LETTER TO WM. H. SEWARD FROM JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 20th, 1861.

SIR:

I enclose you a letter corresponding very nearly with one I addressed to you one week ago (13th April) to which I have not had any reply. The letter is simply one of inquiry in reference to facts concerning which I think I am entitled to an explanation. I have not adopted any opinion in reference to them which may not be modified by explanation. Nor have I affirmed in that letter, nor do I in this, any conclusion of my own, unfavorable to your integrity in the whole transaction.

All that I have said and mean to say is, that an explanation is due from you to myself.

I will not say what I shall do in case this request is not complied with, but I am justified in saying that I shall feel at liberty to place these letters before any person who is entitled to ask an explanation of myself.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN A. CAMPBELL,
*Associate Justice of the Supreme Court
of the United States.*

HON. WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Memorandum of such arrangement as might be made at Charleston without detriment to either interest, to endure for thirty days, so as to give time for deliberation and avoid any precipitate or accidental conflict.

1st. It is understood that neither party shall during the said period reinforce any existing garrison by soldiers, laborers, or warlike stores, nor establish any new garrison or battery nor transport to any existing fort or battery any new armament. Intercourse by mail, telegraph, with markets, etc., to be uninterrupted.

2nd. Without prejudice to the rights or claims of either party, present possession shall be respected and commerce uninterrupted by blockade or invasion during the said period—the local authorities of South Carolina keeping a strict account by inventory or otherwise of property detained and of postal and revenue receipts and expenditures with a view to ultimate settlement.

The foregoing plan was submitted to Genl. Scott, but was not acted on by him.

MEMORANDA RELATIVE TO THE SECESSION MOVEMENT IN
1860-61.

At a dinner given by Senator Douglass, to the French Minister Mercier, quite a large party was collected. Among the guests were Messrs. Crittenden and Seward, of the Senate; Genl. Nielson and Miles Taylor of the House of Representatives. This was in February, 1861. During the dinner Mr. Seward was called on for a sentiment. He required the company to fill their glasses to the brim and to drain them to the bottom. That his was a sentiment worthy of that homage and that all could join in rendering it. His toast was—

“Away with all parties, all platforms, all previous committals and whatever else will stand in the way of the restoration of the American Union.”

After the dinner was over Mr. Crittenden and myself engaged in an earnest conversation upon the subject of his resolutions and the condition of the country. While I was speaking to him on the subject of slavery, he rose from his seat and said that Seward must hear the conversation. He left me and found Mr. Seward and brought him to me, requesting me to repeat what I had been saying to *him*.

My observations were that slavery ought not to form a cause for the dissolution of the Union. That it was a transitory institution and would necessarily be modified or abrogated in the process of time. That it had been regularly receding to the South and Southwest since the adoption of the constitution, and now, more rapidly than at any time before. That so regular was the immigration that it almost followed a law and that its progress might almost be calculated. That the States at the mouth of the Mississippi River were the most favorably situated for the maintenance of the institution, and although these had been open to immigration for more than a half a century, they were not yet supplied. That immigration was setting rapidly towards them from the border States. That any political action to affect slavery must operate in the States to be effectual and that for twenty-five years the wants of the States would not be supplied with slaves, nor would the tide of immigration go beyond them. Mr. Seward said, "say fifty years."

I continued, that Congress had already adopted a resolution to amend the Constitution to protect slavery from the action of the Federal Government in any form and therefore that no operative action could be taken politically for fifty years. Mr. Seward said, "My amendment contains the whole gist of the matter." I replied, that I regarded his amendment as the most far-reaching and important measure that could be presented on the subject, and that coming from him I had regarded it as a concession, for that he had taught the Northern people to believe that the power to amend the Constitution had been given principally to enable them to abolish slavery in the States, if the States did not do so.

Mr. S. said, "I know it, sir, I know it." I continued, the only question as to it, was as to slavery in New Mexico. That that territory had been open for slave immigration for ten years and only twenty-nine slaves had been carried there. He said: "Only twenty-four, sir."

I asked him how he could reconcile it to himself as an American Statesman to suffer the American Union to be jeopardized by any question concerning slavery in a territory when after an opportunity for ten years only twenty-four slaves had been carried.

Mr. S. went to a centre table, poured some brandy into a glass and was joined by Mr. Douglass and Mr. Crittenden. He said to them, "I have a telegram today from Springfield, in which I am told that Simon Cameron will not be Secretary of the Treasury and that Salmon P. Chase will be. That it is not certain that Simon Cameron will have a place in the Cabinet, and my own position is not fully assured. What can I do?"

They replied, "I see your situation," the one echoing the sentiment of the other.

MEMORANDA OF CONVERSATION AT THE CONFERENCE IN HAMPTON ROADS.

The conference was opened by some conversation between Mr. Stephens and President Lincoln, relative to their connection as members of a Committee or Association to promote the election of General Taylor as President in 1848.

The composition of the association, the fate of different members (Truman Smith and Mr. Toombs and others), the time that the parties had served in Congress together, when Mr. Hunter and Mr. Seward became members of the Senate, and other personal incidents were alluded to.

After this the parties approached the subject of the Conference. At a very early stage in the conversation, Mr. Lincoln announced with some emphasis that until the national authority be recognized within the Confederate States, that no consideration of any other terms or conditions could take place.

Mr. Stephens then suggested if there might not be some plan devised by which that question could be adjourned, and to let its settlement await the calm that would occur in the passions and irritations that the war had created; that it was important to divert the public mind from the present quarrel to some matters to which the parties had a common feeling and interest and mentioned the condition of Mexico as affording such an opportunity. Mr. Lincoln answered that the settlement of the existing difficulties was of supreme importance, and that he was not disposed to entertain any proposition for an armistice or cessation of hostilities until they were determined by the re-establishment of the National authority over the United States, that he had considered the question of an armistice fully, he would not consent to a proposition of the kind.

Mr. Campbell asked in what manner was reconstruction to be effected supposing that the Confederate authorities were consenting to it?

Mr. Seward requested that the answer to this question might be deferred, until Mr. Stephens could develop his ideas more fully, as they had had a psychological basis. He had proposed to divert the mind from existing troubles.

Mr. Stephens then proceeded at some length to express his opinions upon the so-called Monroe Doctrine and his assent to it. That the establishment of an empire in Mexico was in hostility to that doctrine, and was an offence against the Confederate States as much as against the United States. That he was favorable to the appropriation of the whole of the North American continent by the States of the two Confederacies, and to exclude foreigners from a control over it. That there might be an union of power for that object and in the course of that union fraternal feelings would arise and a settlement might be acceptably made. That the conquest of Mexico would introduce a new element and would require modifications of the existing systems, etc.

Mr. Seward interposed and made enquiries as to what would be the status quo during the period employed in the consummation of this enterprise. He referred to the arrange-

ments concerning the tariff, the government of the territory of the Confederate States in the occupation of the respective authorities, the case when two governments existed in the same State, one recognized by the United States and the other by the Confederacy.

This was answered by statements that a military convention might be entered into which would provide for all these subjects.

That the troops on either side might be withdrawn into ascertained stations or posts, and that the duties collected might be arranged in the agreement, and that the government of the State recognized by the Confederacy should be supreme in the States. This branch of the discussion was closed by Mr. Lincoln, who answered that it could not be entertained. That there could be no war without the consent of Congress, and no treaty without the consent of the Senate of the United States. That he could make no treaty with the Confederate States because that would be a recognition of those States and that this could not be done under any circumstances. That unless a settlement were made there would be danger that the quarrel would break out in the midst of the joint operations. That one party might unite with the common enemy to destroy the other. That he was determined to do nothing to suspend the operations for bringing the existing struggle to a close to attain any collateral end. Mr. Lincoln, in this part of the conversation, admitted that he had power to make a military convention and that his arrangements under that might extend to settle several points mentioned, but others it could not. The question was renewed as to how the reconstruction was to be accomplished supposing that the Confederate States were consenting.

He answered, "by disbanding the troops and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions."

Mr. Seward said that Mr. Lincoln could not express himself more aptly than he had done in his message to Congress in December, and recited a portion of that message and specified the mode by saying that where there was a custom house,

that officers would be appointed to collect duties and appointments to the post offices, courts, land offices, etc., etc., should be made and the laws submitted to. It was replied that the separation and the war had given rise to questions and interests which it would be necessary to provide for by stipulations and to adjust before a restoration of former relations could be efficiently made. That the disbandment of the army was a delicate and difficult operation, and that time was needed for this. That confiscation acts had been passed and property sold under them and the titles would be affected by the facts existing when the war ended, unless provided for by the stipulation.

The reply to this was, that as to all questions involving rights of property the courts could determine them and that Congress would, no doubt, be liberal in making restitution of confiscated property or by indemnity, after the passions that had been excited by the war had been composed.

Special reference was made as to the effects of the President's proclamation of emancipation of slaves. He said that there were different opinions as to its operation. That some believed that it was not operative at all; others that it operated only within the circle which had been occupied by the army and others believed that it was operative everywhere in the States to which it applied. That this would be decided when cases arose; that he would not modify any part of it.

Mr. Seward produced the proposed amendment to the Constitution, that had been adopted the 31st of January; and which had not been seen by the Commissioners.

He said that these were passed as a war measure and under the predominance of revolutionary passion, and if the war were ended, it was probable that the measures of war would be abandoned.

He alluded to the power of such passions in precipitating emancipation measures in Maryland and Missouri. That the most extreme views in a revolution were sure to acquire predominance and that the more moderate parties were always overborne as they were in those States.

Mr. Hunter spoke of the cruelty of such measures to the

slave population especially, in localities in which the men had been removed. That the women and children were a tax upon their masters, and if emancipated, would be helpless and suffering.

To this Mr. Lincoln replied with a story,—of a man who had planted potatoes for his hogs and left them in the ground to be rooted for; the ground froze but the master said the hogs must root *nevertheless*.

Mr. Seward was asked if he supposed the slavery agitation would end with emancipation? If there would not be agitation as to the status of the slave?

He assented that it was quite possible.

Mr. Hunter enquired of Mr. Lincoln if the State of Virginia were to return to the Union would it be with her ancient limits? His answer to this was, that the question would have to be settled by other departments of the Government, but that in his opinion, Western Virginia would remain as she is.

In the course of the conversation Mr. Hunter remarked that there had been numerous instances in which parties to contests similar to this had conferred through Commissioners and had made agreements in reference to matters in dispute, and instanced the case of Charles I and the Parliament of Great Britain. Mr. Lincoln replied, "all that he knew of Charles I was that he lost his head."

To another historical instance cited by Mr. Stephens, in another connection, he expressed unfeignedly his ignorance of history, and referred to Mr. Seward for that kind of discussion. In conclusion, Mr. Hunter summed up what seemed to be the result of the interview:

That there would be no arrangement by treaty between the Confederate States and the United States, or any agreements between them.

That there was nothing left for them but unconditional submission.

Mr. Seward remarked that they had not used the word submission or any word that implied humiliation to the States, and begged that it should not be noted. Mr. Lincoln, in the

course of his remarks, had said that the laws relative to confiscation and pains and penalties had left the matter in his hands and that he could express himself freely as to them. That he would say, that the power granted to him would be very liberally exerted. That he could not answer what Congress would do as to the admission of members of Congress, that it was the business of Congress to decide upon that, and that they had rejected members, who, in his opinion, ought to have been admitted. Reference was made to Mr. Blair. It was said by Mr. Lincoln that doubtless the old man meant well, but that he had given Mr. B. no authority to make any proposition or statement to any one. That he had stopped Mr. B. from proceeding when he commenced to tell him of his business in Richmond.

Mr. Hunter stated that in candor he should say that upon the subject of Mexico there was a diversity of sentiment in the Confederate States, and that it was not probable that any arrangement could be made for her invasion without much opposition.

Mr. Seward had evidently encouraged Mr. Stephens in his remarks upon the general subject, and sympathized apparently in his general views, and represented that there was a very strong feeling in the Northern States on the subject. He or Mr. Lincoln had remarked that there never was a question upon which the Northern mind seemed to be more harmonious.

Upon the observation of Mr. Hunter, before stated, they qualified what had been previously said on that subject, and stated that there was a strong feeling in the North that the affairs in Mexico was not right and that something ought to be done.

Mr. Seward remarked that their foreign relations were complicated, and that the feeling of the United States was as strong against England as against France. That they were in the situation that they were in prior to the War of 1812, with a cause of war against both nations and uncertain against which to proceed. That it might be that they would be decided by the ancient grudge against Great Britain.

I have stated the import of the Conference generally without introducing what was said by the different members of the Commission, except when their remarks were direct and pointed to some particular subject.

My own purpose was to ascertain, if practicable, the precise views of Messrs. Lincoln and Seward as to the manner in which reconstruction would be effected, and the rights that would be secured to the Southern States in the event that one should take place.

I expressed the opinion that an agreement to go upon an enterprise against Mexico, leaving the strongholds of the Confederacy in the hands of the enemy, would lead inevitably to reconstruction.

Mr. Hunter expressed the opinion that it might lead to independence with a close alliance, sufficient to arrange satisfactorily all questions of trade and intercourse, and for defence against foreign aggression.

Both agreed that in the present temper of both nations that a reunion would not be profitable to either, and should not be desired by either.

Mr. Seward, at one time, said that the Northern States were weary of war, and would be willing to pay what they would be probably be required to pay on account of its continuance, but did not explain himself further on this subject.

Mr. Lincoln stated that he regarded the North to be as much responsible for slavery as the South, and that he would be rejoiced to be taxed on his little property for indemnities to the masters of slaves.

Mr. Seward remarked that the North had already paid on that account.

These observations were incidentally made and did not seem to have any reference to the general subject. They were not intended, apparently, as the ground of any proposition.

Mr. Stephens requested President Lincoln to reconsider his conclusion upon the subject of a suspension of hostilities.

Mr. Lincoln replied that he would reconsider it as asked, but as at present advised, he could not promise any consent

to such a proposal, that he had maturely considered the plan and determined that it could not be done.

At the commencement of the Conference it was understood that it was to be free and open, that none of the parties were to be held to anything that was said and that the whole was to be in confidence.

(Signed) J. A. CAMPBELL.

February, 1865.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Richmond, March 5th, 1865.

GENERAL J. C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Secretary of War.

Sir:

The present condition of the country requires, in my opinion, that a full and exact examination be made into the resources of the Confederate Government, available for the approaching campaign and that accurate views of the situation be taken. It is not the part of statesmanship to close our eyes upon them.

The most important of these is the state of finances. This Department is in debt from four to five hundred millions of dollars. The service of all of its Bureaux is paralyzed by want of money and credit.

The estimates for this year amount to \$1,048,858,275. This only includes an estimate of six months for the Commissary Department, and excludes \$135,000 for the nitre and mining service. These being included the estimate would be \$1,338,858,275. The currency is, at the Treasury valuation, 60 to 1, as compared with coin, and when the small stock of coin in the Treasury is expended and the sales of which now control the market, no one can foretell the extent of the depreciation that will ensue. It is needless to comment on these facts.

2. Second only to the question of finance, and perhaps of equal importance, is the condition of the armies as to men. In April, 1862, the revolutionary measure of conscription was re-

sorted to. The men between 18 and 35 were then placed in service. The eventful campaign of 1862 compelled the addition of the class between 35 and 40 to the call of April. The campaign that terminated in July, 1863, with the loss of Vicksburg and the disaster at Gettysburg, made a call for the men between 40 and 45 necessary. In February, 1864, the Conscript Act was made more stringent and the population between 17 and 50 were made subject to call. At the same time the currency was reduced one-third by taxation, and heavy taxes were laid otherwise.

In October, 1864, all details of men for particular service were revoked. The casualties of war cannot be accurately ascertained. But enough is known to show that no large addition can be made from the conscript population. General Preston reports "that there are over 100,000 deserters scattered over the Confederacy. That so common is the crime, it has in popular estimation lost the stigma which justly pertains to it, and therefore, the criminals are everywhere shielded by their families and by the sympathies of many communities."

The States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and perhaps others, have passed laws to withdraw from service men liable to it under existing laws, and these laws have the support of local authorities. I think that the number of deserters is, perhaps, overstated. But the evil is one of enormous magnitude, and the means of the Department to apply a corrective have diminished in proportion to its increase.

I do not regard the slave population as a source from which an addition to the army can be successfully derived. If the use of slaves had been resorted to in the beginning of the war, for service in the Engineer Troops and as teamsters and laborers it might have been judicious. Their employment since 1862 has been difficult and latterly almost impracticable.

The attempt to collect 20,000 men has been obstructed and rendered nearly abortive. The enemy have raised about as many from the fugitives occasioned by the draft as ourselves from its execution. Gen. Holmes reports 1,500 fugitives in one week in North Carolina. Col. Blount reported a desertion

of 1,210 last summer in Mobile, and Gov. Clarke of Mississippi entreats the suspension of the call for them in that State.

As a practical measure, I cannot see how a slave force can be collected, armed and equipped at the present time.

4. In immediate connection with this subject is that of subsistence for the army. This has been attended with difficulty since the commencement of the war, in consequence of want of efficient control over the transportation and the difficulty since the commencement of the war, in consequence of at that time and the transportation was fully adequate, but these were not under control. The Treasury has never answered the full demands of the Commissary Department with promptitude.

These difficulties were aggravated when the currency became depreciated and prices were determined by Commissioners, so as to lighten the burden upon the Treasury and without reference to the market.

They have been still more aggravated by the subjugation of the most productive parts of the country, the devastation of other portions and the destruction of railroads. Production has been diminished, and the quantity of supplies has been so much reduced, that under the most favorable circumstances subsistence for the army would not be certain and adequate.

At present, these embarrassments have become so much accumulated that the late Commissary General pronounces the problems of subsistence of the Army of Northern Virginia in its present position, insoluble and the present Commissary General requires the fulfillment of conditions, though, not unreasonable, nearly impossible.

5. The remarks upon the subject of subsistence are applicable to the clothing, fuel and forage, requisite for the army service, and in regard to the supplies of animals for cavalry and artillery service. The transportation by railroad south of this city is now limited to the Danville Railroad. The present capacity of that road is insufficient to bring supplies adequate to the support of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the continuance of that road, even at its existing condition, cannot

be relied on. It can render no assistance in facilitating the movements of troops.

6. The Chief of Ordnance reports that he has a supply of 25,000 arms. He has been dependent on a foreign market for one-half of the arms used. This source is nearly cut off. His workshops, in many instances, have been destroyed and those in use have been impaired by the withdrawal of details. He calls loudly for the withdrawal of men from the army to re-establish the efficiency of some of them. There is reason to apprehend that the most important of the manufactories of arms will be destroyed in a short time and we have to contemplate a deficiency of arms and ammunitions.

7. The foregoing observations apply to the Nitre and Mining Bureau, and the Medical Department is not in a better condition than the other Bureaux.

The armies in the field in North Carolina and Virginia do not afford encouragement to prolonged resistance. Genl. Lee reported, a few days ago, the desertion of some twelve hundred veteran soldiers. Desertions have been frequent during the whole season and the morale of the army is somewhat impaired. The causes have been abundant for this. Exposed to the most protracted and violent campaign that is known in history, contending against overwhelming numbers, badly equipped, fed, paid and cared for in camps and hospitals, with families suffering at home, this army has exhibited the noblest qualities. It sees everywhere else disaster and defeat, and that their toils and sufferings have been unproductive. The army of North Carolina can scarcely be regarded as an army. Gen. Johnston has at Charlotte less than 3,000 dispirited and disorganized troops, composed of brigades that are not as large as companies should be. Gen. Hardee has a mixed command only, a small portion of it is probably efficient. The troops from the Tennessee Army have not arrived, and we cannot hope that they will arrive in good condition.

9. The political condition is not more favorable. Georgia is in a state that may properly be called insurrectionary against the Confederate authorities. Her public men of greatest influence have cast reproach upon the laws of the Confederacy

and the Confederate authorities and have made the execution of the laws nearly impossible. A mere mention of the condition in Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky, Western Virginia and the line of the Mississippi, the seaboard from the Potomac to the Sabine and North Alabama is necessary. North Carolina is divided and her divisions will prevent her from taking upon herself the support of the war, as Virginia has done. With the evacuation of Richmond the State of Virginia must be abandoned. The war will cease to be a national one from that time.

You cannot but have perceived how much of the treasure of the hopes and affections of the people of all the States has been deposited in Virginia and how much the national spirit has been upheld by the operations here. When this exchequer becomes exhausted, I fear that we shall be bankrupt, and that the public spirit in the South and Southwestern States will fail.

It is the province of statesmanship to consider of these things. The South may succumb, but it is not necessary that she should be destroyed. I do not regard reconstruction as involuntary destruction, unless our people should forget the incidents of their heroic struggle and become debased and degraded. It is the duty of their statesmen and patriots to guard them in the future with even more care and tenderness than they have done in the past.

There is anarchy in the opinions of men here, and few are willing to give counsel and still fewer are willing to incur the responsibility of taking or advising action. In these circumstances I have surveyed the whole ground. I believe calmly and dispassionately.

The picture I do not think has been too highly colored. I do not ask that my views be accepted, but that a candid inquiry be made with a view to action. I recommend that Gen. Lee be requested to give his opinion upon the condition of the country upon a submission of these facts and that the President submit the subject to the Senate or to Congress and invite their action.

Veery respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) JOHN A. CAMPBELL,
Asst. Secy. of War.

At the same time there was delivered to the Secretary of War a copy of the memorandum of the Conference at Hampton Roads, made by me; also, an endorsement of Mr. Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury, to the effect that he had exhausted all of the authority to issue Treasury notes the 31st December, 1864, and had been selling gold since to supply our urgent wants, that when the supply of gold had been disposed of, the operations of the Treasury must cease. The supply on hand on the 19th February was only, 750,000.

This statement of the Secretary was made to the President of the Confederate States upon an application of the Q. M. General for 100,000 to purchase horses and equipments for the artillery, which he represented to be indispensable. The President declined to make the appropriation of the sum asked for.

J. A. C.

THE RESOLUTION OF MR. WM. C. RIVES, OF VIRGINIA.

The Senate of the Confederate States, cherishing, with undiminished attachment, the cause of national independence, but convinced by a careful and conscientious study of their situation, compared with the overwhelming numbers and unlimited resources of their adversary, increased by accessions from every part of Europe, and favored by the partial and unjust policy of foreign powers, that a longer prosecution of the war, with any reasonable prospect of success on their part, has become practicable; and yielding as the proudest and most valiant of nations have done in like circumstances to the stern law of necessity, and the apparent decrees of Heaven; do, in order to prevent a farther and unavailing effusion of blood, to husband the lives and interests of so many of their fellow citizens committed to their guardianship and to avert the horrors of a savage and relentless subjugation by a triumphant armed force of every race and complexion, advise the President to propose to the enemy through the General in Chief, an armistice preliminary to the re-establishment of peace and union, and for the special pur-

pose of settling and ascertaining certain points incident thereto to a restoration of the Union and particularly whether the seceded States on their return will be secured in their rights and privileges. as States, under the Constitution of the United States.

The foregoing was endorsed as follows: "This resolution was prepared by William C. Rives, of Virginia. It was handed by me (J. A. C.) to Wm. A. Graham, to be offered to the Senate of the C. S., and returned to me without being offered. Mr. Rives prepared it at my request, and had connection with my letter to Genl. Breckenridge.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

24th of February, 1865.

HON. WM. A. GRAHAM,
Senate of the C. S.

I understand the position of Mr. Lincoln to be, that he will not make any treaty or agreement with the Confederate States, but only that he will treat or confer with individuals resisting the national authority and will declare to them the terms on which he will make an adjustment. I do not consider that this position of his will prevent the settlement of the conditions.

In any event the action of Congress (U. S.) might be required to carry into effect the stipulations and whether these are informally agreed to or are formally made, it is presumed will not make a wide difference in the final result.

The stipulations that the President can settle under his powers as President is material to consider. He is the Commander in Chief of the Army, and has exercised a large share of power as such; he has the power of pardon by the Constitution and the Acts of Confiscation provide: "That the President may by proclamation extend to persons who may have participated in the existing rebellion in any State or part thereof, par-

don and amnesty with such exceptions and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare."

The Act of Congress of the United States of the 16th day of July, 1862, embodies the principle of the provisions that have been made relative to confiscation. This act provides: "That to insure the speedy termination of the present rebellion, it shall be the duty of the President of the United States to cause the seizure of all the estate and property, moneys, stocks, credits and effects of the persons mentioned, and to apply the same and the proceeds thereof to the use of the army." The proceedings are to be *in rem* in any district court of the United States, or in the District of Columbia, and the property is to be sold under decrees of condemnation.

There is another Act on this subject upon captured and abandoned property, and provides for its sale, etc., etc., that the party interested may reclaim the proceeds after the war upon proof of loyalty. I think the effect of amnesty would be to relieve all property from the operation of the law of confiscation. My impression is that it would have the effect to destroy the judicial sales made under it. These sales were made before any conviction and without service of process on the party, and it is difficult to realize how the act can be supported against one claimed to be a citizen and whose loyalty is vouched by a Presidential pardon.

2. In this connection all fines and penalties incurred by any violation of revenue laws would have to be considered and a release from arrears of taxes and duties. A clause in the Act of 7th of June, 1862, is to this effect: "That the title of and into each parcel of land upon which said tax had not been paid as above provided, shall thereupon become forfeited to the United States, and upon the sale hereafter shall vest in the United States or in the purchasers in said sale in fee simple free and discharged from all prior liens, incumbrances, right, title and dues whatsoever."

There are some conditions precedent to the operation of this section of the act, which, perhaps, have not yet been fulfilled, but another section imposes a lien upon the lands which does not depend upon any condition.

The arrears of taxes for three years and the stringent condition of the act will occasion the forfeiture of a large amount of property for taxes if the collection of the arrears is insisted on.

The legislation upon the subject of slavery consists of Acts of Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, in the territories, forts, arsenals, and the repealing of the fugitive slave acts.

Besides these, there is an act to liberate all slaves in places captured by the United States, and the penal provisions of several of the Acts of Congress provide specially for the emancipation of slaves of the owner.

Western Virginia was admitted to the Union in 1862, in December. It purports to have been done upon the consent of the people of that section and of the legislature of the State. In a number of the States, the public lands have been appropriated by the State, as Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas, and in others a portion of the public money of the United States was seized.

I suppose that an arrangement as to these would be required. The Commissioner being empowered to settle the terms of peace upon the recognition of the national authority would have to consider very carefully the laws that have been made since July 1st, 1861. Besides these arrangements the disbanding of the army, the adjustment of the public debt; the disposition of the public property; the admission of the States into fellowship; the suppression of governments that have grown up during the war and affairs connected with the internal police of the States should command attention.

I cannot see that order can be fully restored, without a long interval between the decision to reconstruct the Union and the consummation of that act.

I question whether this will be agreed to, but wise statesmanship clearly indicates that it would be better that this should be adopted as the mode of procedure.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) J. A. CAMPBELL.

RICHMOND, VA., 26th April, 1865.

HON. H. GREELY,
New York.

SIR:

In the Tribune of Saturday last, there appeared a letter purporting to afford a history of the convening of the Virginia Legislature by President Lincoln, in which my name is used and my conversations and correspondence are quoted.

The statements are erroneous and injurious in reference to both, and it is hardly possible that they should have been otherwise. I had two interviews with President Lincoln. The first was in presence of Gen. Weitzell only, the second only in presence of Gen. Weitzell and G. A. Myers, an eminent lawyer of this city. A staff officer of Gen. Weitzell came for me to have the first at his quarters, and the second was had on the steamer Malvern below this city by appointment of Mr. Lincoln.

I never had the conversation with "Jefferson Davis, Benjamin and Breckenridge," quoted in the latter of your correspondent, and did not inform the President that I had. I informed Genl. Breckenridge that I did not intend to leave Richmond and that I should take an opportunity to see President Lincoln and should be glad to have power to confer at large upon public affairs, but I obtained no such authority and there was no prohibition.

I informed Mr. Lincoln that I had no commission or authority to speak to him on behalf of any one. I did urge on the President the adoption of a long, liberal and magnanimous policy, as best for himself and those around me," for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest "winner." I did recommend that he should sanction a meeting of the prominent, influential leading men in Virginia, at Richmond, and have their counsel and co-operation in reconstructing its political and social systems as to meet the new and extraordinary conditions of society. But the calling together of the political body, the "rebel legislature," was the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln's own mind. He mentioned it for the first time in our second interview as a matter he was con-

sidering—that it was desirable in many points of view, that he mentioned, and that if he came to a satisfactory conclusion he would make it known to Gen. Weitzell on his return to City Point by letter.

The general principles I had expressed, concluded such a proposition, and I was gratified that the President had been led to its consideration, but I did not intimate such a course in any remarks of mine, before he suggested it.

At the interviews on the Malvern, President Lincoln produced a memorandum in writing, which he read over and commented on the various clauses as he read them. When he had concluded he gave me the paper. It was not dated, signed nor addressed. The conversation reported by your correspondent did not take place.

The memorandum is; “As to peace, I have said before and now repeat that three things are indispensable:

1. The restoration of the national authority throughout all the States .
2. No receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message and in preceding documents.
3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the government. That all propositions coming from those now in hostility to the government, not inconsistent with the foregoing will be respectfully considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality.

I now add that it seems useless for me to be more specific with those who will not say that they are ready for the indispensable terms even on conditions to be named by themselves. If there be any who are ready for these indispensable terms on any conditions whatever, let them say so and state their conditions, so that the conditions can be distinctly known and considered. It is further added that the remission of confiscation being within the Executive power, if the war be now further persisted in by those opposing the government, the making of

confiscated property at the least to bear the additional cost will be insisted on, but that confiscation (except in case of third party intervening interests) will be remitted to the people of any State, which shall now promptly, and in good faith, withdraw its troops and other support from further resistance to the government.

What is now said as to remission of confiscation has no reference to supposed property in "slaves." The President, after reading and commenting on the various passages of this memorandum, noticed that he had said nothing upon the subject of pains and penalties as applicable to individuals. He said in reference to this that he supposed that he ought not to force a pardon upon any person who did not want it. That for instance: "If Mr. Davis, who we familiarly call Jeff Davis, will not take a pardon, that he ought not to press one on him. But this he would say, "That most anybody could have anything of that kind by the asking for it."

My intercourse with President Lincoln both here and at Hampton Roads, impressed me favorably and kindly to him. I believe that he felt a genuine sympathy for the bereavement, destitution, impoverishment, waste, and overturn that war had occasioned at the South, and that he fully and exactly discriminated the wide difference both in reason and policy between the mode of proceeding in reference to the disorderly or criminal acts of individuals which disturb the security of a State and those civil dissensions and commotions which arise from the agitation of great questions which involve the social and political constitution of a great empire, composed of distinct and, in some respect, independent communities.

I believe that his scheme of pacification would have gone as far to the mitigation of the evils that have befallen the country as the circumstances allowed of.

My direct intercourse with President Lincoln terminated with my visit to him on the Malvern. I never spoke to him or wrote to him afterwards.

The following day Gen. Weitzell sent for me and read the letter of President Lincoln, to him, upon the subject of calling together the Virginia Legislature.

Mr. Lincoln, in the course of his conversation, had expressed his object in desiring them to meet and to vote. It was desirable that that very legislature should recognize the National authority. It was in the situation of a tenant between two contesting landlords, who was called to attorn to the one who had shown the better title, was his remark.

I perceived that many questions that I had conceived would arise prejudicially to the common weal and to the speedy and effectual pacification of the country would be removed by the course suggested.

In my judgment, then and now, the course was a judicious one. I recommended to Gen. Weitzell that the same facilities be granted in North Carolina to the Assembly of the Legislature there.

The Legislature of North Carolina was prepared to act upon the propositions of peace. My friend Govr. Graham had been prepared to advise Mr. Davis to send the Commissioners who had conferred with Mr. Lincoln at Hampton Roads, to Washington, to accept his terms and to settle the remaining conditions. This advice being unavailing, he was prepared to advise State action.

Gen. Weitzell invited from me a letter on the subject. This letter referred to the military condition of the country. It admitted that the great natural and artificial channels of communication and avenues and emporiums of commerce, and intercourse were within the control of the United States, but that the spirit of the people in the South was not broken and that a prolonged and embarrassing war might still be continued. That it was desirable to prevent this and the province of statesmanship to avoid it. My counsel was to facilitate the meetings of these legislatures to bring the minds of the people to consider of peace. The impediments to the settlement were the continuance of hostilities and the fact that the agencies of the Confederate States were indisposed to negotiations. Hence the necessity to call upon the legislatures and suspend hostilities.

This letter was written in advance of the surrender of the army of Gen. Lee, and with the sincere purpose of stopping the

war. I had a very strong impression that the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg would lead to the disbanding of that army without any effort on the part of its adversary. There is no sentence in that letter such as your correspondence quotes. There was no spirit as he represents to dictate it. This letter was probably sent to President Lincoln, but it was not addressed to or for him. I have troubled you with this account not for the purpose of publication. It is no pleasure to me to find my name in the newspapers or in any other conspicuous place. But I have found it to be proper to deny the accuracy of your correspondent's history in a Richmond paper and I think it to be due to you to explain the significance of my denial. I do not wish this letter published. But I earnestly entreat of you not to cease your efforts to promote a broad, comprehensive, magnanimous policy in the reconstruction of the Union. The overturn of the political doctrines and social systems of the Southern States is a mighty revolution in those States. I suppose that no man expected that this could be done without war. The war has comprehended whatever of resources of men or money that those States had. They have failed from the total exhaustion of these.

The success of the United States creates a new order of things in the country. Northern principles, opinions, habits of political and social action are now predominant, and must continue to be so. A wise and moderate statesman would be content with this triumph. I have many misgivings as to the success of the experiment that is now to be made. I was as thoroughly adverse to the project of disunion as any man could be. My opinions as to the measures and men that fostered it have undergone no change, nor have I pretended that they had at any time, but I do not well see how the new order is to be established, so as to secure the good of the whole. Excuse me for this long letter. It is the first I have addressed to you, and it will probably be the last with which I shall have occasion to trouble you.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) J. A. CAMPBELL.

The foregoing is indorsed:

"This letter was written at its date. It was not sent, and found in my desk after my imprisonment. It is a record of the time. I wrote to Mr. Gurley a similiar letter."

FORT PULASKI, GEORGIA,

August 31st, 1865.

HON. I. I. SPEED,

Attorney General.

I have a letter which contains the following sentence in regard to myself. It is charged in substance, and I understand with strong censure that in the matter of the call of the Virginia Legislature, you abused the confidence of Mr. Lincoln, misrepresented his views and promises, and by perversion, misled Gen. Weitzell into grave errors of official misconduct. It is alleged that you violated and concealed the explicit condition laid down by Mr. Lincoln that the public men of Virginia were to meet only as individuals called together for consultation and to promote order, and it is further alleged that Mr. Lincoln's memorandum, as furnished by yourself, supports the views taken of your conduct. This affair was stated to be "not the sole, but a cogent motive of your captivity and its continuance."

In reply to inquiries occasioned by this statement, I learn that the *Attorney General* made this statement to an eminent citizen of the United States. I hope that you will pardon me for intruding upon you a reply to the charge.

I remained in Richmond at the time of its evacuation on the 2nd and 3rd of April by the Confederate Government and troops. Scarcely any other person who had occupied any position of prominence in the country did so. I had determined to do so for weeks beforehand. I had advised others to do so. I had expressed my opinion fully and repeatedly to the Executive and to members of the Legislative Government, that the Confederate States could not carry on their war, that peace

should be made, and that the fall of Richmond, (which was inevitable) would terminate the war.

A letter written by me to Gen. Breckenridge, the Secretary of War, and submitted to Mr. Davis, General Lee, and read to a number of members of Congress, dated 5th of March, is in existence to substantiate this assertion. I remained in Richmond, to submit to the authority of the United States upon a full conviction that the Confederate Government could not sustain itself. On the 4th April I reported to Gen. Shepley, the Governor of Richmond, and told him that I came to submit, and he gave me a printed order for protection from arrest. In the course of this interview he spoke of arrangements for the government of Virginia. I told him that the war was virtually ended and that the question now was as to the pacification and settlement of the country. That the selection of Governors and of government for the State was a difficult and invidious task, and I recommended him to call to the aid of the United States, men of the character and class of Mr. Hunter, in consultation, moderate and influential men, who were satisfied that submission was a duty and a necessity. He was impressed with the counsel and communicated in a telegram to President Lincoln that recommendation. I learn thus that Mr. Lincoln was at City Point and I said I would be glad to see him.

The same P. M. (I think) Mr. Lincoln arrived in Richmond, and Gen. Weitzell's staff officer came to my house and said that Mr. Lincoln was there and would see me. Our interview was in presence of Genl. Weitzell.

I told Mr. Lincoln that I had no commission from the Confederate Government, that it was known to Gen. Breckenridge that I should remain in Richmond, and that I should seek an interview with him. That I had no permission to do so, nor was I prohibited. I told him that I regarded the war as a sectional one, and involved principles. That the aims of the different sections could not be otherwise reconciled and that the fortunes of the war had resulted in favor of the United States. That I had regarded it to be the duty of the successful party in any event, to make a peace with the loser—as favorable

as the circumstances would allow. That if the South had gained independence still a union with the North of the closest nature consistent with their condition was sound policy and a duty. I urged magnanimity, moderation and kindness upon him; "That when leniency and cruelty contend for the conquest of a kingdom, the gentlest player will be the soonest winner."

Mr. Lincoln expressed his approbation of these general sentiments and said the question was as to their application. He concluded to remain at Richmond till next morning, arranged for another interview and told me to bring some citizens of Richmond with me. I sent off for six or seven persons, but only G. A. Myers, Esqr., an old and established member of the Bar of Richmond, was ready to go. Some were absent, others engaged.

We met Mr. Lincoln on the Malvern (gunboat) in James River. Gen. Weitzell was present with us. Mr. Lincoln produced a written paper, which he carefully read, read over and commented on, and gave to me the original. This paper I gave to Genl. Ord, the 12th or 13th of April when the revoking order hereafter mentioned was made. I have now an examined copy.

The substance of this paper was: "That the indispensable conditions of peace were, first, that the Confederate States should cease hostilities, disband their troops, recognize the National authority. 2nd. That no armistice would be granted and no receding by the Executive from his official action in regard to slavery as contained in messages—proclamations. All other questions would be treated of in terms of sincere liberality. He invited those who had other conditions to propose them. Declared he would release confiscations to States that would act promptly, and would exact confiscations as far as the future expenses from the intractable. He said that nothing was to be released as respects slaves."

He proceeded to say: "That he had said nothing in the paper as to pains and penalties. That he supposed, that it would not be proper to offer a pardon to Mr. Davis, whom we familiarly call Jeff Davis—who says he won't have one. But that most anyone can have most anything of the kind for the

asking." He said this with emphasis and gesture. When he had finished this, I told him that the difficulty in making a settlement then was the absence of a competent party. That Gen. Lee had, heretofore, declined to do more than perform his military duty and would not assume to counsel much less to act upon the question of peace. That Mr. Davis had finally excused himself from the performance of that irksome duty by saying, "He could not commit a suicide, and that the States in convention only could act." That the Senate had declined because of the position of the President, and that thus the subject had been neglected or disregarded. That the condition of Gen. Lee's army was precarious, and its circumstances difficult, and I was sure that a suspension of hostilities for a few days would bring a peace such as he desired. I submitted to him the draught of an armistice that I had prepared in February on my return from Hampton Roads, as a plan by which a settlement could be initiated, and which had been submitted to Gen. Breckenridge, Secretary of War, and to Mr. Davis, with a view to induce their action. Expecting that there might be company at the interview, I had reduced some of my views to writing. Mr. Lincoln took my letter and this paper without further remark. Mr. Lincoln said, further, that he had been thinking of a plan for calling the Virginia Legislature, that had been sitting in Richmond, together, and to get them vote for the restoration of Virginia to the Union. That he had not arranged the matter to his satisfaction and would not decide upon it until after his return to City Point, and he would communicate with Genl. Weitzell. He said: "He deemed it important that that 'very legislature' that had been sitting in Richmond should vote upon the question. That he had a government in Northern Virginia—the Pierpont Government—but it had but a small margin, and he did not desire to enlarge it." He said: "That the Virginia Legislature was in the condition of a tenant between two contending landlords and that it should attorn to the party that had established the better claim."

Mr. Myers had been a member of the Legislature of Virginia in former years and resided in Richmond. Mr. Lincoln

asked him particularly as to the state of the Legislature, whether it could be called together without difficulty, whether it had been dissolved, adjourned or had taken a recess, etc., etc., etc.

My suggestion to Mr. Lincoln had not extended to the call of any legal or public body. I say to you, the first suggestion came from him and in the manner I state.

Mr. Myers is in Richmond and his testimony on this subject can be had. The following day (6th April) Gen. Weitzell sent to me to read a letter from Mr. Lincoln. This letter has been published. I understood that letter to authorize a call for the Virginia Legislature to come to Richmond to vote upon the restoration of Virginia to the Union, and to perform any other loyal acts in harmony with the policy of peace and union.

Gen. Lee was still in arms and the war was still going on.

I asked Gen. W. if others than the members of the Legislature would be allowed to come to Richmond. He answered, Yes! and he would afford transportation and facilities to them. I called the members of the Legislature of Virginia, who were then in Richmond, together, told them what had occurred, and advised them to take the measures required, and left this whole matter in their hands. I told them I was not a Virginian, and did not desire to engross any of the care and responsibility of the movement and declined to be on a committee to manage the matter. I wrote a letter to Gen. J. R. Anderson, explaining what I had done, read it to Gen. Shipley in presence of Mr. Dana, Asst. Secy. of War, and left the original to be copied in that office.

No objection was made to this letter. The letter convening the Legislature was examined by Gen. Shepley and corrected by him. His corrections were assented to and the letter went forth in the form he agreed to.

After Gen. Weitzell had showed me the letter of Mr. Lincoln, we had some conversation, in the course of which he said: "That he now understood what I meant by saying that the suspension of hostilities for a few days would lead to peace. We have captured Gen. Lee's letter." The letter referred to, I learned, was a letter of Gen. Lee, dated 9th March, 1865, and

related to the military situation at that date, and presented a gloomy picture of affairs. It was addressed to Gen. Breckenridge. On the 6th of March I had addressed a very full letter to Gen. Breckenridge on the situation of affairs. It was the last of several efforts to promote a negotiation for peace.

Mr. Rives and Gen. Lee had conversed upon an unfinished draft of it before it was handed to Gen. Breckenridge. The letter, as delivered, advised a call for a report from Gen. Lee and a reference of the matter to Congress.

The distinct object was to make peace and union. This letter of Gen. Lee was the report required on that suggestion. I was familiar with its contents, I felt at liberty to speak more freely, and in more detail upon the subject of Gen. Lee's condition than before, and I renewed the expression of the opinion in which Gen. W. concurred, that Gen. Lee's army could not be held together if an armistice were granted and that peace must follow upon such a measure. I told him that the action of Mr. Davis in refusing all negotiations upon the basis of Union had compelled conservative men to act independently of his authority.

That Gov. Graham had returned to North Carolina and had already, I believed, inaugurated measures for securing separate State action. That the Legislature would meet there in May next and would vote then for a return to the Union.

I advised that the same measure that Mr. Lincoln had adopted for Virginia be extended to North Carolina and that it would be productive of beneficial consequences.

Gen. Weitzell invited me to repeat, in writing, what I had communicated to him. This I did on the same or following day. This letter, I learn, was sent to Washington. My entire action and interference has now been stated.

You see that I neither misunderstood nor misrepresented Mr. Lincoln, as stated.

Mr. Lincoln desired the Legislature of Virginia to be called together to ascertain and to test its disposition to co-operate with him in terminating the war. He desired it to recall the troops of Virginia from the Confederate service and to *attorn*

to the United States and to submit to the National authority. He never for a moment spoke of the Legislature, except as a public corporate body, representing a substantial portion of the State.

I was in doubt whether others than the Legislature were included in the permission, and asked the question directly of Gen. W. Mr. Lincoln could not have employed the language he did in his memorandum, his letter to Gen. Weitzell or his conversation to me, with such a signification as is attached to it on the charge I am answering.

It never entered into my imagination to conceive that he used the word "Legislature" to express a convention of individuals having no public significance or relations. His motives was not misunderstood. Mr. Lincoln did not fully credit the judgment that was expressed as to the condition of Gen. Lee's army.

He could not realize the fact that its dissolution was certain in any event; that its day was spent. He knew if that "very Legislature" that had been sitting in Richmond, were convened and did vote as he desired, that it would disorganize and derange the Confederate Army and Government. My own information was precise and accurate. There was no motive for concealing the fact that could not be concealed very long. Mr. Lincoln's expressions and plans of settlement were generous, conciliatory and just. They met the precise conditions of the case. I was willing to co-operate with him on his basis to any limit. I had endeavored to bring the Confederate authorities to the same point, and had failed because they could not bear to look at the inexorable facts of their condition. I had no motive for concealment nor interest in abusing Mr. Lincoln's confidence. My letter to Gen. Weitzell precedes the surrender of Gen. Lee. It precedes all information of what took place after the army reached Amelia C. H. We had rumors of great Confederate victories there, but that letter contains a plain and truthful account of the state of things.

I did not mislead Gen. Weitzell. *He heard every word that Mr. Lincoln spoke to me, and Mr. Lincoln wrote to him, not*

to myself. He had intercourse with Mr. Lincoln to which I was not a party.

There was no explicit condition in Mr. Lincoln's letter to Gen. Weitzell. Mr. Lincoln authorized him to allow a call of the Legislature, and to exhibit to me his letter. The Legislature was to act loyally after it met and if not to be dispersed. This was all. The memorandum furnished to me only strengthened the conclusion that the Legislature was to be convened as a public corporate body.

The pledge was that if any State would abandon the contest and withdraw its troops, that confiscations would be discharged. How was a State to comply except through its authorities? Mr. Lincoln wanted prompt, efficient action to terminate a ruinous war, and we must infer that he expected the usual means for the purpose, but besides this he designated the Legislature as the appropriate instrument to be employed.

My wishes were coincident with Mr. Lincoln's. I desired peace for a ruined, distressed people. I did not suggest benefits for myself. I did not importune for amnesty or preferment. The so-called leaders had all evacuated Richmond. President, Secretaries, Governors, principal citizens were all gone, leaving the city in flames, leaving the people panic-stricken and despairing.

It was for this people that I made intercession. I counselled the conqueror to use magnanimity, forbearance, kindness, for his own honor and advantage, not specially for mine. I asked for no boon for myself.

I am indebted to you for courtesy and kindness exhibited to Mrs. Campbell and my daughter, while they were on a visit to Washington in July last, and had occasion to call upon you at your office.

I have no reason to doubt that you will consider with candor any statement that is made to you, and will reject any erroneous or hasty impression that has been made to you to my prejudice. I appeal to your sense of right in reference to this grave accusation, and to ask of you to give me the evidence on which such charges and assertions depend.

I have not complained of Mr. Lincoln's alteration of his policy, nor of the order revoking the call of the Virginia Legislature. Gen. Ord assigned to me, as the cause of the change of the order, the change which events had made in the condition of affairs. This change was great and Mr. Lincoln had contracted no debt to me, by any promise or declaration to me which forbade a change in his policy.

I held no commission nor power to bind any one, and was but a volunteer, entitled to assert no right under his assertions or acts. This I took occasion to affirm in a card, published in the Richmond papers.

But I have a right to be exempt from all unjust censure and from all misrepresentations of my connection with these events and from all injurious accusations.

When Mrs. Campbell was in Washington some two months ago, she was informed by Mr. Stanton that the cause of my arrest was an endorsement on a letter of a man named Olston, which had been written to Mr. Davis as President, and referred to the War Department. In the regular course of the routine of the office I had referred it to the A. Genl. "for attention," it being his duty to examine and dispose of letters between such parties. My own statement and that of Genl. Cooper, Adgt. Genl., and four of his assistants, have been filed with my application for amnesty to show that this endorsement contained no cause whatever to subject me to death or bonds.

As my arrest was made at night, without any notice or means to answer or to explain, I had hoped that my discharge would have been prompt upon the filing of such testimony.

I respectfully call your attention to this condition of my affairs, as more than three months of captivity have been endured.

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Indorsed.

This letter was sent from Fort Pulaski. It was thought not prudent to deliver it by my friends in Baltimore, and was returned to me. It is only as a contemporary record that I preserve it.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPT. OF VA.

April 13th, 1865.

JUDGE JOHN A. CAMPBELL,
Richmond, Va.

Sir:

I am instructed by the President to inform you that since his paper was written on the subject of reconvening the gentlemen, who, under the insurrectionary government as the Legislature of Virginia, events have occurred anticipating the object had in view, and the convention of such gentlemen is unnecessary, he wishes the paper withdrawn and I shall recall my publications assembling them.

I am, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) O. E. C. ORD,
Major-Genl. Commanding.

HON. JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Dear Sir:—

The undersigned, your fellow citizens of Mobile, who have long known and appreciated your character, avail themselves of the occasion of your visit among us, to offer you some public testimonial of the esteem in which they continue to hold you for the learning, firmness and purity with which you have discharged the duties of your exalted station.

If it receives your approval, we will be happy to meet you at a Public Dinner, at such time as may be agreeable to you.

Very respectfully,

Alex'r McKinstry,
Richard LeFearn,
Robt. H. Smith,
D. C. Anderson,
Wm. G. Jones,

J. M. Withers,
Jno. A. Hitchcock,
Thos. H. Herndon,
P. Hamilton,
S. D. Hayes,

Lewis D. Lude,
Jno. M. Taylor,
Jno. Hall,
A. Requier,
J. H. Smoot,
A. P. Bagby,
W. D. Dunn,
John C. Dawson,
H. R. Fettyplace,
Dan'l. Sampson,
H. Gaines,
H. L. Owen,
H. Ballentyne,
J. F. Jewett,
Robt. Purvis,
W. J. Ledyard,
A. E. Ledyard,
Robert S. Bunker,
Thos. S. King,
R. L. Watkins,
John Slaughter,
L. T. Woodruff,
H. Munroe,
T. St. John,
M. C. McLemore,
Wm. Ballantine,
A. R. Manning,
Percy Walker,
E. M. Rovers,
R. J. Lawrence,
John H. Marshall,
Jas. F. Bradford,
Wm. Sayre,
J. Meaher,
Em. Jones,
J. M. Meaher,

R. B. Owen,
Thos. J. Dale,
Chas. H. Morse,
E. L. Dargan,
Alphone Hurtel,
H. Chamberlain,
Newton St. John,
H. A. Schroeder,
J. C. Nott,
A. A. Sossaman,
Goronwy Owen,
D. W. Goodman,
J. A. M. Battle,
Daniel Wheeler,
Chas. D. Dickey,
Chas. P. Gage,
W. H. Bloodgood,
J. Emanuel,
S. W. Allen,
P. Loughry,
Thos. McGran,
C. H. Minge,
A. Belboe, Jr.,
M. McMorris,
B. Tardy,
Thos. McConnell,
A. M. Quigley,
E. A. Lawis,
A. M. Elgin,
W. K. Thurber,
C. LeB. Collins,
John F. Windham,
Wm. H. Ross,
D. Stodder,
Wm. Barnwall, Jr.,
Jacob Magee,

J. B. Todd,

MOBILE, June 28th, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—

Your letter inviting me to a Public Dinner, as a testimonial of your appreciation of my judicial character, has been received. Coming, as the invitation does, from many who were my friends and associates during my professional career, and from others who fairly represent the moral and material interests of the city, no testimonial could be more grateful than the expressions of the letter.

The station I occupy is one of grave responsibility, and its duties are full of difficulty. A declared object of the Constitution of the Union is "to establish justice," and of the justice of the United States the Supreme Court is the special depository. That Court is the final arbiter of legal controversies arising under the Constitution, laws and treaties of the Union between different States; and its power extends to cases between foreign States, citizens and subjects, and citizens of the United States. The very nature of this jurisdiction compels the judicial magistrate of the Union to disregard those attachments and to control those affections which would give a preference to special interests or local advantages. In favor of the general law he must restrain the aggressive selfishness, or restless egotism that would evade or subvert it; and he can make no compromise with the lawlessness, force, caprice, deceit or cunning that would overturn a policy of the Union. He can have no other aim than to maintain the Constitution, and the laws and the treaties of the Union that conform to it, "In the fulness of their spirit and the exactness of their letter," with honor or safety. This has been the object of my judicial life.

I respectfully decline the invitation to a public dinner, in conformity with a rule that I prescribed to myself in accepting the judicial office, to decline invitations of the kind you propose.

I am, gentlemen, with much esteem, your obedient servant,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

HONS. A. MCKINSTRY, J. M. WITHERS, J. A. HITCHCOCK.

723 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE,
October 15th, 1887.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE,
*President of the Lee Monument Association,
Richmond, Virginia.*

GENERAL:—

I have your invitation to be present at the ceremony for placing the corner-stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of General Robert E. Lee, at the Capitol of the State of Virginia. The monument will express the fulness of appreciation, by the people and State of Virginia to his excellence, as a citizen and functionary, who had been invested with powers and trusts exalted and vital, during a time of war, and at a period of anxiety, danger, privation, disaster and at the close of the war, of supreme calamity.

There was an overturn of the State Government, an irresponsible administration was substituted, with a subversion of the domestic institutions before existing. Before this General Lee had been the pause, the central point about whom all did pass with enthusiasm and confidence. Nor did this confidence wane, nor did the persuasion of the people of his entire trustworthiness for an instant waver. But, now abides the full conviction that undesirous of a false renown, he was deliberately and magnanimously throughout the chances and changes of his eventful life steadfast to the right. The completed monument will utter this to all generations who shall come to view it, and who will derive strength from it.

More than three score years ago I made the acquaintance of Robert E. Lee. He had not attained the age of manhood. The honors of the college, and of the Military Academy placed him in the army of the United States with a reputation. He was conspicuous in the campaigns of Mexico, and the great Commander of that war found pleasure in acknowledging the assistance he derived from the counsel of General Lee, in forming the plans for the perilous and difficult march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico with a paucity of men, munition, and assistance. The conjuncture of the sectional war among the

United States proclaimed by the President on the 15th of April, 1861, was followed in quick succession by requisition for troops to form armies, the proclamation of blockade to coast lines and ports of a number of States, the interruption of commerce and intercourse, foreign and domestic, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus by presidential order, the mockery of that writ when issued by the illustrious Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, by _____, of the new enlistments. Personal liberty had become so trivial a thing that a current opinion was the Secretary of the State Department had arranged a bell, the tinkle of which, was an improvement upon the *lettres de cachet* of the ancient tyranny, by which captivity through mandate without law had been made easy and had become a pasttime in that office.

The magnitude of the preparations for war and the exorbitance of the general action of the Nation's Executive Department was indicative of an extreme animosity, and that the war would probably be prolonged and implacable. At this early stage, it was apparent that social, interstate and domestic institutions would be involved in the war, and that the government of the country would be permanently modified. General Lee, at the commencement of the war, was a subordinate in the line of the army. He received an offer of the chief command of the armies destined for service in the field. This offer was declined, and at the same time he resigned his commission in the army of the United States. He had not participated in any of the agitations or the malevolent agitations which has hastened this conflict and had depreciated both.

The war now existed, preparations augured extreme measures, and he deliberately and in my judgment rightfully remained constant and faithful to his native State, sacrificing honors and emoluments and following the convictions of duty.

I have no occasion to recount the details of the war. In the Spring of 1865, the Confederate States were disintegrated, their connection dissolved and their armies capitulated after defeat. The government of the State of Virginia was overturned, and an irresponsible and illegitimate government called

forth from some outlying counties was substituted as a counterfeit presentment. General Lee became a prisoner of war and there was a mournful wilderness of brave and patriotic men, who had been slain and buried on her soil.

Were a generous and enlightened enemy to address this assembly, we might expect him to say of General Robert E. Lee—

That with a noble nature and great gifts was he endowed,
Courage, discretion, skill;
An equal temper, and an amply soul;
Rockbound and fortified against assaults of Transitory
 Passion;
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lacked of sovereignty, but the right,
Nothing of soldiership, but good fortune;
Wherefore with honor lay him in his grave,
And thereby increase of honor come
Unto their arms, who vanquished one so wise,
So valiant, so renowned.

General Lee carried into this war no profane ambition, nor oppressor's greed, nor lust for power, preferment, emolument, vain glory or sectional strife.

In his campaigns and marches there was no rapine, plunder, cruelty. The triumph he fought for and exerted all the powers of his noble nature has the triumph of a just cause as recompense of high sacrifice and of an arduous and generous struggle. He suffered no humiliation nor consciousness of abasement because of defeat and capitulation. There was no cause for self-reproof. There was a right minded and manly submission to the consequences of ill success without scorn, resentment nor exasperation. The people of Virginia of the Confederate States, the brave and good, everywhere may join us and say—

Mourn for the man of long enduring soul,
The Christian warrior, moderate, resolute—
Whole in himself, a common good;

Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambition's crime,
Our greatest, but of least pretence—
Foremost Captain of this time.
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

I am, General,

Your friend,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Dedication

of the

Virginia Memorial at Gettysburg

Friday, June 8, 1917

Virginia's Memorial to Her Sons at Gettysburg

IN the early days of the present century, the feeling frequently found expression in camps of Confederate veterans, in chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy, and in meetings of other patriotic organizations, as well as in the public press, that an appropriate memorial should be erected on the battlefield of Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, in honor of the soldiers of Virginia who fought there in July, 1863.

This feeling found concrete expression in the biennial message of the Governor to the General Assembly on January 8, 1908, in which Governor Swanson said:

“A more glorious exhibition of disciplined valor has never been witnessed than that shown by the Virginia troops at the battle of Gettysburg. The heroic achievements of our troops in that fierce battle have given to this Commonwealth a fame that is immortal, a lustre that is imperishable.

“I recommend that an appropriation be made to erect on this battlefield a suitable monument to commemorate the glory and heroism of the Virginia troops.”

One week later companion bills were introduced in the two Houses of the General Assembly—in the Senate by Hon. Don P. Halsey, of Lynchburg, and in the House of Delegates by Hon. Moses M. Green, of Fauquier—providing for the first steps in the erection of such a monument. The House bill was passed in both bodies by unanimous vote, and was approved by the Governor on March 9, 1908. It read as follows:

1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia, That the sum of ten thousand dollars be, and is hereby, appropriated out of any funds in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be applied towards the erection of a suitable monument in the National Military Park at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to commemorate the deeds of Virginia soldiers on that field.

2. That the Governor of Virginia, and four others to be appointed by himself, shall constitute a committee of five to select a location, design and inscriptions for the said monument, subject to the approval of the Secretary of War and the Governor of the State of Virginia.

3. The said committee are hereby authorized to use the whole or any part of said ten thousand dollars in securing the design and prepar-

ing the location and foundation for said monument, but shall make no contract for any purpose involving any expense in excess of said ten thousand dollars.

4. The said committee shall report to the next General Assembly their action under this act, and shall present a design for said monument which, with the money hereby appropriated, shall not in the aggregate cost over fifty thousand dollars.

5. The said committee may be joined by any committee of citizens, camps or other organizations, in supplementing the amount of money appropriated for the purpose aforesaid.

6. The said committee shall receive no compensation for their services, but shall be allowed and paid the actual and necessary expenses incurred by them in the performance of their duties, to be audited by the Auditor of Virginia, and paid out of any money not otherwise appropriated.

Pursuant to the provisions of this measure, Governor Swanson appointed the following Confederate veterans as members of the committee: Colonel Thomas Smith, of Fauquier; Major John Warwick Daniel, of Lynchburg, a United States Senator from Virginia; Major Henry Archer Edmondson, of Halifax, and Captain Stephen Palmer Read, of Mecklenburg. Governors Claude Augustus Swanson, William Hodges Mann and Henry Carter Stuart were successively members and chairmen *ex-officio* of the body having the erection and dedication of the memorial in charge. Senator Daniel, who took a deep interest in the proposition, rendered faithful and efficient service until his death in 1910, when he was succeeded by Colonel William Gordon McCabe, of Richmond. Otherwise the members as named above served throughout the entire life of the commission. Captain Read died at the very hour the monument was being unveiled.

Following preliminary discussions, the commission in 1909 visited the National Military Park at Gettysburg with a representative of the War Department, and selected a spot just off Confederate Avenue, at the point where General Lee viewed the third day's battle, as the site for the memorial. The commission thereupon invited proposals from sculptors, and, after examination of the various designs offered, determined to accept that of Mr. F. William Sievers, at a price of forty-eight thousand dollars, conditioned upon the General Assembly carrying the project through.

That body was much pleased with the report made by the commission, and with the design, and by an act approved by

Governor Mann on March 9, 1910, continued the unexpended balance of the appropriation of \$10,000 in force, and appropriated \$40,000 in addition, to cover the entire estimate of \$50,000, allowing \$2,000 for the expenses of the commission. Thereafter the unexpended balance of the sum of \$50,000 was reappropriated for the same purpose in 1912, 1914 and 1916. In 1914 the General Assembly set aside \$8,000 for the expenses of dedication, but, since this had not been used in 1916, it was then reappropriated.

Acting under the approval of the Legislature, the Gettysburg Monument Commission, on March 15, 1910, closed a contract with Mr. Sievers covering the entire cost of the memorial. The specifications provided that the total height should be forty-two feet; the total height of the equestrian statue from the bottom of the bronze plinth to the top of the rider's hat, fourteen feet; total height of pedestal, twenty-eight feet; total expanse of bottommost base, not less than twenty-eight by twenty-eight feet. It was further provided that the sculpture was to be of United States government standard bronze, the pedestal of Southern granite of the best quality, and the foundation of concrete of best material, with the inscriptions in polished raised letters. All this was faithfully observed.

Mr. Sievers discovered the difficulties of an artist as he proceeded in his work. With full realization of the meaning of the work in which he was engaged, intended to immortalize in bronze the valor of Virginia's soldiers, and to stand forever as visible evidence that the Old Dominion had not forgotten to honor her heroes, he toiled day after day for six years, building up and tearing down. In 1914 the group of figures about the base was complete in plaster, put on public exhibition for a day, and sent to the foundry, whence the bronze cast was soon forthcoming and was placed in position on the base prepared to receive it. The equestrian statue of General Robert Edward Lee mounted on Traveler, which surmounts the memorial, was completed in the spring of 1916. Delays in transportation of the plaster cast made its completion so late in the year, that the commission deemed it best for the comfort and safety of the veterans in attendance to postpone the dedication until 1917, and on June 8th of that year the unveiling took place in the presence of a large audience of veterans from Virginia and other States.

Invocation

By REV. JAMES POWER SMITH, D. D.

(Captain and A. D. C., Staff of Gen. T. J. Jackson, Army of Northern Virginia.)

ALMIGHTY and ever gracious God—our God and our Fathers' God—"Who doest Thy will in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of earth," grant us Thy grace that in this hour of deep and far-reaching interest, all may be done acceptably to Thee, to the good of every section of our land and to the glory of Thy great name.

We are assembled in a place of great historic event and of memories most sacred and tender; and with uncovered heads in Thy holy presence we hallow these memories. We have here builded a monument to the memory of an army of patriot soldiers and their great Captain—who here fought a great battle—bravely, conscientiously, looking to God for help—and yet went back with banner furled, with brows clear and uplifted, believing that God was on the field. Many of us have come up from the far, broad fields of the South, and here we are met by a great company from every section of the land—and now we stand under one flag, united again, and filled with a like spirit of patriotic brotherhood. For this we thank Thee, O God of Peace and Giver of all our blessings!—surely, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God of Hosts, just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of the Ages."

Once there was written across this field a great story of warlike power and skill, of unselfish devotion of life and every sacrifice to great ideals of rights and liberties—and these things—the history and the ideals, the rights and the liberties, will never perish from the earth. And now we come again with a loftier, sweeter lesson of "Peace on earth, and good will to men"—with a witness to the personal character and spirit of men that led and men that followed, men that fought and men that fell, loftier, more valuable and fruitful and more enduring. In years and ages to come, our sons and all "men of good will" will come from all sections and from all lands to remember them and their unblemished fame, and with one consent will do them honor!

For our country and all the States in this day of cloud and deep concern we implore Thy favor. Let Thy grace be upon the President of the United States, and all in council with him, with the vast responsibility now resting upon them, and upon the Governors of these great States, States so fair to see, so strong in their unity, so richly blessed with a great prosperity; and upon the people of every section, that all may learn "to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with their God!"

Hasten the coming of peace to this troubled and suffering world, and the time promised when men shall learn war no more, and Thy kingdom of righteousness and love shall be established in every land.

Almighty God, whose well beloved Son counted not His life dear unto Himself, that He might win our peace and our redemption, guard and preserve our sons now going out to serve in the army and navy of their country. Let their hearts be right before Thee, and their purposes unselfish, just and strong. Mercifully grant that by their valour and sacrifice, peace with righteousness and mercy may prevail in all lands, great and small. Bring back our loved ones in safety and in the better and heightened manhood, which springs from all unselfish patriotism, and whole-hearted service of our fellowmen.

All of which we ask in the name of the great Captain of our salvation, our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen!

Address

By His Excellency HENRY CARTER STUART,
Governor of Virginia.

FOR the third time the Blue and the Gray are assembled upon this field of fame; once as mortal foes, half a century later as friends, and now, while the war drum beats around the world, we gather here to dedicate a memorial to the constancy and valour of the brave Virginians who fought and died on this historic ground.

Torn asunder by divergent views of the Constitution of the United States, fifty-six years ago this land was plunged into fratricidal strife. We are not here to consider the reasons for that conflict; they have been well defined in these words: "Whether in the United States the citizen owed allegiance to the Federal Government as against his State Government was a question upon which men had divided since the birth of the Republic. The men of the North responded to the call of the sovereign to whose allegiance they acknowledged fealty—the men of the South did the same. It was a battle between rival conceptions of sovereignty rather than one between a sovereign and its acknowledged citizens."

The issues involved were submitted to the sword, and by this bloody arbitrament the questions at issue were forever settled. Destiny decreed that one unbroken republic under one flag should reach from Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. For many reasons we would not blot out of American history one page of the epic which recounts the rise and fall of the Confederacy, for though dim with tears and tragic in its grief, it is none the less fruitful in its lessons. Out of the memories of this heroic struggle, out of the fiery ordeal which tested to the uttermost the mettle of the men North and South—aye, even out of the blood that was shed on this and many other fields, has come our life and strength as a nation; our unity in heart and purpose, our supreme devotion to the flag of a reunited country, which today floats above us.

We treasure the valour which history records on both sides—the splendid magnanimity of Ulysses S. Grant, who, without objection, acceded to the honorable terms of surrender at Appomattox, which provided that, “The officers are to retain their side arms, private horses and baggage,” and “Each officer and man is to be allowed to return to his home” and “Not to be disturbed by United States authority as long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside.”

We treasure the words spoken here by Abraham Lincoln when the smoke yet lingered on the battle field—words of sublime eloquence, mingled with infinite kindness, when he said:

“We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

We treasure the heroic deeds and inspiring example of all the brave soldiers living and dead who gave to us and to the world a new standard of American manhood.

Out of all this we have learned the double lesson of the generosity of a chivalrous foe in the hour of victory and the fulfillment of the noble utterance of our own great leader, that “Human fortitude should be equal to human adversity.”

With the fine perception and real genius of the true artist, the sculptor chosen by the Commonwealth to express visibly and permanently the thought of the people, has placed about the base of this memorial the express presentments of the type of men who followed Lee. Here we see represented all arms of the service, and all the differing classes essentially typical of Southern life and manhood which combined to make the “Army of Northern Virginia” for so long a time invincible. The life, the ideals and the principles of these men as they stand cannot be exalted by human tongue or human hand, and yet we surmount this noble group by the inspiring figure of the one man, who, by the majesty of his character, the perfection of his manhood, and the glory of his genius, repre-

sents and embodies all that Virginia and her sister Southern States can or need vouchsafe to the country and to the world as the supreme example of their convictions and principles. He was the scion paramount of a long line of soldiers and statesmen, the consummate flower of a unique civilization which had gradually developed amid the stern experiences and vexed problems of a new land—the heir direct of the principles of English liberty consecrated by centuries of heroic struggle and ennobled by unswerving devotion to the lofty ideals that had their germ at Runnymede.

The Commonwealth of Virginia gave Lee his birth, his training, and the traditions and impulses that controlled his course; Lee gave to the Commonwealth and to the South his noble ambitions, his fortunes and all his strength; the Commonwealth gave to humanity the noble story of a life lived to its ending on the very highest plane, and in the rarest and most exalted atmosphere of thought and motive to which humanity may attain. He marches across the distant and sombre scene panoplied in light, a soul serene in victory, sublime in defeat. In every relation of life his character is revealed in flawless beauty. The tongue of calumny is palsied in the futile effort to detract from his greatness or impugn his motives. Obedient to his conviction of the paramount right of his native State, he expressed that conviction in these noble words:

“If the Union is dissolved, and the Government is disrupted, I shall return to my native State, and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, will draw my sword on none.”

It is fitting that we erect here this noble effigy of our great Captain surrounded by the memorials of men who fought and fell fifty-four years ago. The imperishable bronze shall outlive our own and other generations. We who stand here today shall pass into the beyond, leaving what legacies we may of duty done or ideals sustained; moon and stars shall shine upon this face of incomparable majesty; the dawn shall gild it with the splendor of sunrise; the evening shadows shall enfold it in their gentle embrace; and until the eternal morning of the final re-union of quick and dead, the life of Robert Edward Lee shall be a message to thrill and uplift the heart

of all mankind. May a double portion of his spirit rest upon and abide with the brave men who today are rallying to the defense of our liberty against the aggression of a foreign foe. Many of them doubtless go forth never to return; others shall gladden our eyes when we welcome them home from glorious victory, but all, whether "the unreturning brave" or the gallant legions baptized with fire may look to this martial figure, riding serene and fearless as of old, as the noblest and knightliest type of American manhood.

And now, sir, as Chief Executive of the ancient Commonwealth of Virginia, the mother of Washington and Lee, I give into the keeping of the United States, of which you are the honored representative on this auspicious occasion, this noble monument, which shall stand not only as the undying expression of the high ideals in which we of the South would this day sanctify our memories, but as a fresh and abiding inspiration to all men North and South who in this trying hour of our National existence would stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of our common country.

Address

By Hon. WILLIAM M. INGRAHAM, Assistant Secretary of War.

*Your Excellency, Confederate Veterans, Ladies and
Gentlemen:*

IT gives me great pleasure to be present on this occasion and to perform a most pleasant duty in behalf of the War Department. This beautiful memorial is placed on this historic ground by the State of Virginia in honor of those who sacrificed their lives in behalf of the ideals for which they fought. We gather around this impressive monument with a reverence due to an occasion of this kind in order that the memory of those who represented the State of Virginia in the greatest battle of the Civil War shall be kept green. We are not here to discuss the causes of the War or to comment on its results. We are here, however, to pay a loving tribute to those who fell for a cause which they believed was just and right. No one can deny their sincere belief and honest convictions of the justice of their cause, and they died fighting as bravely as any men ever fought in battle.

We are now meeting at a critical time in the history of our country. War has once more come upon us, and all our manhood, wealth, and energy must be summoned to support the Government and bring to a successful termination the great struggle in which we are now involved. The lessons that we gather from the battlefield on which we stand, the inspiration that this monument gives us, all go toward helping us solve the difficulties of the present hour. The Civil War up to the time of the outbreak of the present conflict was the greatest struggle the world had ever seen, but now it sinks into insignificance compared with the war going on in Europe. The battle of Gettysburg, the greatest of the Civil War, was a small one compared with the gigantic and terrific battles of the present war. But those who took part in the Civil War and especially in the battle of Gettysburg realize what war means and can best interpret the full significance of the present struggle.

As we look over this beautiful field with its monuments, markers and cannon, a peaceful atmosphere pervades the scene. The mountains in the distance seem to embody the very idea of strength and manhood, and under those heights this peaceful field, once the scene of carnage, is now a beautiful park, a reservation set aside and preserved by the United States as a meeting place for those who once bitterly fought on its soil. It is a field that is famous all over the world, and it is most fitting that those who once contested every inch of its surface should come here to honor those who fell. It is a delightful thought that those who actually took part in the Civil War and those who know it only as history can come here as brothers and all stand for a reunited country and a common cause.

This statue means much not only to Virginia, but to the United States as well. The State that this monument represents is one of our oldest, being one of the thirteen original States of the Union. She has given to this country the greatest names in our history. Washington, "the Father of his Country;" Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and John Marshall, the greatest expounder of the law. It is truly wonderful to read the list of Presidents and other distinguished men that Virginia has produced. And today she is doing her full part in sharing the great burdens that this country is called upon to shoulder. No wonder, then, that I take a special pride in coming here as the representative of the War Department to accept in its behalf this magnificent work of art placed here by the great State of Virginia, exemplifying the love of her people for those who fought and died in her behalf. This monument will always stand here and it will tell future generations of valorous deeds and devotion to ideals and principles that the passage of time cannot erase.

This battlefield is consecrated with the blood of both the North and the South. We stand around this monument to write in large letters the story of the heroism of the sons of the Old Dominion who took part in the battle of Gettysburg. Different States, regiments and associations have erected here monuments to their heroes, that the part they took in this great battle may not be forgotten. Although the armies of the North and South vied with each other for supremacy, and it was here that the greatest carnage occurred, yet the

memory of this great battle awakens no feelings of anger within the heart of any one. This field was contested inch by inch, stand after stand was made first by one side and then by the other, shot and shell poured forth from the mouths of hundreds of cannon, and yet it is today in this reunited nation a field on which both sides meet as one great family. Nowhere in the civilized world can you find a similar case. It is truly characteristic of the American people, a people who can adjust themselves to new conditions, a people who can forget past differences and stand as one before the world. This battlefield represents the true spirit of the people of our great country, for here we can all assemble and share in each other's joys and sorrows and in each other's victories and defeats. Virginia knows how to honor those she loved and who fought and died for her ideals. It is only natural and proper for those who survive to honor those who fell. It matters not whether they be the victors or the vanquished as long as their part was honorable and they fought like men.

This monument, then, has been erected in honor of the memory of all of the sons of Virginia who took part in the battle of Gettysburg. The General Assembly of that State made a generous appropriation that a fitting memorial should stand on the very ground on which they fought. I desire to compliment all those who have labored to produce this memorial. The commission having this matter in charge has certainly been faithful to its trust. The sculptor who has wrought the figures representing the different arms of the Confederate service and who has produced this beautiful equestrian statue of that great and gallant soldier, General Robert E. Lee, should be specially commended on the excellence of his work. Indeed, Virginia should be pleased and has occasion to feel justly proud of this memorial.

In behalf of the War Department, I extend its congratulations to the Commonwealth of Virginia in placing here such a beautiful statue to her sons. It is right and proper that Virginia should be thus represented on this field. It goes without saying that the War Department is glad to add this beautiful statue to the number already under its care, and as long as granite and bronze endure, it shall stand as a great and loving tribute to those brave men who fought and died for their State and for a cause that they sincerely believed was just and right.

Address

By LEIGH ROBINSON.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

Governor Stuart, Secretary Ingraham, and Fellow Soldiers:

AT the centennial commemoration of the birth of Robert E. Lee, held in the city of Washington, in January, 1907, among the speakers was Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, who, in opening, said: "I vividly recall the pang I felt when there was brought to my house the body of an idolized brother, slain in battle with the army of Northern Virginia. At that moment I would have executed sentence of death with my own hand on General Lee. And yet," the distinguished Justice added, "I am here to-night, and willingly here, to add my leaf to the immortal wreath which time is fashioning for the brow of Lee."

The tribute is a forceful one to the still invincibility of truth. Time, the *Edax rerum* of the Roman bard, whose beak devours all to which flesh is heir, in effacing what obscures, releases what is imperishable; the spirit which triumphs over time. In time is fashioned the immortal wreath, yet not by time servers, not by the policies of potentates, not by the genius of servilities; but by a spirit of power transcending man's, which man is powerless to resist, year by year, takes shape more clearly the invincible impress.

It is my cherished faith that what is true of Lee is true of the cause we served, which pierced with wounds for us is sacred; and crowned with thorns for us is holy. The glowing pieties which laid down lives, laid down fortunes, laid down all save sacred honor, will grow as time grows. The story of our arms is safe. Military schools abroad impart to their pupils for their guidance the valiant passions of our comrades and their captains. Our adversaries are willing to concede the prowess which gives point to their own. There is no need to defend the unassailed—still less the unassailable.

There is a voice which says: All this heroism was "ghastly error;" heroism for a cause which was intrinsically false—

false to the rights of man. They who so speak think all too lightly of a cause hallowed by such sacrifice. In memorials, like the present, is felt the refutation of the charge. There are things too high, too deep, too appealing to the genuine grace of sympathy, for memory to be other than a shrine. Better proof could not be offered of the truth of a cause, than the truth to it before our eyes today. There is in constancy to conviction a dignity it is instinctive to respect. Heroic fight for this is grandeur. That goes straight to the heart which springs profoundly from it.

To mingle with triumphal marches for shares in the triumph; to shout hosannas to success, and bow down to the idols it sets up, is no novelty on earth. Evil does not cease to be evil, because we follow a multitude to do it. Prostration before power is familiar; it is ancient, it is oriental. It is prostration before the material. But when we assemble to commemorate catastrophe; to honor a valor only rewarded by its wounds, a sacrifice whose only witness is its cross, a phenomenon is witnessed, not to be explained by pride, vain-glory or hypocrisy. This is homage to the Spirit. What, then, was that to which the South gave her unfeigned heart? What was and is the truth to which that heart indomitably clings? What the meaning of this constancy?

We lose sight of the deeper import of the War between the States, when we shut our eyes to the fact that it was a strife between ideals facing in opposite directions: "They chose new gods," shouted Deborah, "then was there war in the gates." The attitude of the South, in this divergence, may be stated in the terms of one who in his day was popular idol of the North. In his book, "Twenty Years in Congress," James G. Blaine wrote these words:

"The Southern leaders occupied a commanding position. Those leaders constituted a remarkable body of men. Having before them the example of Jefferson, of Madison and of George Mason in Virginia; of Nathaniel Macon in North Carolina, they gave deep study to the science of government. They were admirably trained as debaters, and they became highly skilled in the management of parliamentary bodies. As a rule, they were highly educated; some of them graduates of Northern

colleges; a still larger number taking their degrees at Transylvania in Kentucky, at Chapel Hill in North Carolina, and at Mr. Jefferson's peculiar, but admirable, institution in Virginia. Their secluded modes of life on the plantation gave them leisure for reading and reflection. They took pride in their libraries, pursued the law so far as it increased their equipment for a public career, and devoted themselves to political affairs with an absorbing ambition. Their domestic relations imparted manners that were haughty and sometimes offensive; they were quick to take affront, and they not infrequently brought personal disputation into the discussion of public questions; but they were almost without exception men of high integrity, and they were especially and jealously careful of the public money. Too often ruinously lavish in their personal expenditures, they believed in an economical government, and throughout the long period of their domination, they guarded the Treasury with rigid and unceasing vigilance against every attempt at extravagance, and against every form of corruption."

Civil liberty is the fruit of moral victory over selfish appetite. The antithesis of high and low is between them who sacrifice themselves for others, and those who sacrifice others for themselves. When the spirit of unselfish duty and sacrifice therefor speaks with authority from the summit of the State, exists the Commonwealth. The prolonged "domination" unfolded by this citation is that of prolonged fidelity to trust in the main at a pecuniary sacrifice. There is unfolded a glimpse of leaders who aimed to be sponsors of principles which would deserve, and by deserving win, sympathy and conviction; who aimed to prevail by persuasion not by force; least of all by the force we name corruption. Not a few of these leaders might have said with Caius Gracchus: "We went into office with full hands, and returned with empty ones." Their poverty was noble, for it was the poverty of principle. Self-dedication to common weal—the divine economy of *noblesse oblige*—is that which at the inmost core holds a human world together. Throughout a long "domination," Blaine being judge, the trumpet gave no uncertain sound. Trust had not been violated. The great government

is that which in the true sense of a fine word is a trust. Out of the struggle to establish justice; to thwart the innate selfishness, at cross-purposes therewith, is achieved freedom. The domination described by Blaine is one of which it were safer for communities to have too much rather than too little. The strength of mutual service is the triumph of free government.

Blaine does not stand alone. On May 5, 1868, Hon. James G. Garfield said in the House: "In April, 1861, there began in this country an industrial revolution not yet completed. The year 1860 was one of remarkable prosperity in all branches. For seventy years no federal tax gatherer had been among the laboring population of the United States. Our merchant marine, engaged in foreign trade, promised soon to rival the immense carrying trade of England." In November, 1877, the same member said: "I suppose it will be admitted on all hands that 1860 was a year of unusual business prosperity. It was a time when the bounties of Providence were scattered with a liberal hand on the face of our republic. It was a time when *all classes of our community* were well and profitably employed." Again, on March 6, 1878: "The fact is, Mr. Chairman, the decade from 1850 to 1860 was one of peace and general prosperity."

The word of nature is coöperation. As the royal Stoic affirmed: "We are made for coöperation." The matter for world decision is: shall it be coöperation in name merely, or in truth; honest or dishonest? Wealth of every kind, growth of every kind, is child of coöperation. Honest, noble coöperation creates the power that knows how to give stability to weakness; how to give itself for others, and by this glorious gift to build up and to bless; in this is root and essence of that we rightfully name greatness. Such coöperation reveals the supremacy of man's higher nature. In such noble presence of man's spirit, man's government puts on a likeness of the divine. Then, not without fitness, may be said: "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men." Unselfish force is freedom, is truth and the truth of freedom. Slavery to self is that which denies the truth of freedom and all other truth.

It is because this moral domination over selfish aggression is the vital air of freedom, that freedom is so rare, so

difficult, so transitory; the ever disappointed dream; the Paradise Lost as often as Regained; reared out of ruin to be reared and ruined anew. Satan has been called the hero of the Miltonic Paradise Lost. Of each subsequent Lost Paradise, this brilliant angel has been popular hero. From the beginning the Snake of Self has been the garden Snake. The conflict of liberty may be spoken of as that between the false gods and the true; or between the divine dignity of justice and the self-will of self-love. The upward road is not the easy road.

The strength of corrupt empire confides in the directness of the appeal to the corrupt affections; yet this empire again and again has had cause to be abashed by reiterated proof that the worship of material things ends in being the slave of lusts from which success has torn the bridle; Finally, as in the sty of Circe, has followed reversion unto brute, fulfilling the sentence on the successful snake: "On thy belly thou shalt go." This is the pathos and parable of Babel; bound up with faith in the show of things, with material satisfactions, with selfish pride, with faith in power to climb to heaven on the top of brick and mortar—faith in a radiance cold as that of the icicle, and which like the icicle melts in the ray which causes it to glitter. The confusions of self confounded the vainglory.

The force to countervail inherent animal selfishness is that hatred of injustice, which also is inherent, when the injustice is not our own. The instinct of justice, thus so often at variance with what seems expedient, faith interprets to be one with it; a heaven-taught expedience derived from the pang of heaven-sent experience. The fight of life is to be safeguarded from the selfishness of others, and our own—the latter the more deadly of the two. The fatal idolatry, as it ever was, is still—the deification of self.

If, then, it be said: The ideal republic would seem to exact an ideal citizenship for administration; and this is not by statutes, nor by constitutions, to be created; yet the book which closed in 1861 was open long enough to illustrate, at the parting of the ways, a decent approximation to the excellence of high aims. Our citations give to us the glimpse of a power of justice which was barrier to the injustices of power; a love of liberty without dissimulation; a dignity which had

been sought and found in governing greatly a great people, and not in plundering greatly a plundered people. The compact of union had been interpreted in terms of upright force at war with selfish force. The tradition of public justice had been translated into public life. This moral vigor, this clean administration, this face of flint against corruption, this marriage of right and duty, is that on which free government depends. We are given the picture of Paladins, who fought, as under a spiritual banner, for the faith to which their federal vows were plighted, and against what was inimical to this, as against disloyalty, infidelity, essential treason. Until material force tore the ensigns of power from them, the sophistries to entice from honest government had not prevailed; moral force withstood selfish force. It is a solecism to speak of that community as free which can be correctly described as "corrupt and contented." The true "irrepressible conflict" is between the servants and the spoilers of the State; between government as a trust, and government as a spoil. In union there is strength—strength to exalt by unselfish; strength to degrade by selfish union.

A "domination" which upheld the banner of honor in public life might file strong claims to honor. A leadership and following attested and authenticated by such admissions might be thought to have deserved Roman triumph, rather than Roman crucifixion. If the leaders and followers described by Blaine were devoid of "moral ideas," devoid of "higher law," at least they governed the country with a high honor, which their successors have not been impetuous to excel. The burden should rest on them, whose prowess it has been to lay low in the dust this "domination," to show, as proceeding from their own, something higher to replace it, some truer liberty, some finer justice, some nobler honesty. The "protection" demanded by these leaders and their followers was protection against maladministration." In a measure had been bound the Old Serpent of Self. If leadership fell from them, it was not because they fattened classes by spoliation of masses. They who bend their energies to repel corruption invite animosity from them who profit by it.

The illustrious Hellenist, Dr. Basil Gildersleeve, is reported to have said to his students* that the War between the

*The *Saturday Evening Post*, May 17, 1913.

States was fought over a question of grammar to settle, whether "the United States is" or "the United States are." He is reported to have given the correct grammar to be "the United States are." Our revered scholar is in this, as might be expected of him in any matter of scholarship, correct.**

"No man can serve two masters." "We," said the South, will cleave to the States, the original creative power." "We," said the North, "will cleave to the Union, the derivative power." Which is ultimate—creature or creator?

A French epigram, with a dash of cynicism, imparts the admonition: "Truth does not so much good in the world as its appearances do evil."* To every height to which man climbs, ascends from the abyss a whisper—so often the alluring whisper, "Cast thyself downward." The lure to betray the real for the apparent; the lasting for the transient, is subtler than all the beasts of the field. It is Satan's sophism. The arch enemy is never so dangerous as when transformed by his own rhetoric into an angel of light. This is the arraignment of them who lost! A recreancy to the rights of man.

The right of man, whatever be intended by the phrase, did not, like the breadfruit tree of the tropics, spring into spontaneous activity. The one inalienable right of man is the right to justice. The duty of justice is correlative. It is justice, Plutarch assures us, "which makes the life of such as practice it the life of a god, as opposed to that injustice which turns it to that of beast." Right in ourselves without duty from ourselves is the sham sceptre. The price of man's right for himself is the discharge of man's duty to others. Our duties to others, our duties to ourselves, named our self

**La verite ne fait autant debien dans le monde que ses appearances y font de mal.*

**Section 3d of the Third Article of the Constitution provides: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against *them* or in adhering to *their* enemies."

On December 1, 1789, a letter of Washington to the Emperor of Morocco begins:

"Great and Magnanimous Friend: Since the date of the last letter, which the late Congress, by their President, addressed to your Imperial Majesty, the United States of America *have* thought proper to change *their* government."

More lately, Mr. Olney, in a proclamation of neutrality, referred to Spain as a power "with which the United States are, and desire to remain, on terms of peace and amity." "The founder of our federate republic" is the title bestowed on Washington by Light Horse Harry in the funeral oration he was appointed by the two Houses of Congress to deliver.

respect, it is not ours to relinquish. Rights without duties reign by the sword. The duties of the social organism are debts of obligation. We must discharge them, or be defaulters. This debt of life is a debt of nature. The right does not exist to escape duty, trial, responsibility. The right to shirk is not one of the rights of man. As is the duty we have done, so is our strength, so is our day. It is duty which immortalizes itself. A few words, then, seem called for as to alleged apostasy to the rights of man by the Commonwealth, for which it is my honor to speak today.

Few things could be more sardonic than the crucifixion of Virginia by New England, with the approbation of Old England, for the sin of slavery.

Prior to the Revolution, some twenty-three ordinances, in the form of statutes, for the prohibition of the slave trade, were passed by the House of Burgesses of Virginia; each in turn negatived by Britain's monarch. On October 5, 1778, Virginia, in the exercise of her independent sovereignty, passed an act prohibiting the importation of any slave into the Commonwealth; Virginia was the one sovereignty which in the eighteenth century enacted opposition to the slave trade. Twenty-nine years before England, twenty-nine years before the United States prohibited the slave trade, Virginia placed her abhorrence of it on the statute book. This law was in effect annulled by the demand of a solid New England, in the convention of 1787, of the right to continue that trade for twenty years, as condition precedent to union. The right was demanded to import slaves to Virginia against the will of Virginia. Nor was this all. The power of amendment incorporated into the Constitution, by the vote of solid New England, was inhibited from touching this right to import slaves for twenty years. It is true for this twenty years' sleep of the law, South Carolina and Georgia united with New England, but the former States could have accomplished nothing without the latter. George Mason and James Madison entered their ineffectual protest. "Twenty years," said Madison, "will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves." It should not surprise, if thereafter the unsparing imprecation poured on the vendee in this matter should have been resented when proceeding from the vendor, so decisively *particeps criminis*; in fact, so

preponderantly *particeps* as to have been conclusive cause. It was not slavery; it was the slave trade which John Wesley branded as "the sum of all villanies."

One decade after the last profits had been reaped by Old England and by New England from this compendious "villainy," on the application of Missouri for admission to the union, the conscience of the North became active for the reprobation and prohibition of slavery therein. It was natural for the South to have thought and said: You who sold us this property for love of gold, do not strike us as exactly the apostles to curtail or contract the value of it for love of God! as no sign comes of your willingness to curtail or contract for the love of God the gold you were keen to receive for the sale. Upon the ear of the world's great Democrat and earliest emancipator, the Missouri Compromise fell "like a firebell in the night. "It was," Jefferson wrote, "under the false front of lessening the evils of slavery, but with the real view of producing a geographical division of parties." With a prophet's pen he wrote: "A geographical line coinciding with a marked principle, moral or political, will never be obliterated, and every new invitation will mark it deeper and deeper." To Lafayette he wrote: "It is not a moral question, but one merely of power . . . to raise a geographical principle for the election of a president." John Quincy Adams noted in his diary: "The discussion disclosed a secret. It revealed the basis for a new organization of parties."

By the will of Mr. Custis, the slaves of his estate were to be emancipated five years after his death. The time having arrived in 1862, Lee, son-in-law and executor, caused to be spread upon the records of the Hustings Court in Richmond the necessary writing to effect the immediate emancipation of all the slaves at Arlington, Romancoke and the White House. The few slaves which had come to him in his own right he had emancipated years before. Clearly Lee had not in view the retention of slaves by himself and had no personal interest in the retention or possession of them by others. We have his own words for the grounds of his action: "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain, and rights to defend; for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in our endeavor." After hostilities had

closed, he said: "I fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the people of the South their dearest rights."

At the time of the Revolution, the right of a people to revoke abused power was thought to have been justified and fortified in the Mother Country by the Revolution of 1688. It may be assumed that Lee had read and honored the forethought of one of his own blood in the natal day of Union. In October, 1787, Richard Henry Lee wrote to Edmund Randolph: "The representatives of the seven Northern States, as they have a majority, can by law create a most oppressive monopoly upon the five Southern States, whose circumstances and productions are essentially different; although not a single man of these voters is representative of or amenable to the people of the Southern States. Can such a set of men be, with the least semblance of truth, called representatives of them they make laws for?" The presence of the minority, under such conditions, would not give consent of the governed, but only the futile fiction of consent.

The charm of exercising dominion over what is another's did not begin, and did not end, with property in slaves. From an early day, the problem has excited the ardors of cupidity—how to capture the strength of the whole in the interest of a part. Such capture was intended, and for the time accomplished, by a bill which passed Congress in 1828, known to fame as the "Bill of Abominations." The Lee of Revolutionary fame, had he been living, would have seen therein, impending over the South, the presence of doctrines, incompatible with the principles of our government. It was an enactment to employ the taxing power, to support private persons in their occupations, by augmenting the price of what they had to sell to the consumer who had to buy: an imposition upon the self-sustaining industries of the country, to enable other industries, not self-sustaining, to prosper as otherwise they would not; a measure to foster inroads upon the harvests of agriculture to oil the wheels of manufacture; upon the harvests of the South for the manufactures of the North. It was not legislation to raise revenue for federal exigence; but *pro tanto* to prohibit revenue by prohibition *pro tanto* of the imports which would yield it. Fifteen years prior to the War between the States, it was officially computed

that the self-sustaining industries of the country were taxed in this indirect way in the sum of \$80,000,000 annually; none of which went into the coffers of the government, but all into the pockets of the protected. That the citizen's private purse shall be taken for no other than a public purpose is the canon of free government. To the beneficiaries of exemption from the competitive strife to which the world of man (one might add, the world of animal and nature) is ordained, doubtless the same radiated as heavenly bounty. For them who were not exempted, but the more heavily subjected, *pari passu*, it would rise up as the licensed brigandage of power; the name of patriotism for the reality of booty.

A son of Virginia and of genius, John Randolph, of Roanoke, thus expressed for himself and his Commonwealth the enormity of the measure: "I will put it into the power of no man, or set of men, who ever lived to tax me without my consent. It is wholly immaterial whether this is done without my having any representative at all, or as was done in the case of the tariff law, by a phalanx, stern and inexorable, who having the power prescribe to me the law I shall obey. . . . The whole slaveholding country; the whole of it, from the Potomac to Mexico, was placed under the ban and anathema of a majority of two." Knowing, as few did, how to lay open in a sentence the leaven of the Pharisees, he branded this tariff of 1828 as the movement "to run the principle of patronage against that of patriotism." A reign of patronage for the profit of the patrons, of necessity, would shift federal union from a moral to a material basis. It erects a machine of government to be oiled and burnished by abuse of government; wherein the incentive to victory would be the spoils to the victors. It would be power cemented by bribes. The champion of civil liberty (if happily he succeed) will always have cause to say with Demosthenes, "By resisting his bribes, I conquered Philip."

In the years between 1850 and 1852, a statesman second to none of his own time, or, indeed, of any time, pointed out "how protection, the most insidious form of privilege, rendered honest government difficult, and equal government impossible; how industrial selfishness, which did not scruple to beg favors from the lawmakers, would go on to demand these

favours as a right, nor hesitate to keep them alive by corruption.'''*

The altruistic banner under which such fight is made is the homage of appearance to reality.

A space of thirty years was filled with the conflict of tendencies and countertendencies.

The principle at issue with these restrictive measures is not of political economy only. It is part of the gospel of man. Man is the creature of exchange. The principle is moral and social, no less than political. It pervades humanity. Man is the exchanging creature. In exchange he lives, and moves and has his being; emphatically his growth; wealth of knowledge, of ideas, of affections, augments with the exchanges in which he participates. The opportunity of wealth is smitten as exchanges are intercepted. To shut in strength is to shut out strength. Social life is a bureau of exchange. The ties of kindred, the offices of friendship, are expressions of exchanges. How many times a man is able to exchange his properties, faculties, sympathies; in a word, his humanities—so many times he is a man. A complete science of commerce were a science of life. Puissance is exchange—of mind with mind, of heart with heart; of efficiencies; of spiritualities. The union of forces for the swap of resources were the true federation of the world. To seek to increase wealth by inhibition of exchange is as if one were to seek to increase the volume of a river, by drying up the spring from which it flows.

It is a satisfaction to recall, that until the strife ceased to be moral and political, the South prevailed in the combat. The measure of 1828 was indeed aggravated by that of 1832; but in that decade the force of reason was of sufficient strength to repel the invasion of force; and by the historic sliding scale into the future, the evil was abated. After partial interruption in 1842, the tariff of 1846, argued so ably, that in 1857, committees composed in fair part of Northern men, made reductions practically to a revenue basis. Experience had been the great expounder. The confutation of the sophisters had been complete. Fact had vindicated logic. Beginning in 1833, the refutations came, but from geographic grasp; not from economic justice. For the revocation of the

*The Life and Times of Cavour, by Wm. Roscoe Thayer, p. 130.

result, the outcry of free soil was the sword of Brennus in the scale. This forged a rage deaf as the sea to the gathering storms.

In 1833 began the conventions which assembled to arraign the South for the sin of slavery, and to subordinate to this every tie of interest and tradition. As in the beginning, the slavery for which it was held righteous to crucify Virginia, had been forced upon her by the suffrages of New England; so now, twenty-five years after the cessation of the slave trade, her effort to terminate the evil for which she was not responsible, was arrested by the others who were. At the very moment of these inflammations, there were well started movements in the border States to perfect schemes of gradual emancipation. In the Virginia House of Delegates the measure lacked only a few votes of a majority. The genial philanthropy of freeing another man's slave was initiated at the time when Virginians were voting to free their own. At the Peace Conference, assembled at the invitation of Virginia in 1861, Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, said of the efforts of Virginia thirty years earlier: "The act for the gradual abolition of slavery was, I believe, lost by a single vote." He was not quite accurate as to this, but the vote was exceedingly close. Mr. Ewing proceeded: "The North has taken this business of emancipation into its hands, and from the day she did so we hear no more of emancipation in Virginia." The Rev. Nehemiah Adams, whose last act before leaving Boston to seek Southern skies for a sick daughter, had been to join the remonstrances of New England clergymen against the Kansas and Nebraska bill, wrote later: "The South was on the eve of abolishing slavery. The abolitionists arose and put it back within its innermost entrenchments." As late as 1845, an article appeared in the *Richmond Whig*, advocating the abolition of slavery, and stating that but for the intemperance of Northern fanatics it would be accomplished."

Whenever the day arrives to break the seal of facts it has been found useful to confine, a striking contrast will be read between the offices of the States, which in their own boundaries had ample jurisdiction over the status of the negro race, and the ceaseless imprecations hurled by the same States on others, in respect to whose jurisdiction in this matter their own was foreign. In 1865, Oliver P. Morton said in

Indiana: "We wholly exclude them"—the negroes—"from voting; we exclude them from the public schools, and make it unlawful and criminal for them to come into the State. No negro who has come into Indiana since 1850 can make a valid contract. He cannot acquire a title to a piece of land, because the law makes the deed void, and *every man who gives him employment is liable to prosecution and fine.*" It is for his own, not for his neighbor's sins, that the saint who wins our reverence smites his breast. When the negro came with his master's consent, no place could be found for him. He was only welcome when he came without it. Prior to the fifteenth amendment, from the Delaware to the Oregon, love "for a man and a brother" grew great by this example. Plutarch tells of one who in a fit of anger threw a stone at Lycurgus, knocking out one of his eyes. The horrified Spartans gave the culprit to Lycurgus to be his slave, that he might execute his will upon him. At a subsequent time, Lycurgus came to the Assembly with his slave and said: "I received this man from your hands a dangerous criminal; I return him to you an honest and useful citizen." After the fifteenth amendment, largely by the insistence of Morton, had been added to the record, to New England, and to Old England, the South might have said: "We received this man from you an ungoverned, if not dangerous, criminal. We return him to the American branch of you, as one in your own esteem worthy to make laws for the federal union, and the States comprising it."

Beyond doubt there were those who honestly felt it their religious duty, without thought of and regardless of existing compact with others, to do all in their power to extirpate African slavery as the shameless sin of Satan. There were others who had thought of reward, and saw the political advantage of appropriating this sincerity and identifying themselves with it.

From a New England source comes to us, what, for this occasion is offered, as a working theory of this development. Mr. William Chauncey Fowler, in his book, "The Sectional Controversy" (published in 1862), narrates this incident, felt at the time by himself to be significant: "Some fifteen or twenty years ago, when Northern petitions signed by men, women, children and negroes (for the abolition of slavery)

were flooding the floor of the lower House, as a leading member of Congress, who afterwards was a member of a Presidential Cabinet, was coming out from a heated debate, he was asked by the present writer, an old college friend: 'Will you inform me what is the *real reason* why Northern members encourage these petitions?' After considering a moment, he said to me: 'The real reason is that the South will not let us have a tariff, and we touch them where they will *feel* it.' "

At the breaking out of the war events brought directly home to Lee the virulence with which were assailed principles, which by hereditary conviction he felt "in duty bound to maintain." In the fall of 1859 enmity to the South assumed the shape of an armed foray, which in dead of night came down upon Virginia, with intent to redden the skies with the torch of servile insurrection. The leader was tried and hung. His body was carried North for ovation and homage. In the words of Emerson, he had made "the gallows sacred as the cross." By the year 1860, the apostle of hate had displaced the Twelve Apostles. The assassin with the knife poised to be driven to the hilt in the heart of Virginia, was the Saint. In the autumn of 1910, one who had been tenant of the White House, rendered his tribute to John Brown as one "who rendered the greatest service ever rendered this country;" who "stood for heroic valor, grim energy, fierce fidelity to high ideals;" who "embodied the inspiration of the men of his generation." At Harper's Ferry, confronting this ideal of the North, stood, in immortal protest, Robert E. Lee. Then and there were brought face to face the opposite ideals. No!—*the idol versus the ideal!*

In the fruit of the spirit which beheld, in the sentenced at Harper's Ferry, a glory as of a new sacred writ, one who shared the blood of the Revolutionary Lees did not have to strive mightily to read signs of a tradition of free government sacrificed to a chimera; the true "irrepressible conflict" rejected for the sham. For the full fruition of a geographic triumph, economic sympathies which hitherto had prevailed, succumbed to the tempest's breath.

In 1860 it was fully realized that the way, with assurance, to make a majority permanent, was to make it geographical. When liberty says: "Death to the robbers," what more natural than for the robbers to say: "Then death to liberty."

"Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave" is the fate meted out, when inequality of taxation is the prize of geographical preponderance. The apple of discord was the golden apple. The idol had conquered the ideal. *Hinc concussa fides et multis utile bellum.*

The tragical situation was that which Jefferson foresaw—"a geographical principle for the election of president." A campaign for power on this basis is of a nature to call on force to fulfill the office of consent. From one high, and justly so, in Federal Councils; a statesman worthy of the name, whose announced intention to withdraw from the Senate, will, when the event takes place, create a gap not easily to be filled; from this eminent patriot have fallen words which justify attention: "The first seventy years of the Republic are gone. They were years in which there were no influences sufficiently strong to prevent the powers of government from operating in the manner *in which the Fathers* expected them to operate. *They were years in which there were no influences sufficiently strong to turn the agencies of government into the agencies of particular interests, or to wholly private and selfish purposes.* But that day is not now."*

This version from one so eminent would seem to warrant the assertion: The South did not desert the Union, the Union deserted the South. For the Septuagint of Honor, so extolled, the South stood; for this fell. St. Paul tells us, that the love of money is the root of all evil. One mightier, speaking through the vicissitude of human rise and fall, inculcates the love of justice is the root of all virtue. These loves or passions wrestle together for the Soul—self and duty. Here is the irrepressible conflict. A strange mystery—the soul of man, wherein God and beast incessantly encounter.

It was in Norfolk, in the year 1907, that the chivalrous officer and gentleman, Gen. Lindsay L. Lomax, gentle as he was brave, being in attendance on the Confederate Reunion, and at the time one of the commissioners of this park, addressed efforts prompted by a soldier's chivalry, for the erection of a memorial on this spot, not to leaders only, but to Confederate followers worthy of great leaders. Resolutions were passed at his suggestion, and, with the approval of the

*Hon. Wm. E. Borah in U. S. Senate, January 11, 1911.

Secretary of War, to erect a memorial to Virginia's soldiers on the field of Gettysburg, and, in 1911, in the Legislature of Virginia, a bill was passed, authorizing the memorial. The gallant general to whom the initiation of this movement is due, afterwards with hope and affection watched over it to the day of his death. His physical presence is denied us. His spirit, we may be sure, hovers over us this day. At the base of the pedestal you see a group of several figures, in whose bearing and expression will be read the fixed constancy of conviction, which a glorious art has stamped with a glorious immortality. The sacred *sic semper* of Virginia is borne aloft by one, whose countenance emulates the emblem's purity. Before the day of this battle, Jackson, looking at his hardy files, had exclaimed: "Who could not win battles with such men as these!" And Lee said: "The sublime sight of the war was the cheerfulness and alacrity exhibited by the army, in pursuit of the enemy, under all the trials and privations to which it was exposed." An army steeled in battle shared the jeopardy of the captains, and was yokefellow in the glory. Commander and commanded were one; courage mated courage; constancy, constancy.

On the summit of this monument rides the bright effigy of one who has been called the quintessence of Virginia. In this concentrated image of one Commonwealth is the reflection of sister States, whose sons were brothers of her own. In this grace, as in a mirror, we see the cause for which the rider fought with all his mighty soul, and sacrificed as he fought. We see the Cause impersonated in the Captain. All that ancestry could do for Lee quite well had been done. Yet, in the family of fame, he was "Son of his own works." From early manhood until 1861, this son of Virginia had known every affluence of fortune, every prestige of family a new world could bestow. Yet no affluence, no promotion, no prepossession of favor could stifle the affluence of his own soul. The five talents would seem to have been his own by nature's endowment. Duteous energy made the five talents ten. The sacred opportunity of service created a sacred opportunity of rising by service. From 1865 to the day of his death, he was visited by every adversity a malign fate could hurl against him. From citizenship in the State of which he was consummate flower he was excluded. Practically outlawed,

he died a paroled prisoner of war. A life wherein no responsibility was shirked; every season for it met, towered to the end; witnessing to the power of a great nature, greatly spent for others, and in sacrifice of things mortal finding immortality.

There is lustre in the moment, when putting aside the offer (known to have been made to him) to take command of the Union armies, he unreservedly gave his heart forever to his Mother State, and with both hands embraced her perils. Well he knew, none could better know, the assured future from which he withdrew. In the army from which he then resigned he had already won renown; in that service had traveled far and wide, and made himself familiar with the topography, which meant so much for the invader with a fleet. For him to leave the Potomac was to leave the fair home upon its banks, to be torn from him and dismantled. As few could know, he knew that the war against the cause which he espoused was the war of the many with the few; of them armed with the means and munitions of war against a South practically destitute. There could be in him no misapprehension of the odds. At the crisis of federal history, and of his own, two crowns were offered to him, the crown of gold and the crown of thorns. He lifted the latter to his brow, and never was heard from him a murmur against the destiny of duty. Every gift of fortune had been showered on him, but he was greater than the gifts. Every blow of adversity was rained upon him, but he was greater than the blows. The commission Virginia laid in his hands, he accepted with these words:

“Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword.”

In an address which should be indelibly impressed on every Southern man and woman, both as chapter in a great life and pattern of the chaste and lucid grace, which is a master's token, there is asked and answered the question, what was then the state and the cause for which was plighted this supreme devotion.

*“And what was that native State to whose defense he henceforth devoted his matchless sword? It was a Commonwealth older than the Union; it was the first abode of freedom in the Western world; it was the scene of the earliest organized resistance to the encroachments of the Mother country; it was the birthplace of the immortal leader of our Revolutionary armies, and of many of the architects of the Federal constitution; it was the central seat of that doctrine of State Sovereignty, sanctioned by the great names of Jefferson and Madison; it was a land rich in every gift of the earth and sky—richer still in its race of men, brave, frugal, pious, loving honor, but fearing God; it was a land hallowed by memories of an almost unbroken series of patriotic triumphs; but now after the wreck and ruin of four years unsuccessful war, consecrated anew by deeds of heroism and devotion, whose increasing lustre will borrow a brighter radiance from their sombre background of suffering and defeat.”

The fellow citizens, on whose coöperation Lee trusted, did not disappoint him. When he was of military age the merchant closed his ledger, the student threw down his lexicon and shouldered a musket, the farmer rode his best horse into the field. Students seeking a higher scholarship in colleges abroad, postponed culture to report for enlistment in the ranks. The masses and the classes (if there were classes) equally reported for service. Churches melted their bells into guns; women cast their jewels into the treasury. In the tender hand of woman fell the gentler ministrations of the war, as from her heart stole the subtler inspirations. With the sympathy which “never faileth”—the sympathy of woman—she was minister to the sick and angel to the dying. The beautiful forgetfulness, the sweet unconsciousness of self, which glides into the consciousness of others and imparts a helping grace, was her supremacy. Purer devotion to a cause never was beheld. As the pieties which blend in the fabric of cathedrals record the worship in the work, so these constancies discover intimate traits which went into the fibre of the State.

It was when that skillful and gifted soldier, Joseph E. Johnston (to whom justice has not yet been done), fell

*Address delivered at the Dedication of the Monument to General Robert Edward Lee at Richmond, Va., May 29, 1890, by Col. Archer Anderson.

wounded at the close of the first day's fight at Seven Pines, that Lee was summoned to take command of the force opposing McClellan's army, then so close to Richmond, that the church bells could be heard in their camps. In assuming command of that army of Northern Virginia, which he never left, which never left him, Lee's grasp of the conditions was shown in activity which was immediate, and in effect which was electrical. First happened the daring raid of Stuart, sent out by Lee to locate the right flank of McClellan's army. Stuart did this and more. He rode clear around the rear of McClellan's army, and delivered his report of what existed to Lee in Richmond; raising himself once and forever to the eminence which abides with him today. Thenceforward the black plume of that true knight was seen waving at the front whenever daring of the man on horseback was demanded. The next step was also one of daring. With an intuitive clairvoyance Lee read, as in a book, the apprehensions in the White House. None knew better how to ring the alarm bell at one point when intending to fall upon another. Already the wizard of the valley had so alarmed, as to cause the diversion from McClellan (when on the way to him) of McDowell. To confirm fears of impending tempests from Stonewall Jackson, Lee now despatches to Staunton (having little doubt the numbers would be magnified) Whiting's division from the troops he had in hand, together with Lawton's brigade, just arrived from Georgia. In reality these brigades were destined to meet at Charlottesville with Jackson, and with him hasten to sustain the shock of arms preparing for McClellan.

Greatly planned and ordered as the Seven Days' Fight had been, it was less perfectly fulfilled, bravely as it was fought, or a triumph more complete would have ensued. That achieved drove McClellan to the shelter of his gunboats on the James. The problem then arose how to remove the invading army from the James to the Potomac. Again recourse was had to Lincoln's fears for Washington. Jackson was directed to move northward and place himself in a position, if opportunity presented, to strike in detail the forces of Pope as they moved South. As brigade after brigade, division after division, went from Lee to Jackson, larger divisions were ordered from McClellan to Pope. With an audacity of which success

was vindication, Lee withdrew McClellan's force to Washington, by withdrawing his own from Richmond, until, finally, North and South once more stood face to face on the plains of Manassas. A marvelous insight had read Pope as Lincoln and McClellan had been read. Lee and Jackson had been unread. Methods and motives which none could fathom perplexed each change of front; the means to vanish into darkness when capture was anticipated; the rapid seizure of opportunity; the skill to create the impression of flight in the mind of the opponent, down to the time the bolt out of the blue descended, continuously confounded. Mystery twined around the movements and designs of these pastmasters of the master strokes of war. When the particular movement was detected, the design remained impenetrable, until unveiled in reverse. The Confederate files felt themselves in the hands of leaders competent to define the scene of wrath, and "tell the doubtful battle where to rage." Under these kings of strife a force of fifty thousand drove a force of eighty thousand into the fortifications of Washington and Alexandria.

This success made temptation great to transfer the scene of battle to the north of the Potomac; thus recruit resources, possibly numbers, and, by a possible victory in the neighborhood of the White House, secure foreign recognition. The Potomac was crossed, and, with the odds heavily against him, Lee awaited battle at Sharpsburg. Great as was the discrepancy of force, it cannot be known what might have been the result had not someone carelessly let fall the order issued by Lee for the concentration of his army.* This important document, shortly after it was written, armed McClellan with authentic knowledge of Lee's plans and exigencies. I pause in recurring to the field of Sharpsburg for the mention of a single incident never before, I imagine, witnessed on the field of arms; the idolized commander-in-chief of the army in the thick of the battle shower, reining in his steed, for a hurried word to his youngest son, then a begrimed cannoneer of the Rockbridge Battery. Thirty-five thousand against eighty-seven thousand for two days stoutly stood against reiterated assault; for the whole of the third stood awaiting attack

*Col. W. H. Taylor observes: "The loss of this battle order constituted one of the pivots on which turned the event of the war."

which was not renewed; then, without serious molestation, recrossed to the Virginia side. Not until the following October was a movement to follow seriously made.

I will not delay to dwell on that joint marvel of Lee and Jackson, known to fame as Chancellorsville, where from what was supposed to be a movement of retreat, descended the supernatural stroke. In a contribution to the *London Spectator* of February 24, 1912, the last words of the hero who shattered Hooker's right and rear, thus feelingly are given:

“ ‘Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.’ These were the farewell words—of whom? Of some poet, sighing for the idlesse of Arcady; of some worn out spirit drooping for the cooling stream? No, they come from the lips of one who had never known or asked for repose or shade, whose crossing of rivers had hitherto been done in the face of blasts of hostile shells; from a stern, unresting man, not old, but under forty years, not exhausted, but in the full tide of gigantic enterprise, not peaceful, but the fiercest soldier of his age—one Stonewall Jackson, dying of his hurts on the field of Chancellorsville. They were his last words, closing a series of sharply uttered commands—‘Order Hill to prepare for action!’ ‘Pass the infantry to the front!’ Then very quietly the beautiful, almost metrical sentences recorded above, and straightway, says his fine historian, ‘the soul of the great captain passed into the peace of Gcd.’ . . . Often does death listening, ‘dull, cold-eared’ legatee, for his assured entail—often does he hear his own undoing in the very signal of his inheritance. That last faint whisper carries the Parthian shot of his escaping enemy, the Soul; he hears his very victim triumph; he hath, indeed, no victory, perishing himself like the lion on the horns of the stricken deer.’ ”

When victory at Chancellorsville, called by Colonel Henderson “the most brilliant feat of arms of the nineteenth century,” was complete, Lee, hearing of Jackson's wounds, uttered the words: “He has lost his left arm; I have lost my right.” Later, when he received Jackson's congratulations

on the victory, he bade Colonel Marshall tell him: "The victory was his, and the congratulations are due him." Colonel Marshall says: "I forgot the genius that won the day, in my reverence for the generosity that refused the glory." Hero spake to hero.

With greater cause for confidence that when the preceding year he faced the odds of Sharpsburg, Lee now planned the renewal of aggressive movement, north of the Potomac; by this to recall Hooker from the South side, and, if success should follow, to relieve the strain in Middle Tennessee. The first purpose was signally achieved. By the advance of the Army of Northern Virginia northward, the Union camps were swept from the Rappahannock.

At no time was the strategic prescience of Lee more brilliantly displayed than in the movement which transferred the seat of war from the Rappahannock to the Susquehanna. Ewell had thrown his corps around Milroy at Winchester and Martinsburg before Hooker realized the Confederate general had broken camp at Hamilton's Crossing. Leaving behind him a bewildered foe, Lee signalized his march to the Potomac by victorious engagements at Winchester, Berryville, and Martinsburg. Longstreet and A. P. Hill had crossed the Potomac on the 25th of June. On the 27th they were at Chambersburg. On the same day Ewell, with two divisions, was near Carlisle, and Early in the neighborhood of York. Lee's infantry troops were now in position for an advance upon Harrisburg, and equally for prompt concentration to the east or west of South Mountain, to meet the advance of Hooker's army, should it advance from Frederick.

Not quite two months after Chancellorsville, Lee with an army confident of victory stood before these heights of Gettysburg. Here for three summer days victory trembled in the balance. It was a battle which took place, not as had been intended, and when finally determined did not fulfil the orders by the Southern general. Distinguished soldiers competent to do so, of North and South, here and abroad, have with critical skill reviewed the stages and phases of this memorable field. Claiming no such competence, I will not seek to repeat the twice and thrice told tale.

At the dedication of this monument to sons of Virginia, whose devotion unto death to their Mother was and is her

exceeding great reward, whose glory on this field, as on all others, is her own, I will briefly speak of them. On the fight of the third and final day, the crisis of onset was accorded to Virginia. Pickett's division was designated to lead. On this eventful afternoon, with the steadiness of conviction and of discipline, his three brigades moved out. On the heights in front awaited the numbers they knew to be greater than their own. On those heights was every breastwork finished, every reserve posted, every gun in position, in readiness for the assault. As this chosen band advanced a rage of fury from the heights swept the field they had to cross. The thinned ranks of the Virginians, each second growing thinner, did not halt under the fury, Kemper and Garnett in advance, Armistead following. Kemper rode back to Armistead, who marched on foot, and said: "Armistead, I am going to charge those heights and carry them; and I want you to support me." "I will do it," Armistead replied. "Look at my line; it never looked better on dress parade."

Onward swept the thin, gray line to the muzzles of the guns, and ever above the fury of the fray rose the "yell," which on so many fields had floated as a trumpet to inspire. Few were the colonels of regiments who survived that hail of death. Hunton, of the 8th, was carried in a bloody blanket from the field. His commission to be brigadier dates from this rush "to glory or the grave." The three brigadiers fell "with their backs to the field," two—Garnett and Armistead—not again, in this life, to rise in the body. Putting his black hat on the point of a sword, in front of his line of battle, Armistead led what was left of the advance. With hat still waving from sword as plume of onset, at forty yards of the stone wall he gave the order to charge. Leading his men afoot, he sprang upon the enemy's works. One hundred and fifty men, still living, followed him beyond the stone wall, passed the earthworks, seized the guns whose canister had torn their ranks. For a few "immense instants" they stood there conquerors; unsupported, they in turn went down before the reserves, which now poured under Hancock. Sword in hand, Armistead fell in the act of grasping a captured cannon to turn it on the foe.

Lee was intense witness to this failure. No other could more perfectly take in that it meant failure of the hope which

inspired the second crossing of the Potomac; the hope of a speedy termination of the war by Confederate success. In the presence of the greatest disappointment he had known, or thereafter knew in battle, the world might excuse him if in that moment his wonderful poise for once forsook him; might excuse and forgive, if in that moment the fortitude of his patience had expired, and, as other generals here and abroad have done, he had shielded himself from criticism for the outcome by placing the blame for it on others. But what he said was: "All this has been my fault." When his greatest victory was won, Lee gave the praise to Jackson. When his chief, if not his only repulse, had been sustained, he took the blame upon himself. Whatever he felt, with a majestic silence then and ever afterwards was mastered his emotion. He gave to another the praise of victory, but took upon himself the blame of failure. His words at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg of themselves are victories. Defeat, like victory, hath opportunities. The unapproached glory of Lee in the bible of heroism will be read in the words: "It was all my fault." It is this immortal moment which the glorious art to be unveiled today will perennially rehearse in a monument worthy of the grandeur. This grandeur it is the glowing purpose of our artist to perpetuate.

When duty called Lee to the side of Virginia and the South, he espoused as he well knew the side of an agricultural people, with no arms, no factories, no munitions. Until near the close of the war, only from the Tredegar works in Richmond and afterwards from the works in Rome, Georgia, could guns be turned out. Over these constructions presided the constructive skill of that great ordnance officer, who also assumed responsibility for needed munitions. When in the first days of the war rumors went forth of the approach of the Pawnee upon Richmond, citizens rushed out with shot guns—some, it is said, with pick axes—to defend against her. But in the volleys which poured from flank to flank, on the 3d day of July Parrott gun replied to Parrott gun; the Napoleon in the valley to the Napoleon on the hill. There was no munition plant. The creative genius of Josiah Gorgas, the ordnance officer of the Confederacy, supplied the deficiency; supplied the army with ammunition so long as an army was left to be supplied, a creation as it seems out of

formless mass. The rending thunders which roared from right to left of our lines at Gettysburg were the magic of his mind's proficiency. Worthy to be enrolled by the side of Lee and Jackson is the genius of Gorgas, who, as with the mystery of original creation, made everything out of nothing. All the accesible smokehouses south of the Potomac were scraped by this wary, solicitous, indefatigable man, for saltpetre dripings of the hams which, from the time of which memory ran not to the contrary, had been cured therein. The marvel is akin to that of the Confederate officers who created a navy out of nothing; who, as has been said: "Without navy yards, or naval artillery, had to build ironclads in cornfields." *

The results attained in the three days of July did not excite excessive avidity to close again with Lee's army. The first battle of consequence which followed, I will take leave to bring before you, as evidence of the very narrow extent to which the spirit of the troops was affected by the result at Gettysburg.

At eight o'clock on the morning of May 4, 1864, Grant (now commander-in-chief) was satisfied the orders he had given would carry his army across the wilderness by the evening of the 5th. Without waiting for Longstreet (lately returned from East Tennessee) to come up; with little more than two-thirds of a force (so far inadequate when complete), Lee, with a startling swiftness, sprang on Grant, who perforce halted his march across the wilderness to concentrate for battle in it. By an onset, as impetuous as it was unexpected, the Union lines were forced back on their right. On their left five divisions under Hancock were held at bay by Heth and Wilcox. But here, after stubborn fight with stubborn foe, the two Confederate divisions, with ammunition exhausted, strength exhausted, and lines in places bent back and broken, were in no plight to resume action in the morning. This was known to Lee, and the divisions were instructed that Longstreet would relieve them. It was well nigh certain that they would give way if attacked. It was certain they would be attacked. One moment before the blow descended Longstreet galloped on the field. "My troops are not yet up," he said. "I have ridden ahead to find out the situation." As he spoke, his voice was drowned in the roar of musketry. As

*N. Y. *Evening Post*, April 27, 1917.

the head of Longstreet's column came upon the scene, the two divisions were seen to be giving way. At this critical moment two batteries, under Poague, opened on the left of the road, and by their fire gave Longstreet time to form. As the Texas brigade under Gregg (Hood's old brigade) moved through the guns, General Lee rode on their flank, saluting them as old friends from whom he had too long been parted, and, pointing to the menace before their eyes, said he himself would lead them to victory over it. The fine eye of Lee must have glistened with something better than a conqueror's pride whenever he recalled the cry with which that veteran rank and file sent him to the rear and themselves to the front. The name of the warlike man who stepped forth to seize the bridle of Traveler and force him and his rider back, I cannot give you. A tall, gaunt figure clad in rags and heroic brilliance rises before us for an instant, and then perishes out of sight. Lee was checked, his steed reined in, as the brigade flung their caps in the air, and, with a shout which was their stern farewell, swept onward. It was the leap of Curtius into the gulf. Sunrise was shining in their faces as their own sun sank. The rising sun was their winding sheet. They closed up the ranks over their comrades as they fell, till there was no longer a rank to close. They made their bosoms a sheath for the thunderbolt. They buried defeat on the field under a mound of their own corpses. They stepped to the graves of martyrs with the grace of courtiers. They had but an instant to think and to act, and they made it one of imperishable beauty. The long track of light which followed in the wake of their valor, they did not see. Their wilderness was then; their promised land—eternity. The love Lee riveted then, and rivets now, is in this scene made monumental. As the clear water of the lake mirrors the mountain on the marge, so the spirit of an army caught the human height which towered on the edge of every conflict. There, there, there is the flame image of Robert Lee; of the men who trusted him, and whom he trusted to the hilt.

The rest of Field's division arriving, after throwing Gregg's Texans on the left of the road, as has been stated, and Benning behind Gregg, and Law behind Benning, and Jenkins behind Law, Field slipped the leash. The Texas brigade had dashed forward as soon as it was formed, with-

out waiting for the brigades in the rear, and overcame the first shock at this point, but with a loss of two-thirds of their own number killed and wounded in ten minutes. The gallant Benning, with his Georgians, followed with "signally cheering results" (Field mentioned in his report), in achieving which Benning was wounded and the brigade much cut up. Law's brigade followed, but the enemy was so far checked that the losses in this brigade were not so heavy.

A movement was now directed by Lee which came near to complete success. The brigades of Mahone, Anderson and Wofford, of which Mahone as senior brigadier was in command, were moved beyond the enemy's left, with orders to attack on his left and rear. The enemy was at the same moment to be attacked in front. In front the enemy was started back, at first slowly, until the effect of the flank movement was felt. As to the effect of this, Mr. Swinton writes: "It seemed, indeed, that irretrievable disaster was upon us; but in the very torrent and tempest of the attack it suddenly ceased, and all was still." The confusion wrought by this movement has been stated by a Union officer, Col. Morris Schaff, in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1910: "Everything on the right of the 19th Maine, 56th and 37th Massachusetts is gone, and they with fragments of other gallant regiments that have stood by them, will soon have to go. . . . Webb, seeing the day is lost, tells the bitterly-tried regiments to scatter, and the wreckage begins. . . . The full stream of wreckage begins to float by Hancock at this juncture, and he realizes that disaster has come to his entire front. . . . But how strange! Why do his (Lee's) fresh troops not come on and burst through, while Hancock, Carroll, Lyman and Rice and scores of officers are trying to rally the men. . . . Why do they lose the one chance to complete victory? Yes, something had happened, not mysterious, but calamitous on the road to complete victory. Longstreet had fallen, shot through the right shoulder and throat." "Such were the circumstances," writes this Union officer, "into which Lee was suddenly thrown at that hour of momentous importance. It was an unusual and chafing trial. . . . At about 6 o'clock Sheridan, impressed by the state of affairs, told Humphrey that unless the trains were ordered to cross the river, the road would be blocked, and it would be impossible for troops

to get to the ford. What would have happened that afternoon among the trains had Longstreet not been wounded and had his troops broken through?"

On the other end of the line Gordon discovered that his left overlapped the enemy's right, and, having cause to believe the fact unsuspected, submitted a plan of attack on that portion of the Union army, which was by his immediate superiors overruled. In the closing hours of the day Lee found opportunity to visit his extreme left. He then approved the plan. About sundown Gordon moved out, and, as he expected, found the enemy unprepared, their first troops caught with their guns stacked. Brigade after brigade was broken to pieces before any formation could be had. A number of prisoners were captured; among these Generals Seymour and Shaler. The Sixth Army Corps was smitten with panic. The opportunity and effect was not unlike that one year earlier, when the stroke of Jackson fell. Gordon's confidence in the victory which would have followed had the attack been earlier has received corroboration free from bias.*

The fall of Longstreet and Jenkins on Lee's right, the fall of night upon his left, detained Grant's forces south of the Rappahannock. Twice that sixth of May a second Chancellorsville was in Lee's grasp, but twice that day a sardonic fate snatched it from him. Unequal fate for a moment trembled in the balance. Grant now turned to make for Spotsylvania Court House. There he found Lee awaiting him. The skill with which in this campaign Lee continuously shifted his smaller force, so as to repulse parts of a larger, in succession, launched against him, is a page of marvel. On June 3d, just about one month after the movement across the Rapidan began, Grant for the last time advanced the full

*Gen. James H. Wilson in his Memoirs mentions:

"It will be remembered that those officers (Rawlins and Bowers) had been with Grant from the first of the war. . . . Rawlins explained that the first news which reached headquarters from the right gave the impression that an overwhelming disaster had befallen our line, and that although Grant received it with his usual self-possession, the coming in of officer after officer with additional details soon made it apparent that the General was confronting the greatest crisis in his life. . . . Both Rawlins and Bowers concurred in the statement that Grant went into his tent, and throwing himself face downward on his cot gave way to the greatest emotion. . . . Not till it became apparent that the enemy was not pressing his advantage did he entirely recover his composure." Under the Old Flag, Vol. I, p. 390.

strength of his army against the lines of Lee. Then, in the words of Charles Francis Adams, "did the slaughter of Cold Harbor begin." When later in the day orders were issued to renew the assault, Swinton writes: "The immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent yet emphatic, against further slaughter."

Grant's orders for general engagement along the lines ended at this point. A stronger weapon than military assault was in his hands. The words of a Union officer and gentleman, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, are apposite: "Narrowly escaping destruction at Gettysburg, my next contention is, that Lee and the army of Northern Virginia never sustained defeat. Finally, it is true, succumbing to exhaustion, to the end they were not overthrown in fight." How, then, was Lee overcome, and, with Lee, the South? By the plan of wearing out by attrition. To wear out an adversary's numbers which could not be replaced by the free sacrifice of his own, which could be, was the device. Having in hand at home numbers, limited only by the call for them; and Europe to draw on for recruits, the gaps in the Union ranks could easily be filled. In the army of Lee, each loss was irreparable. For Grant, all that was necessary to win out was to keep on losing. So Xerxes wore out by attrition the Spartans at Thermopylae. "Already," cried Grant, "they have robbed the cradle and the grave." The conclusion was, when this final reinforcement has been spent, the prize will have been won—*"Government by consent of the governed."*

The attenuated Confederate force stood in the last ditch to hold up the sinking banner, or fall with it. Our cause, their actions said, shall not fail, if the sacrifice of all we are and all we have can save it. While the meagre ration left them strength to stand, they stood. We celebrate the magnanimous soul which poured a river of renown around our capital, making a revered history more reverend, which lit up the glories of yonder valley with a greater glory; and in the battle roar on this memorable field, changed the rag of gray for an immortal robe. In the last hour at Appomattox, the servants of duty rallied around the Chief of duty, and laid down their arms only when that Chieftain deemed it the part of duty so to do. Each man was as the sailor at his post when he feels the ship is sinking. It is not success which

consecrates the strain of life's battle. The nobleness with which the battle is fought erects the altar. These sons died that we might not live in vain. It has been for us so to live that they shall not have died in vain. Let us cherish the faith that they who go forth to battle and sacrifice in fulfillment of high calling, in sacrifice, win achievement. The bronze figures at the base of the monument to be unveiled today will present a physical record of that which is more lasting than bronze. "There is," said Canon Farrar, "but one real failure in life possible, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows."

Not by fighting, but by famine, was resistance to be subdued; by war to fireside and field; until, by want of food, strength to resist should be quite vanquished—subjugation by strangulation.

Another arrow still remained, wherewith the remaining and returning remnant was decreed to be pierced. From no eagerness to call back the sharpness of evil days, is reference here made to the "rank breath" of Reconstruction. For this the alleged justification was the ill treatment of the Southern slaves by the Southern masters to whom by Old and New England the slave ancestry had been so industriously sold. A word as to the wickedness which was visited with the retribution. Not forgetting anathema, which is hurled upon those days, with some diffidence I will say: If the service of the slave had been compulsory, it was a compulsion which had liberated from degradation. The white man by his works had said to the black man at his back: "Brought to me by others as you have been, it is my part to afford the discipline, which, of yourselves, you are unable to acquire. The universe abandons you. I will protect and direct." Enmity assumed that this slave only lacked opportunity to rise against the master. A day came when from the Potomac to the Gulf everything was opportune, yet from the slave everything was safe. The noble way for one race to conquer another is by the development of higher modes of existence in that other. So the South conquered the Africans, shipped by Old England and by New England. Southern slavery will hold up the noblest melioration of an inferior race, of which history can take note—the government of a race incapable of self-government, for a greater benefit to the governed than to the governors. Southern master gave to Southern slave more than

slave gave to master; and the slave realized it.* Better basis for the uplift of inadequacy can no man lay than is laid in this. This slavery was the school to redeem from the sloth of centuries. A continent of mortal idleness had been exchanged for a continent of vital work. The constraint of discipline was a first step from the degeneration of indiscipline. From "the hell of the unfit" the negro had been lifted and put in the way of fitness. Freedom, which merely means freedom from work, is freedom to rot—not a thing for which to shed blood or tears. It is the way to parity with the beast. The graduation of lower into higher order is not the work of a day.**

The quality of stoutly resisting evil goes to vindicate them who confront and resist it. What follows from D. H. Chamberlayne, Reconstruction Governor of South Carolina, is information at first hand:†

"Under all the avowed motives for this policy (that of negro ascendancy) lay a deeper cause than all the others; the will and determination to secure party ascendancy and control at the South and in the nation by the negro vote.†† . . . Eyes were never blinder to facts, and minds never more *ruthlessly* set upon a policy, than were Stevens and Morton, on putting the white South under the heel of the black South. . . . To this tide of folly and worse President Grant per-

*This has been recognized by one of the most intelligent of the race: "When the old gray-haired veterans who followed Lee's tattered banner to Appomattox shall have passed away, the negro's best friend will have gone; *for the negro got more out of slavery than they did.*" Prof. W. H. Council, *Forum*, July, 1899.

**Dr. A. B. Mayo, of Massachusetts, in Circular No. 1 of the Bureau of Education, writes of the negro in the South: "This people underwent the most rapid and effective transition from the depths of Pagan barbarism to the threshold of Christianity and civilization on record in the annals of mankind. The 250 years of slavery had, indeed, been in itself a great university, and the history of the world may be challenged to present a spectacle so remarkable."

†The Hon. D. H. Chamberlayne served in the Union Army, during the War between the States, commanding a negro regiment, the 5th Massachusetts. After the war he became Attorney General of South Carolina from 1868 to 1872, and after that the Governor. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1901.

††The fifteenth amendment "was part and parcel of carpet bag times—a part of the times when graft permeated every department of the Government, and an obscene brood of harpies, in the form of ignorant negro officials, were imposed upon the white people of the Southern States. The fifteenth amendment was not adopted to aid the negro, or to ameliorate his condition, but it was adopted for the purpose of irritating, vexing, and humiliating the South, by forcing corrupt government upon the Southern people."

Hon. Henry F. Ashurst, of Arizona, in U. S. Senate, January 24, 1914, p. 2081.

sistently yielded. . . . Those who sat in the seats, nominally of justice, made traffic of their judicial powers. No branch of the public service escaped the pollution."

When in accepting the nomination for the presidency Grant wrote: "Let us have peace," what was intended was the peace of "Reconstruction," to which through two administrations "Grant persistently yielded." The polluting tide was not stayed on the north shore of what had been secession. It was not practicable to make banditti honorable south of the Ohio and Susquehanna and send them all to Coventry in the North.

What had escaped the spoliations of war now awaited the delirium of peace. That which the palmer worm had left, the locust had eaten, and that which the locust left, the canker worm consumed. The cynicism of events declared, The wages of heroism is death. It seemed as if Omnipotence had said to the victors, as at an earlier day was said to Satan, "Behold, all that they have is in thy power." To the devastation of field and fireside, it seemed necessary to add a parallel moral devastation. A government of corruption, by corruption, and for corruption, seemed heralded as the new birth. In her *West African Studies*, Miss Kingsley writes: "There are many who hold murder to be the most awful crime man can commit, saying thereby he destroys the image of his Maker. I hold that one of the most awful crimes one nation can commit upon another is destroying the image of justice." To defile the judiciary was to lay the axe to the root. To unfasten the pent up forces, whose eruption would pour in power the elements finding profit in disorder, looked like design. The words of the Reconstruction Governor unveil the unjust magistrate, diligently deserving by his rulings the sentence pronounced by the Apostle to the Gentiles: "Sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?" Was this slavery unchanged, or criminal activities released? There was "truth upon the scaffold;" there was the "league with death and agreement with hell." Alexander Pope declared (as clause in the moral law, the aphorism had been accepted): "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Reconstruction reversed this and wrote: "An honest man is the most offensive work of the

Creator." A reptile regime was ordained for the last garden as for the first. Reconstruction vindicates secession.*

Stripped to the bone, the South was contending, like a disembodied spirit, for the truth which was her faith; contending against them who had found in the prostitution of politics the politics of prostitution; against the incensed appeal to all that was low to put an end to all that was high. The man of the South, feeling the basis of life and faith giving way beneath his feet; beholding the prodigal soul of valor and the beautiful soul of sacrifice, laughed to scorn as of no more worth than to be ground up as offal for the barnyard pile, or flung as carrion to the vultures; when from an earth which was as the mire of melted wax under his feet, he looked up to a heaven of brass over his head, in despair, might have exclaimed: "My God, didst Thou, too, fall in the fray!" Smarting under the sharpness of the shears, the worthiest were made to feel themselves a kind of sport of the gods; played with as so many pawns on the chessboard of fate. Over courses checkmated in all directions is the unattainable attained. The winning of character is in not giving up; and the power to hope beyond defeat which seems hopeless is the great world power.

In the grim silence, with none to cheer, with Providence a mystery, with a whole civilized world looking coldly on, as is the wont when no material profit is perceived in looking otherwise, the battle was to reveal a character whose inherent force attritions could not waste.

This battle of character is one which admits not of rest nor of retreat, but goes from conflict to conflict. On this battle, from the hills of Rockbridge broke forth, as from a new morn, the light of Lee. As there was a darkness of Egypt which could be felt, so this was a light which sank like speech into the last hope which turned to it and leaned on it. In that light was felt a supremacy, not at the mercy of events; which for them who turned to it was as the grasp of a hand out of the cloud.

The power of heroic patience said, or seemed to say:

*The *New York Tribune* of June 13, 1874, speaks of South Carolina as "lying prostrate and helpless under the foot of the spoiler; her citizens imprisoned; business ruined; enterprise destroyed; lands sold for taxes; her people at the mercy of an ignorant and dishonest rabble; her legislators and her rulers a gang of unprincipled adventurers and shameless thieves."

“Would you have a sea without a storm; a storm without a strain? It is not the blow which fells you, but weakness under it, which is humiliation. Accredited to meet the moral battle now hurled upon you, have faith in power to be given you to emerge with a nobler sway; your measure shall now be taken by those pitiless fates, or furies, whose tuition is your test. Once more battle like soldiers, despising the pain for the sake of the duty. On you descends the highest opportunity Heaven bestows; that of snatching moral victory from the jaws of ruthless overthrow. It is reserved for you, under the hammer of events, to grow stronger than the hammer. In winning the fight with defeat which seems irrevocable, the soul rises master and the things of time crouch as slaves before it.”

It were presumptuous in me, with any pretext of finality, to seek to penetrate the secret of a potency flowing, as to the world might seem, like the rhythm of the Nile, from impenetrable sources. To some undoubted elements of this dominion, of this attractive power of heroism for such as have a spark of it within them, it may not be unseasonable to advert. Lee wielded the power of a life held in trust for others. Public life is a trust; yes, and private life is a trust. As Lee received the successes, so he received the adversities of life, as divine events appointed for discipline and duty. The fame of victory, the fate of subjugation, were received with the same unswerving breast. His own preëminence he held as tenant in trust. In trust he towered to the last as a lamp upon the height. At the foundation of this pervading sense of trust might be named a high born reverence for the intrinsically high, intensified by high born sympathy with the wrestle of the weak. The contagion of this knightly grace fills the shadows of the Wilderness, where the shouts of warriors proclaimed his strength of soul was as their own; their own as his; a picture history will not willingly let die. Reverence and sympathy, male and female, created He them, to be bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh.

Faithfulness to trust, sincerity of sympathy, the religion of reverence, blended together in fearless fealty to truth. Doubtless in some such sense a Greek adage speaks of Truth as fellow-citizen of the gods. The truth of things as it came into his ken, with the vigorous commonsense of a great mind

which sees things as they are, Lee translated into practical performance. The potency of an unfailing commonsense is glorified in his renown. High aims joined to the faculty to realize them, heroic force joined to heroic scorn for consequence to self, wherever fighting, under whatever name, I call the life of truth. Lee belongs to the mightiest of the mighty who have loved truth more than themselves. Before the inquisitors of Reconstruction he stood as might have stood the just and tenacious man of Horace. He abides as symbol of the deep mystery, that passion for truth must needs pass through passion. The assailants of the South made war in the name of "moral ideas." In the outlaw was the reality. For them who have not yet lost faith in a universe presided over by moral law, the image graven by these last years is one to thrill. One old man, aged less by strain of time than strain of deeds, yet bearing the weight of three score venerable years; invested with no diadem of state; no divinity of purple; no sceptre, were it the slightest, of temporal authority; without a voice in government; without a representative he could call his own, nor power to vote for one; without a soldier he could summon; without a weapon he could draw; from the Southern border of Pennsylvania to the Western border of Mexico, drew to him the honor of true hearts, with a spiritual sway akin to that of pontiffs. A silent magnanimity sat like a crown upon his brow. He for whom the unseen ideal is the one reality does not fear the power of any adversary. The severe majestic heights to which he attained were beyond the reach of temporal attritions. The raging force around him, powerful to outlaw, was powerless to profane. The poignant satire of events made him outlaw, when loyalty was rapine. He who has been rightly called "Undeclared by defeat," gazing from his outlaw throne upon the orgies of "Reconstruction," mournfully might have cried, "Unvictorious by victory." What he reveals is the essence, not the semblance, of great life.

The gaze of the world was turned to see how one who thus far had fought the good fight would finish the course. In so looking the world saw none of the mean tragedy of the despair which is selfish. The world saw the modesty of true greatness, and none of the importunate craving for the lime-light which is hall mark of the sham. No press agency was

pressed into service for him. The sweet uses of advertisement were unknown to him. The world saw one who with quietness of spirit gave the challenge to catastrophe. The world saw one, who in superlative disaster, towered above "envy, hatred and all uncharitableness." The world saw unpretentious eminence, unaffected piety, and in the simplicity of Sparta the majesty of Rome. The world saw struggle with superlative adversity by a soul still greater. The world saw a soul of battle, higher than battle won, victorious over battle lost. The dignity of that soul made the din of triumph over it seem paltry. The cross was laid on one who had the courage of the cross.

To Lee might be applied the words spoken of another, whose moral reign has not yet ceased:

"Exalted Socrates, divinely brave,
Injured he felt, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge."

As the Sabbath of his years drew to a close, reverently we watched, as with an even temper and a gentle grace, he stepped into the falling night. Strong men revered him for his greater strength. Little children loved him for his greater love. Man destroys death when, like Lee, he builds up a life outside of death, and leaves to death a man of straw. Before our eyes he passed from strength to strength, from height to height. The hidden load of sorrow which consumed him, in a manner was made known by the knowledge that five years had sufficed to wear away the fine masonry of physical perfection, which was the speaking casement of the finer spirit. When the end of earth came, he died as he had lived, looking humbly to his Maker. For them who watched it was as if they saw one descending to the grave, like a conqueror in the games, bending to receive the conqueror's reward. The heart which had vanquished fate had ceased to beat. No splendor of woe, no peal of mighty music, accompanied his bier; but, from end to end of the smitten South, the muffled drum of hearts bowed down for him was beating a funeral march, more eloquent than all the pageantries of royal woe, to which all the nations flock royally apparelled. Each added year the eye of faith has seen the finger of time fashioning the immortal wreath, and the ear of faith has almost heard the

chisel of time, stroke by stroke, touch by touch, shaping the "eloquent proportions" of the spirit. A grace of beauty which is the blessedness of duty is his dominion.

We have not in this new world the marvelous songs, which from Homer to Dante and Milton have been Bibles in verse; we have not the marvelous structures, which from Parthenon and Pantheon to York and St. Peter's, have been Bibles in Stone; we have no Lion of Lucerne to tell in immortal stone the immortal story of devotion unto death. Yet is there one, the peer of the proudest of them all, whose strong wall shall last while time endures, whose pure page all time is powerless to deface. That masterpiece is the life of Lee. The hero of our Troy immortally shall live, whatever befall Ilium. There is your ideal; you will rise as you honor this, and refuse to honor the antithesis of this. As you welcome the antagonist ideal you crucify your own. If, indeed, they for whom this masterpiece is Epos, repudiate their own, and in the modern House of Rimmon they, too, bend low before the machineries and prosperities of graft, then from the stately height of Arlington his shade, as the shadow of a glorious past, reproachfully will tower to smite with silent scorn the impotent succession.

Today at Lexington we view him, the campaign cloak martially flung over him, as if he did but snatch the moments, to repair the strain of yesterday and prepare for the morrow's. In that grand repose, he still is warrior of the cause of which he is the likeness. In his marble sleep he bears its image and superscription. He and the cause for which he fought shall rise before the bar of history firm as marble and as pure.

Benediction

By Right Rev. ROBERT A. GIBSON, D. D.

(Private, Rockbridge Battery, Army of Northern Virginia.)

THE Lord bless us and keep us a country reunited and indivisible. The Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us as individuals and as a people. The Lord lift up His countenance upon us and give us victory, wisdom to help the weak to freedom and then peace—peace like the river's gentle flow, peace like the morning's silent glow—progressive peace.

May the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.

SAILOR'S CREEK.

By Hon. WALTER C. WATSON.

The battle which took place on Little Sailor Creek, in the evening of Thursday, 6th of April, 1865, upon the boundary lines of Amelia, Nottoway, and Prince Edward counties, is of interest to the student not because of its strategic importance, nor because of its effect upon the fate of the War—for the end was then in sight—but because it was the last battle upon a large scale in which Lee's army engaged, ere it passed from action into history.

It is of added interest to the Amelia Daughters of the Confederacy to reflect that one of the last acts in the tragic drama of a great civil war, which shook a continent in its embrace and fixed the fate of a nation, was performed in part upon the soil of their own county. Every spot of earth where men have fought and died for principle speaks to the heart with mysterious and undying meaning.

Little has been written about Sailor's Creek, and, perhaps, less is known of it than any battle of like size in the war. But this will be readily understood when all the circumstances are taken in review.

It occurred only three days before the surrender at Appomattox; and, in the absorbing public interest which attended that stirring event, all the incidents near before and just after were lost sight of and soon forgot. Beside this, in the haste and confusion of defeat and retreat, in which most of their commanders became captives, the Confederates had not time nor opportunity to record and report their operations; and thus the historian is deprived of very essential data upon which to complete the record of this tragic field.

That the soldier of the Confederacy, weary with the almost continuous march of four days and three nights, ragged and unfed, but animated by despair, turned here upon his pursuers a courage as keen and unafraid as that of Gettysburg and Spotsylvania; and that his enemy, flushed with final victory came on with unwonted valor, is the concurrent testimony of survivors on both sides.

Referring to Sailor's Creek, General Longstreet, in "From Manassas to Appomattox," says:

"General R. S. Ewell and General R. H. Anderson are hardly known in the retreat, but their stand and fight on that trying march were among the most soldier-like of the many noble deeds of the war."

General E. P. Alexander said:

"This force (the Division of Custis Lee) though largely composed of men who never before had been under fire, surprised the enemy with an unexpected display of courage, such as had already been shown at Fort Stedman and Fort Gregg, and would still, with flashes, illuminate our last days."

General Joseph B. Kershaw, of South Carolina, who commanded a division on the field, said:

"On no field of war have I felt juster pride in the conduct of my command."

On the Federal side we have from General Grant, in his personal memoirs, the following account:

"Lee, in pushing out from Amelia Court House, availed himself of all the roads between the Danville Railroad and Appomattox River to move upon, and never permitted the head of his columns to stop because of any fighting in the rear. In this way he came very near succeeding in getting to his provision trains and eluding us with at least a part of his army.
* * * The armies finally met at Sailor's Creek where a heavy engagement took place, in which infantry, cavalry, and artillery were all brought into action. The enemy's loss was very heavy as well in killed and wounded as in captives."

And Sheridan speaks of Sailor's Creek as "one of the severest conflicts of the war," in which "the enemy fought with desperation to escape capture, and we, bent on his destruction, were no less eager and determined."

From the vast mass of material collected by the government in the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," it is hard to find and compile satisfactory statistics relative to Sailor's Creek. In Series 1, Volume 46, Part 1 of those records may be found what reports there are of Federal and Confederate commanders on the subject; but in case of the latter, the most valuable were made from memory after the war, and in some cases after the authors were released from Northern prisons.

However, upon the authority of these records and the information of individuals living and dead, it is possible to obtain satisfactory general conclusions as to this action, and to present important facts and figures which may be accepted as reliable.

In a general way then, it may be stated, that on the Federal side at Sailor's Creek, were engaged the 6th Infantry Corps under Wright, with a part of the 2nd Corps under Humphreys in striking distance, and Sheridan's Cavalry Corps under Custer, Crook, and Devin—in all near 40,000 men; while on the Confederate side were the remnants of two infantry corps under Ewell and Anderson, of two divisions each—aggregating from 8,000 to 10,000. The fight began towards the middle of the evening and in some quarters lasted till sun-down. The Confederate loss, in round numbers, was some 6,000 in killed, wounded, and missing, though the captures upon the field comprised the great bulk of this number, in which was included Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Custis Lee, Dubose, Hunton, and Corse. The Federal casualties have never been accurately segregated and compiled, but will be hereinafter noticed in partial detail. On this field no cavalry or artillery were in reach of the Confederates, while their enemy was amply supplied with both.

To understand the events at Sailor's Creek, it is necessary to take in review certain incidents of the retreat which went

before. As is known, upon the evacuation of the Capital, the army was ordered to fall back from Richmond and Petersburg upon Amelia Court House. To this point also was directed the retreat of those troops—consisting of Pickett's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions, and all the cavalry—cut off from the main body of the army by the fight at Five Forks, on April 1st, and forced to retire westward along the south side of the Appomattox.

At Amelia supplies were expected to be sent, and by utilizing the trains of the Danville Railroad to transport these as well as the troops, it was thought yet to be possible to effect a junction with Joseph E. Johnston's army in Carolina. Could Burkeville once be passed in safety, before Grant, marching west along the Southside Railroad, reached that point, it seemed not impracticable this plan could succeed, and the Confederacy have another chance for life. Time, of course, was the controlling factor in the problem. But when it is remembered that Lee's army begun to assemble at Amelia Court House on Tuesday morning, April 4th and were fully concentrated by noon of the next day, while Grant's columns did not reach Burkeville until in the night of that day, it will be discovered how nearly these hopes were to being realized.

By some accident, which can now never be explained, the expected supplies did not reach Amelia, and some twenty-four hours were consumed in trying to collect provisions from the surrounding country for men and horses. In the expressive language of General Lee, reporting to President Davis, afterwards "The delay was fatal and could not be retrieved."

Shortly after noon of the same day (Tuesday) on the morning of which Lee's army arrived at Amelia, the van of Sheridan's cavalry, marching with all possible haste westward along the Namozine road, struck the Danville Road at Jennings' Ordinary and turning northward halted at Jetersville late that afternoon. Here also arrived about 5 P. M. the 5th infantry corps under Griffin, which had followed behind the aforementioned division of cavalry under Crook on the Nabozine road, but had left that road after passing Dennisville and marched directly

upon Jetersville, on the road leading by the old Court House and "Mt. Airy." During the night and early hours of the following morning the rest of the cavalry came up.

The infantry, as soon as it arrived, was put in line of battle across the rail and county roads, facing north, about one-third of a mile south of the station, and the cavalry present was thrown out to the west on the left flank. During the afternoon of Wednesday the remaining corps of Meade's infantry—the 2d under Humphreys, and the 6th under Wright—came up and went into line on the right and left of the 5th corps, which had been entrenching since dark of the day before. This line extended across the railroad east and west a distance of near two miles from the vicinity of "Wyanoke" (the old Smithy residence) to a point on the western slope of the hill overlooking Vaughan's Creek, slightly northwest of the present home of Mr. W. A. Farrar. It was defended by a considerable breastwork of earth and logs, portions of which are standing today. Thus it will be seen that while this line was held during Tuesday night and the greater part of Wednesday, only by one corps of infantry and the cavalry, by Wednesday night and Thursday morning over 50,000 men had been planted across the line of Confederate retreat at Jetersville, and that road to Danville effectually closed.

Meanwhile let us see what the Confederates had been doing. The night of Tuesday (April 4th) General Lee spent at Amelia Court House, in the house of Mrs. Masters, lately the residence of Major Irving.

The once great Army of Northern Virginia, numbering now some 26,000 men, was here divided into five small corps—four of infantry and one of cavalry—commanded respectively by Longstreet, R. H. Anderson, Ewell, Gordon, and Fitz Lee. Early on the morning of Wednesday (April 5th), Longstreet, preceded by "Rooney" Lee's division of cavalry moved out on the Jetersville road, and General Lee rode with him to inspect in person the situation at Jetersville, held at that time, it will be remembered, by Sheridan's cavalry, and the 5th Corps of infantry. The cavalry had a spirited skirmish with the enemy to

feel the position and develop its strength; and the infantry went into battle line across the road north of Jetersville, preparatory to attack if that should be determined. But after long and careful reconnaissance, Lee decided the position was too strong to turn, but might be flanked on its left by filing off his own troops on his right and marching away to the west. Thereupon it was determined to abandon the Danville Railroad and, in lieu thereof, seize the Southside road ahead of Grant, and utilize it as a line of retreat and supply at least as far as Lynchburg, when a way might be cleared from that point southward to Carolina. Accordingly orders were issued directing the retreat upon Farmville. Longstreet to move in front, closely followed by Anderson, Ewell, and Gordon, in the order named, and the cavalry to march where most needed.

So after destroying 98 caissons of ammunition at Amelia, not needed and too heavy to transport, on Wednesday evening (April 5th) the army resumed its march, Longstreet in the van, turning off the Jetersville road where he had awaited nearly all day a possible attack, and taking the route to the west across Flat Creek by Amelia Springs. The march continued throughout the night without stop, with the exception of the cavalry, which rested at the Springs. By sun rise the following morning (Thursday, April 6th) the advance, under Longstreet, had reached the Southside Railroad at Rice's Station, while toiling in its wake across hill and dale, over swollen streams and impassable roads, stretched the long line of retreat back to and beyond Amelia Springs. Some of the artillery and trains, and soldiers separated from their commands were pursuing roads further north and west, and were, by this time, crossing the Appomattox at Clementown and Stony Point.

Sheridan, it will be recalled, reached Jetersville late Tuesday evening, and besides sending out a cavalry force to reconnoitre the country on the road to Paineville the next morning, he had remained apparently contented with holding the railroad and hurrying up the arrival of Meade's infantry before he could be attacked as was his momentary expectation. His headquarters were in the home of A. T. Childress. As the day wore

on and no attempt was made to drive him from the railroad, he became suspicious of what was going on in his front. Early in the evening a signal officer, who had climbed to a tree top to the northwest across Flat Creek some three miles off on the some half mile north of Jetersville, reported that he could see Deatonsville road large bodies of Confederate troops. This increased Sheridan's anxiety lest Lee should after all escape him, and he impatiently awaited the arrival of Meade. That officer was sick and did not reach his headquarters at the house of Mr. Haskins, some mile and a half southeast of Jetersville, until late Wednesday evening. Sheridan proposed that, as Lee had not attacked, they themselves would take the initiative and march upon Amelia Court House. To this Meade did not seem inclined, and a dispatch was sent to Grant apprising him of the state of affairs. The dispatch reached him about dark, moving with Ord's infantry midway between Nottoway C. H. and Burkeville. He at once set out across the country and reached Jetersville before midnight.

When Grant lay down to sleep that night at the Childress house, he suspected, but did not know, that the Confederates had broken camp at Amelia, and that at that very hour in the darkness of the night, were silently marching past his front at Hill's Shop (Isaac Noble's).

So early the next morning the infantry in close line across the railroad, and extending 1,000 yards on either side, was set in motion towards Amelia C. H. to attack the enemy, supposed to be still at that point. It was not ascertained certainly until 9:30 A. M., when the advance had reached Hill's Shop that the quarry had fled. Scouts here reported they had run into the rear of a retreating column to the left of the road crossing Flat Creek to Amelia Springs, and other reports showed that there was no enemy in force at the Court House. Thereupon it was decided to change direction.

Humphreys' Corps was ordered to turn to the left and pursue the retreating column directly on the road by the Springs, and at Flat Creek soon came upon the rear guard of the army under Gordon and began at once a spirited attack. Griffin's

corps was ordered to follow the road from Hill's Shop to Pridesville, in order to strike a portion of the retiring army, which according to report had taken the road from the Court House to Painesville. This, of course, was an error, as no portion of the Confederate Army was then upon that road, and it is needless to say, Griffin did the Confederates no harm that day.

Wright's Corps was contermarched through Jetersville, and ordered to follow Sheridan's Cavalry on the road to Pride's Church (now New London) and Deatonsville. (This does not refer to the road now in use, but to the one leaving the railroad southwest of Jetersville, at Thompson's Crossing, opposite Stephen G. Harper's (now J. T. Wingo's) and crossing Flat Creek at May's Bridge).

On approaching Deatonsville the Federal Cavalry found the Confederates passing through that place and beyond on the Jamestown road, but their flanks were so closely guarded the cavalry could make no impression, and orders were given to move on and see if a weak spot could not be found further west. A mile and a half or two miles southwest of Deatonsville, at Hampton's old Race Course, where the road from Pride's Church unites with the Jamestown Road, and where the road to Rice branches off to the south across Sailor's Creek, Sheridan thought he saw an opportunity to cut in two the Confederate column. When he reached this point about mid-day Anderson's corps was passing, and upon it he immediately made attack in great force with his cavalry. Some accounts say Anderson's column had already halted to allow time for the wagon train to be turned off into the Jamestown road; but however this may have been, the force of the cavalry attack also compelled a halt and a line of battle stretching from Sandy to Sailor's Creek had to be thrown out on the east side of the road before the cavalry could be driven off. The wagon train having then gotten out of reach and the enemy repulsed, Anderson resumed his march across Sailor's Creek.

Meanwhile, due to this or some former delay, not now to be accounted for, a gap had been made in the retreating column on the southside of Sailor's Creek, between the head of Ander-

son's Corps, comprising Pickett's Division, and the rear of Longstreet's Corps, consisting of Mahone's Division. In this gap Sheridan's Cavalry, having crossed the Creek at Gill's Mill, and perhaps at other points above the road on which the Confederates marched, now penetrated; and having charged and captured a wagon train passing at the time, dismounted and went into line of battle across the Rice's Road near the house of John Harper (now Dudley Vaughan's).

This stopped Anderson's march and compelled him to deploy his troops in line on top of the hill south of the creek, in general along the road leading from Swep Marshall to Parson Adkins' and Gully Tavern. The corps consisted of the remnants of Pickett's and Bushrod Johnson's Divisions, perhaps in all, 5,000 men. In his front to the south and on his left to the east, were three divisions of Sheridan's Cavalry, mounted and dismounted, numbering 13,000.

Closely behind Anderson, as he crossed the creek, came Ewell's Corps; and when his rear passed the forks of the Jamestown road, already mentioned (near John Holt's), the head of Gordon's Corps—the rear corps of the army—came up. Gordon had been hotly pressed behind all the morning and having a running fight with Humphreys' Corps all the way from Amelia Springs.

At this point the enemy's 6th Corps, under Wright, which marched behind Sheridan's Cavalry from Jetersville, came upon the scene, moving across the country and along the road from Pride's Church. Kershaw, bringing up Ewell's rear, to protect his crossing of the creek against attack, placed Humphrey's Brigade of Mississippians in line of battle on the hill by the Hillsman house (now T. P. Shelton's), and continued the march across the stream.

Gordon, whether through ignorance of the roads, or to protect the wagon train already sent before on that road, or to avoid the enemy he now saw massing on his left, cannot be learned, when he reached the forks mentioned, instead of following the road across Sailor's Creek behind Ewell, turned off to his right on the Jamestown Road towards the Double Bridges.

This sudden change of direction on his part, as soon as his column had passed, turned the enemy in at once upon Ewell's rear, and there was some fighting around the Hillsman house before the crossing of the creek was completed successfully. The enemy then came up so rapidly and in such large force, preparing to attack at once, that Ewell was forced to halt also and form a line of battle in the edge of the woods, part the way up the hill on the southside of the creek. This line, while facing in the opposite direction, was in a general way, parallel to that already formed by Anderson on top of the hill, and was on both sides of the road leading across the creek from Hillsman's to Sweb Marshall's. The troops composing this line were Kershaw's and Custis Lee's Divisions—numbering some 3,500 men. The first consisted chiefly of Mississippians and Georgians; Lee's Division were mostly Virginians. To it was attached the marines and sailors of the Confederate Navy under Admiral Tucker, and the heavy artillerists from around Richmond under Colonel Crutchfield and Major Stiles—all now armed as infantry.

In Ewell's front on the northern slopes of Sailor's Creek, with artillery massed near the Hillsman house, was the 6th Corps of infantry, under Wright, 17,000 men of all arms; while passing along the Jamestown Road behind Gordon, and in striking distance of Ewell, was the 2d Infantry Corps of Meade's army, under Humphrey, numbering some 18,000 more. According to some accounts a portion of these latter did actually take part in the subsequent attack upon Ewell.

Here then was a critical situation of the retreat. Lee's object, of course, was not to fight battles, but to reach Carolina with as much of his army as could possibly escape. Now the line of retreat had been cut in twain; and a third of his army surrounded north, east and south by the myriad hosts of the enemy. The General himself was several miles off with Longstreet at Rice, and could not be communicated with. Could a path yet be found to the west by which his followers might escape the toils closing round them?

Ewell's report written after the war says:

"On crossing a little stream known as Sailor's Creek, I met General Fitz Lee, who informed me that a large force of cavalry held the road just in front of General Anderson, and was so strongly posted that he had halted a short distance ahead. The trains were turned into a road nearer the river, while I hurried to General Anderson's aid. General Gordon's Corps turned off after the trains. General Anderson informed me that at least two divisions of cavalry were in his front, and suggested two modes of escape—either to unite our forces and break through, or to move to the right through the woods and try to strike a road which ran towards Farmville. I recommended the latter alternative, but as he knew the ground and I did not, and had no one who did, I left the dispositions to him. Before any were made the enemy appeared in rear of my column in large force, preparing to attack."

Longstreet says: "There was yet a way of escape from the closing clutches of the enemy by filing to their right and marching to the rear of the (my) command at Rice's Station; but they were true soldiers and decided to fight, even to sacrifice their commands if necessary, to break or delay the pursuit until the trains and rear guard could find safety beyond the High Bridge."

Fitz Lee's report says:

"I am clearly of opinion (and I only express it because I was a witness of all that happened until just previous to the surrender) that had the troops been rapidly massed when their march was first interrupted, they could have cleared the way and been able to fall into line of battle on Longstreet's left, who was taking position at Rice's Station, some few miles ahead; or had the heads of the column been turned obliquely off in a western direction, more towards the road Gordon and the wagon train were moving upon, an echelon formation been adopted, the nature of the ground, wooded and much broken, would have kept the cavalry from harrassing them sufficiently to retard their progress until the arrival of their infantry. I rode out that way with my staff and a few men just previous

to Ewell's surrender, and found it so feasible that I immediately sent a staff officer back to General Ewell and Anderson to reiterate to them my convictions previously expressed, and now so much strengthened by my own experience. The halt allowing time for the accumulation of the enemy's troops proved fatal."

Whatever might have been accomplished had some other course been pursued, it is useless now to inquire. It was determined to fight and the plan was for Ewell to hold the enemy behind until Anderson could attack, and open the way in front. Exactly what occurred in front it is difficult, if not impossible, now to ascertain. Anderson never made any report of his operations, nor have any of his subordinate commanders left anything from which adequate details can be gathered. It is known that his attack failed, and that he himself was assailed in turn and, in the end, his line overrun and a large portion of his command captured, including Generals Hunter and Corse, of Pickett's Division. He himself and the remainder of his troops made good their escape to the west and rejoined the army beyond High Bridge.

What happened to Ewell has been told by himself and other survivors. His report continues:

"My line ran across a little ravine, which leads nearly at right angles towards Sailor's Creek. Gen. G. W. C. Lee was on the left, with the Naval Battalion under Commodore Tucker behind his right. All of Lee's and part of Kershaw's Division were posted behind a rising ground that afforded some shelter from artillery. The creek was perhaps three hundred yards in their front, with brush pines between and a clear field beyond it. In this the enemy's artillery took a commanding position, and, finding we had none to reply, soon approached within 800 yards and opened a terrible fire. After nearly a half an hour of this their infantry advanced, crossing the creek above and below us at the same time."

At this point Gen. Alexander gives a graphic description of what took place:

"It (the Confederate line) had no artillery to make reply, and lay still while other Federal infantry was marched around them, and submitted to an accurate and deliberate cannonade for twenty minutes followed quickly by a charge of the two lines (Federal infantry). Not a gun was fired until the enemy approached within 100 yards, showing handkerchiefs as an invitation to the men to surrender. Then two volleys broke both of their lines and the excited Confederates charged in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, but were soon driven back by the fire of the guns. A second charge of the Federals soon followed in which the two lines mingled in one promiscuous and prolonged melee with clubbed muskets and bayonet as if bent upon exterminating each other."

As may have been seen, the lines of both Anderson and Ewell had been left open—unprotected—on the east; and in this second charge by the enemy, Ewell's line on that side was flanked, and Simms' Brigade almost surrounded. Seeing this, and the enemy continuing to pour in on his flank, Kershaw began to retire the rest of his line to the left and rear; but having retired some 400 yards in that direction, skirmishing as he fell back, he found Anderson's troops dispersed and the enemy already closed in upon his rear. There was nothing left but to yield to overwhelming numbers, and Kershaw and his command, with but few exceptions, surrendered as prisoners of war.

Meanwhile Gen. Ewell, who had gone with Anderson to watch the fight on that side, and having seen the latter's repulse, had turned to ride back to his own line, was suddenly surrounded by enemy cavalry which had gained his rear, and forced to surrender with his staff. The late Judge F. R. Farrar, who resided in the vicinity, is authority for the statement that this occurred very near the house of Swep Marshall.

After these events, the only part of the Confederate line left unbroken was that on the left of the road, occupied by Custis Lee's division. These troops, having successfully repelled every attack from the front, were now practically cut off from the rest of the army and surrounded; but they did not

know what had befallen the rest of their comrades and continued to fight undismayed. Having repulsed and charged the enemy down to the creek bank, and been ordered back to their line, what ensued may best be told by one who himself bore an heroic part upon that field—the late Major Robert Stiles, of Richmond—in “Four Years Under Marse Robert”:

“By the time we were well settled into our old position, we were attacked simultaneously front and rear by overwhelming numbers, and quicker than I can tell it the battle degenerated into a butchery and confused melee of brutal personal conflicts. I saw numbers of men kill each other with bayonets and the butts of muskets, and even bite each others throats and ears and noses, rolling on the ground like wild beasts.”

Finally the officers seeing the hopelessness of further combat, their men were induced to surrender, though a portion of the line remained unbroken to the end.

By now the sun had set upon the stricken field, and when darkness settled o’er the landscape, the ragged soldier of the South realized that he had fought his last fight, and that the hope for a new nation upon American soil had perished forever.

Accurate figures of the casualties on the Confederate side are very difficult to obtain. Early next morning the prisoners were hurried away on the march for City Point and thence to prison, and the victors pressed on in pursuit of Lee. The dead remained upon the field uncollected and unburied.

Among them was the gallant Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, commanding a brigade in Custis Lee’s Division, who was Jackson’s Chief of Artillery, and who had lost a leg at Chancellorsville. He was the son of the old Speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia, born in Spotsylvania, and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute.

Gen. Warren Kiefer, of Ohio, on his return from Appomattox via Sailor’s Creek, wrote:

“One week after the battle I visited the field and could then have walked on Confederate dead for many succeeding rods

along the face of the heights held by the enemy when the battle opened."

The warm weather of the spring time returning, the atmosphere of the locality became infected by the unburied dead, and the citizens of the community turned out to collect the corpses and give them such interment on the field as was practicable under circumstances so trying.

The wounded were cared for in hospitals improvised upon the ground, or in such dwelling and out-buildings as were near. Those of the enemy able to be moved were carried by ambulances to Burkeville next day, where extensive hospitals were established.

To that point were carried all the Federal wounded from Amelia Springs, Jetersville, Sailor's Creek, High Bridge, and Farmville; and the report of Surgeon Dr. Lidell, Medical Director for the Army of the Potomac, shows that some 2,000 wounded were received and treated at Burkeville.

This report shows that at Sailor's Creek the hospital for the 6th Corps (Wrights's) was established on the Harper farm, and that the wounded collected there numbered 481, of whom 161 were Confederates. Gen. Wright reported his killed and wounded at Sailor's Creek at 442. Gen. Humphrey of the 2d Corps, reported his killed and wounded on Thursday, 6th of April, at 331, but this comprised all his casualties from Amelia Springs to his last attack upon Gordon at the Double Bridges on Sailor's Creek, below Lockett's Mill.

Gen. Sheridan reported the killed and wounded in his cavalry corps from March 29th to April 9th at 1,472; but the figures for Sailor's Creek are not separated. An article from Capt. Howard, of Custis Lee's staff, in the "Transactions of the Southern Historical Society," 1874 (Vol. 1, p. 61) states that the night after Sailor's Creek, Sheridan and Custer, conversing with captive Confederate officers, said their killed and wounded that day were about 1,000.

In the absence of statistics, as before said, we are left to inference as to the killed and wounded on the Confederate side. As his report discloses Ewell did not think his casualties on this

score very large. But Kershaw's report says they must have been considerable. As an example of the loss in some of the individual Confederate commands, there is an interesting account of The Guards, of Savannah, Georgia, in the battle, published in the Southern Historical Society Papers (vol. 24, p. 250).

It shows that out of 85 men of that organization who went into the fight, 30 were killed outright and 22 wounded—over 60 per cent. The year after the war 18 of these dead were found and taken back to Savannah where they were re-interred with imposing ceremonies.

After the battle, field hospitals were maintained for some time and nearby homes were devoted to the same use. The Hillsman house was used for this purpose; and the late Dr. J. W. Southall is authority for the statement that 72 wounded were cared for at "Selma" (his mother's home), and, strange to relate, identically the same number at Mrs. Crump's (Wiley's).

These incidents go to show how stern and real must have been the lives of our people in that sad period of their history; how the realities of a whole life time could be crowded into a few short hours. Today families and friends assemble in peace around the hospitable firesides of quiet country homes; to-morrow "grim-visaged war" comes suddenly upon the scene, a great battle field is spread out in their midst, the wounded and the dying become their guests, women become men in the service of human kind, and children grow old in the presence of life's great tragedies.

But it is all gone now. Fifty years have passed since the sound of guns of Sailor's Creek died away on the gentle breeze of that April day long ago. Kindly nature has healed up the scars of the battle field; when the spring comes again, green grass and sweet flowers will wave over the last resting place of the unreturning brave of both armies, who there await alike the judgment day, but whose spirits have long since made peace on the camping ground of the brave and the just.

THE BOY GUNNERS OF LEE.

By JENNINGS C. WISE,
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An Address Delivered Before R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1,
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When we read of the tragedy of Europe that now claims so much of our attention, we are prone to relegate the accounts of our own great war to a place of secondary interest. And yet, there were many heroic deeds among the youthful soldiers of 1861-5, with which our people are wholly unfamiliar, that would have won the most coveted decorations in any of the present-day armies of Europe.

There has been enough written, perhaps, about the leaders and the battles of the War Between the States, but the interest of the American people in the individual heroism of American soldiers should never be allowed to flag. The writer proposes, in this article, to present only authenticated facts concerning one particular class of soldiers—the boy “gunners” of Lee’s army, about whom so little has been written.

Those of whom I shall write all wore upon their cuffs the scarlet facing of the artillery. They were no braver than the men of the other arms, for well I know that upon the breasts of all—infantry, cavalry, engineers and artillery alike—was worn “the red badge of courage.” And yet, about the youthful artillerymen of the Army of Northern Virginia there was a glamor unknown in connection with those who served in other arms. In their spiritual composition there was an exalted note. In their courage there was a mixture of dash and conviction, loftier than the mere bravado of the *beau sabreur*, and in their

makeup there seems to have been combined the stern solemnity of the roundhead and the reckless gayety of the cavalier. Boys in years and at heart, they met the responsibilities of full grown men, and with the light-hearted spirit of their years, displayed those qualities of rugged tenacity which their heavy responsibilities demanded of them.

Their individualism was as notable as their courage and skill. Each battery, each battalion, was a clan, with tartan distinct, its chieftain known of all, and often the men of the other arms, crouching by the roadside, rose to their feet to wave a spontaneous salute of recognition to a familiar "gunner" as, fearless and eager, he galloped at the head of his command into the thick of the fight. There was a defiant note in the advancing rush and rumble of Lee's Artillery, which always called forth the welcoming cheers of his infantry, for foot-soldier and cannoneer were one at heart, each cherishing the prowess of the other with mutual pride, and each with transcendent trust in the ability of the other. Among them, confidence, born of experience, wiped out at an early day the evils of caste jealousy. Let me repeat, Lee's "gunners" were no braver than his other troops, but about them there was a chivalric aspect, peculiar to their arms, and we find the names of these soldier lads better preserved in authentic records, as well as in the legends and military traditions of their people, than those of the juniors of the other arms.

Most illustrious of them all, though perhaps no more deserving of praise than others among his comrades, was John Pelham—the "Boy Major"—the good knight—the Gallahad of the Horse Artillery. Never was one better fitted by nature for the special service in which he engaged as the trusted companion and subordinate of the dashing Stuart, nor were two spirits ever more congenial than were those of these two romantic characters with their dancing plumes, their curvetting steeds, and their merry banjos. Theirs was the lilting air of exuberant youth which joyously rose above the solemn dirge of war. Both died in the saddle. The din of battle was their requiem.

An ideal companion in arms for Stuart, Pelham was a junior counterpart of his bold commander. There was something medieval, something impressively knightly about this lad. He seemed to belong to another age than that in which he lived—to the age of chivalry. Today his figure is preserved in the heroic tapestry of his comrades' memories, and his name is the synonym of valor in the vocabulary of every Southern child.

There are few men who really enjoy a fight. Many men become hardened to the dangers of battle and lose all fear of death, but even they do not relish the business of fighting and are glad enough to escape the risks incident to the conflict of arms. Pelham was not only without fear, but actually enjoyed fighting, and anticipated his battles with the keenest pleasure. He was never happier than when actually sighting his guns and observing the effects of his own accurate aim.

The complete record of John Pelham had been preserved by his illustrious biographer, John Esten Cook. Pelham was a cadet at West Point when the war commenced, and, resigning to join the Confederate Army, was the only officer in the Army of Northern Virginia to receive from his immortal commander, Robert E. Lee, the epithet of "the gallant." Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet watched this youthful gunner from the heights of Fredericksburg, holding at bay an entire division with a single Napoleon gun. This exploit was also witnessed by two armies, and never before, perhaps, was a gunner so favored by the amphytheatrical stage upon which he played his part. One must visit the plains stretching along the south side of the Rappahannock in front of Hamilton's Crossing, to understand the influence which Pelham, single-handed, exerted upon the issue of the battle of December 13th, 1862. This was but one of his many equally brilliant and daring exploits. Such were his deeds that even the stern Jackson exclaimed, "Oh! for another Pelham."

While returning from a Court-martial in Culpeper in 1863, he rode to the sound of the guns at Kelleysville, and fell mortally wounded while engaging as a volunteer in a cavalry charge in which he had no official part. On this occasion his ardour

for battle cost him his life. He was but twenty-four years of age when he died and yet, had participated in twice as many engagements as he had years to his credit.

There was another Confederate gunner known as "The Boy Major,"—Joseph White Latimer, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, who died with the rank of major at nineteen years of age, commanding five batteries at Gettysburg, where he received his mortal wound. Beginning his service in April, 1861, as a cadet drill master of artillery at Camp Lee in Richmond, he served with marked gallantry with Jackson in the Valley, and on every important field up to the time of his death, was repeatedly being individually mentioned in the reports of Jackson and Ewell, the latter referring to him as his "little Napoleon." When asked on his death bed if he feared to die, he replied, "No, for my trust is in God." To his chaplain, who sought to console him as his last hour approached, he said: "I base my hopes of salvation not on good works, but on the merits of Jesus Christ alone." It is difficult for us in this prosaic day, to think of one so young, possessing such an exalted spirit, but it is that spirit which explains many of the most heroic deeds of war.

Robert Preston Chew, the senior surviving artillery officer of Lee's army at the present time, attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and commanded the "Horse Artillery Corps" of the Army of Northern Virginia, when but twenty-one years of age. He was in every way a worthy successor to Pelham. His corps consisted in 1865 of five battalions and ten batteries. As a captain he organized in November, 1861, at the age of nineteen, the first Confederate horse battery at the instance of Col. Turner Ashby, who commanded the cavalry of Jackson's Army. Chew, like Latimer, was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and had been a pupil at that famous school of arms under Jackson, who gave them their training with the guns. It was Chew who originated and repeated many times the feat of moving in the front line with the cavalry while charging. Not even Ramsey's Horse Battery at Fuentes de Anoro, can be said to have performed such an unprecedented exploit.

After the death of Pelham, Col. William Johnson Pegram, who fell at Five Forks, age twenty-two, was, perhaps, the best known figure among the younger field officers of artillery in Lee's army. In four years he had advanced from the grade of private to the rank of colonel by the sheer force of his skill and dauntless character. Without previous military training of any kind, he might have commanded an infantry brigade before he fell. Three separate times he was recommended to be a brigadier. On every great battle field in Virginia he was conspicuous for both skill and courage, and at all times for his girl-like modesty. Very near-sighted, Pegram frequently made personal reconnaissances almost up to the enemy's position, a custom which often elicited complaint from those who were called upon to accompany him. So well known had he become among all arms before the war had progressed very far, that the men in the trenches or on the march were often heard to exclaim: "There's going to be a fight, for here comes that damn little man with the 'specs'!"

On one occasion Pegram's adjutant reported to him that a certain battery commander temporarily attached to their battalion had shown little zest for the fray. "Sir," said Pegram to the unfortunate captain, "explain your conduct." Whereupon the officer explained that "he had a misery in his stomach." This has ever been a common ailment among untried soldiers, but Pegram had no patience with weakness of any kind. "I will treat you handsomely," Pegram replied. "Instead of having you cashiered, I will accept your commission now!" Thereafter there were no more complaints of stomach aches in Pegram's command. On one occasion, seeing the infantry falling back, Pegram, accompanied as usual, by his adjutant, seized the colors from the color-bearer, and rode forward with them, until the retreating men rallied and readvanced to the assault. He was finally sacrificed to the stupidity of a division commander who sent him, in that spirit of blind obedience for which he was noted, to his death without a murmur from his firmly closed lips, but not until he had won the recorded plaudits of Hill and Jackson and Lee, and of all the lesser commanders under whom

he served. Oh, what a record was that which he made in those closing weeks of his life! The name of Pegram was on every lip in that heroic army in which he served, and today appears on every page of the official history of the memorable siege of Petersburg. Throughout those days of strenuous service he was always accompanied by his equally gallant and youthful adjutant—Captain William Gordon McCabe. These two lads were far more to each other than commander and faithful assistant. They were comrades and brothers, inseparably bound to each other like Damon and Pythias. Pegram perished in the storm of battle with a smile upon his lips, his spirit passing upward to a better world, while his mangled body lay in the enfolding arms of McCabe. McCabe survived to write his comrade's epitaph in exalted prose and poetry, so tender that the pen with which he wrote seems to have been dipped in the tears of his own soul, and never once reminding us that the deeds of his departed comrade were in part his own.

James Walton Thomson, killed at Sailor's Creek in April, 1865, was a fit companion in arms of Pelham, Chew, Latimer, and Pegram, killed when but twenty-two years of age, while holding the rank of major in the Horse Artillery. He too performed innumerable heroic deeds. A graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, he entered Chew's original horse battery as lieutenant, succeeded Chew in command of that battery, and later led his battalion on many fields. At the time of his death his cannoneers, without guns, were serving as cavalry, and his wild daring on the field of battle, where he fell, actually inspired a poet among the admiring enemy to compose three exquisite verses, which were captured with the author's fallen body. Said the celebrated Major James Breathed, as he gazed sadly upon Thomson's body, where it lay besides those of his comrades—Dearing and Boston, all covered by a single blanket, suggestive of the pall that had fallen over their youthful lives—"with ten thousand such men as Jimmie Thomson, I could whip Grant's Army." This same remark is said to have been made of Breathed himself, by Gen. Lee and others, but certain it is that Gen. Lee never made such a remark about any officer in his army.

"Jimmie" Thomson was one of the handsomest and most lovable lads in Lee's army. He was constantly being cautioned by his comrades against the reckless exposure for which he was noted. Dearing and Boston were his particular friends. And then there was another—John C. Carpenter, captain of the "Alleghaney Battery." "Johnnie" Carpenter was a class mate of Thomson's at the Institute. On one occasion, when the Confederate cavalry had fled, to save Thomson and the latter's guns from capture by Sheridan's Cavalry, he armed his own men with carbines and formed a line across the Valley Pike, losing his arm in the strange conflict that ensued. But what was an arm to "Johnnie" Carpenter if by losing it "Jimmie" Thomson had been saved!

Major James Breathed, just of age in 1861, was a Maryland doctor when he entered the army as a lieutenant in Pelham's famous battery, which was later commanded by him. This battery was soon converted into a horse battery, and was the second one to be organized in Lee's army. It bore the name of the "Stuart Horse Artillery," and served constantly with Stuart's Cavalry. In the battery were a number of Frenchmen from Talladega County, Alabama, whence came Pelham himself. The detachment formed by these gallant Creoles was known as the "French detachment," and on more than one occasion were known to have sung the Marseillaise while working their guns.

Breathed distinguished himself on many fields, as one who was the constant and respected companion of Stuart and Pelham and Chew and Thomson was likely to do, but of all his deeds of heroism his individual action at Spotsylvania Court House was the most remarkable. On this occasion Major Breathed's old battery, the "Stuart Horse Artillery," was retiring by piece before a dense mass of onrushing infantry. The four guns, though handled with great courage and skill by Captain Johnston, were unable to stay the enemy's advance, but Johnston, who had been badly shot, declined to withdraw his last piece and continued the fire with it alone. Finally the lead and swing teams were shot down and the enemy were already

crying for the surrender of the gun. At this juncture Breathed galloped up to the remaining gun, sprang from his mount, cut the traces of the disabled teams, and leaping into the driver's saddle, brought off the piece with the wheel team alone under the fire of point-blank musketry. 'This act actually brought forth the mingled cheers of the onlookers of both armies.

There were several striking instances, that should be mentioned here, of officers of high rank serving the guns as cannoneers in action. When the Confederate infantry of D. H. Hill's Division was finally driven out of the "bloody lane" at Sharpsburg by Richardson's Federal Division, and fell back fighting across the fields and through the orchard in front of the Piper House, Miller's Battery of the Washington Artillery Battalion was sent to its support. The gunners were soon struck down, however, whereupon Longstreet's staff manned the guns and drove back the advancing enemy. And at Fredericksburg Longstreet directed Capt. Osman Latrobe, of his staff, to take a Parrott gun of Maurin's Louisiana Battery from its pit and move forward with it to the enemy's extreme right, whence he might enfilade the line lying at the base of the hills. The attempt meant almost certain destruction, as two Federal batteries had concentrated on Maurin's pits, and had hurled over two hundred shells upon them. But Latrobe was not to serve this gun alone, for Lieut. Landry, Corporal Morel, and Privates Dernon Leblanc, Francis Perez, Claudius Linossier, Adolph Grilke, and Francis Babin, accompanied him. All five of the cannoneers fell after their third shot, while the two officers and the corporal continued the fire. The deed was seen by the men of both armies, and, like that of Pelham on the right, was cheered lustily by many throats.

A thing that has never occurred in war, before or since, was witnessed by many eyes at Sharpsburg. As the famous "Rockbridge Battery" dashed past the village on its way from Jackson's positions on the extreme left to the support of Hill on the extreme right, a cannoneer was seen to raise himself to the most erect posture on the limber and salute the commanding general. The general was Robert Edward Lee; the

private was Robert Edward Lee, Jr., the former's son. And here we may remark that while the "*kith*" of Bonapart bore the baton, the "*kin*" of Lee served with grimy hands upon the rammer staff.

The writer knows of but one instance where a field battery was cut off by the enemy, circled in rear of a hostile army, and managed to rejoin its own command. This was actually done by Battery "A" of Cutts' "Sumter (Georgia) Battalion" in the movement of Lee's army from Spotsylvania to the North Anna. This battery was in the very rear of the rear guard when the movement commenced. Cut off from the main body by a large force of the enemy's infantry, Lieut. Rees, in command, ordered the gallop, and dashing past the hostile troops with his guns, went into action in their rear, and then retired piece by piece. Moving by a long circuit to the west and south, he passed around the enemy's right at Little River and after two days and nights of ceaseless marching, during most of which time he was separated from his own army by the enemy, he reported with all his men and guns to his battalion commander.

Another heroic incident occurred in the "Sumter Battalion" at the North Anna. The battalion was under a heavy fire, and a shell which burst in one of the gun pits ignited the tow in one of the dismounted ammunition chests about which many men and caissons were gathered. The cry went up to seek safety, but Capt. John R. Wingfield and Private Hemington sprang to the chest, opened it, and extinguished the threatening blaze with their bare hands, which were badly burned. On another occasion a caisson limber was set ablaze, and, while the flames were actually licking at the ammunition chest, a brave driver mounted to the lead saddle, and single-handed galloped the caisson into a nearby stream, and extinguished the blaze with his bucket. A very similar incident occurred at Petersburg, where on October 13, 1864, a Federal shell burst among the carelessly exposed ammunition of Flanner's North Carolina Battery of Haskell's Battalion, wounding six men and igniting the fuses of a number of shells. Though himself wounded, Corporal

Fulcher seized the shells and carrying them under fire to a nearby pool, hurled them into the water.

Nothing could have been finer than a certain action of Col. W. T. Poague's, which the writer regards as one of unsurpassed heroism. The writer knew Col. Poague well, and served with him during the two years before his death as an officer of the Virginia Military Institute. As a man, his character was well known and appreciated by his fellow officers and contemporaries, who witnessed it grow fuller, and gentler, and sweeter with the passing of time. Often, as one conversed with this man, the delicacy of whose nature, the clearness of whose mind, the purity of whose life, and the stamina of whose character, were all exceptional, one could note a flash from his softening eye which seemed as a momentary reflection of the sun of other days. There was about him an air of quiet repose, too dignified to find its source in resignation, but springing from the peace and contentment of his noble soul. Occasionally there spread over his countenance an expression which close scrutiny centered in the light of his eye, an expression which appeared now and then as he recalled to mind the stirring events surrounding the military career of his youth. The meaning of that look was unknown to me until step by step I placed together the scattered record of his deeds and then I understood. Of one incident in his career alone I shall write, an incident which has never been presented in history in the fullness which it merits. It shall not be one of his many heroic deeds when as a lieutenant, and later as the commander, of the gallant "Rockbridge Artillery," he followed the fortunes of Jackson in the Valley, to Sharpsburg and to Chancellorsville. Nor will it be that unparalleled march through rain and mud and snow by which he brought his command to the field of Fredericksburg. These exploits were superb, but others vied with him in like service. It was in the sombre wilderness of Spotsylvania that Poague loomed up pre-eminent against the sky of Southern chivalry.

When the battle of the 5th of May, 1864, closed, Ewell and Hill's Corps had already formed a junction at a point about half way between "Parker's Store" and the Orange Turnpike, and

Poague's Battalion was well up on the firing line. Longstreet had been ordered to make a forced march during the night in order to arrive upon the field before dawn. All through the night Hill's advanced troops, who had maintained themselves so resolutely during the day against Hancock's six divisions, heard the enemy preparing to renew the attack in the morning, but, worn and much disorganized by the fighting of the previous day, and expecting Longstreet to relieve them during the night, the infantry failed to prepare for the impending blow. But not so with Poague's battalion on the ridge in the clearing.

At 5 A. M. Hancock's troops swept forward like an avalanche of blue, and by the sheer weight of superior numbers rolled Hill's line back past Poague's Battalion, which stood alone like a wall of flame across the Federal's path. Not until the great masses of the enemy came face to face with the Confederate guns did they cease to press forward, but no troops could pass through such a storm of fire as that which Poague then opened upon Hancock's men. Inspired by their commander the gunners plied their pieces with almost superhuman energy; the muzzles belched their withering blasts, the twelve guns blended their discharges in one continuous roar, and there among them, clinging to them as a shipwrecked sailor to a spar among the breakers, stood Lee himself, above whose head the smoke of the four lone batteries hovered like a spray in the teeth of the onrushing gale.

The great commander knew then full well that between him and disaster Poague's Battalion stood alone. What glory for a soldier! This single incident brought more of honor to the little colonel of artillery than has come to many men throughout ages of warfare. The light which I have seen in those soft, mild eyes was akin to that which must have shone from them as he stood among his guns in the battle line of May 6, 1864, the last bulwark of his country's defense, and in the very presence of his immortal commander.

For a while as General Lee stood among Poague's guns, his fortunes indeed hung in the balance. After sending a courier to hasten the advance of the First Corps and another to pre-

pare the trains to be moved to the rear, he at last discerned the dust thrown up by the hurrying feet of Longstreet's men. In perfect order, with ranks well closed and no stragglers, the double column swung down the road at a trot, and regardless of the confusion which beset their path, the brave and eager infantry pressed on to the point of danger. In the van rode Longstreet at his best, ardent for the fray, as if but now he had slipped the leash which held in check his straining columns.

On this occasion Longstreet was magnificent, but Poague was the greater of the two, for he, alone and unsupported, had denied the enemy a victory ere Longstreet arrived upon the scene. And yet his part in this critical affair is scarce referred to by the historian. We read that Poague's Battalion was present in the battle of the Wilderness. No more. Even Morris Schaff, whose writings are fraught with the noblest sentiments of appreciation, and whose studious work on the battle of the Wilderness is by far the best yet written, overlooks the heroism of Poague, though no more ready hand than his ever brought the pen to bear with sweeter touch for friend and foe alike.

But while Poague was overlooked by the contemporary historian, not so by Lee. One year after the Wilderness, when disaster again pressed close upon him, when dangers beset his army and all seemed lost, it was the gallant Poague that Lee called upon at Appomattox to lead the way for the remnant through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And when the shrivelled host at last stood huddled together submissive to the hand of Fate, still another shot rang out defiant, another ring of smoke soared upward to the sky, where Poague with his dauntless battalion in the van chafed at the final decree. No. It was not a spirit of resignation which made those eyes so mild, so soft, for how often until the end, as at Appomattox, came that flash that made us feel no heroism could transcend the limits of his soul.

On still another occasion the artillery was destined to save Lee from defeat. At Petersburg when "the Crater" rent asunder Lee's line, and the onrushing Federals were making for the gap, it was the fever-stricken and youthful Lieut. John Hampden

Chamberlayne and Major Preston Gibbes who manned the only remaining gun in Elliott's shattered salient and held back the men of Ferrero's Negro Brigade. For a time they alone remained between Meade and victory. But soon came the one-armed Col. John Cheves Haskell to their relief with his guns, and later Mahone's Infantry. The names of Haskell, Chamberlayne, and Gibbes are proud ones in the annals of American artillery.

In the fight at Stephenson's Depot when Hill was advancing down the valley to seize Harper's Ferry, after driving the Federals from Winchester, it was Lieut. Contee of Dement's 1st Maryland Battery, Andrews' Battalion, Edward Johnson's Division, who held the railroad bridge with his section against the flying and desperate enemy. Fourteen out of sixteen men, including Lieut. Contee fell, but Lieut. John A. Morgan, of the First North Carolina Regiment, and Lieut. Randolph H. McKim, (now the Reverend R. H. McKim of Washington) attached themselves to the section and continued to work the single remaining piece. (A section consisted of two guns, and not of as at present.)

The charge of Caskie's Richmond "Hampden Battery" at Newberne, North Carolina, where it was serving with Dearing's Battalion, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, in February, 1863, was a notable exploit. Capt. W. H. Caskie, a mere boy, actually led the infantry assault in this battle with his galloping battery. Almost instantly his horse fell, but the giant young officer seized a musket and ran on foot at the head of his battery. Seeing that Caskie was dismounted, Gen. Pickett sent him a fresh mount, and the former, throwing himself into the saddle, led his guns to within one hundred yards of the battle line. For his conduct on this occasion Caskie was soon made major. "Willie" Caskie and "Willie" Pegram, both of Richmond, were playmates in their boyhood days.

There were so many deeds of exceptional nature performed by the gunners in the Campaign of 1864 that it seems invidious to mention some without referring to others. There was the superb action of Lieut. Morgen Callaway, of the "Pulaski

(Georgia) Battery," who, with two guns which he adroitly concealed on the flanks of the gap at Cold Harbor, continued his fire until the enemy's infantry were actually upon him, and still continuing to fire drove them back, for which he was individually mentioned in orders. And then there was the exploit of Col. Wildred Emmett Cutshaw and Capt. Asher W. Garber, at Spotsylvania. Unable to draw off two guns of the Staunton Battery which they had seized when they broke into the "bloody angle," the Federals had left them between the opposing infantry lines. Cutshaw and Garber, the latter commanding the "Staunton Battery," and the former the battalion to which that battery belonged, rushed to the pieces with a handful of cannoneers, turned them upon the enemy, and there between the lines, with thousands of eyes upon them, continued to play the guns until they were actually seized by the enemy. And almost co-incidentally with this deed was that of Capt. Charles R. Montgomery, "Morris Battery," Page's Battalion, who with the only two guns of the battalion which were not captured, and accompanied by only six cannoneers, moved laboriously down a ravine to a point within two hundred yards of the enemy's flank and continued his fire until three full caissons had been exhausted.

One of the most remarkable exploits of the field artillery during the war was that of Lieut. Gale's section of the "1st Maryland Battery" at Petersburg, under the immediate command of the brilliant McIntosh. Advised on the 22nd of June, 1864, that two Federal corps were leaving their works opposite Hill to seize the railroads on his weakened right, Gen. Lee sent Hill with three divisions of infantry to meet the enemy, while the artillery was held in the lines. Hardly had Hill moved off when McIntosh, with Gale's two guns, passed over the intrenchments, galloped across "no-man's land" to within a few hundred paces of the hostile line, and opened with canister upon the flank of the moving Federal column. To his support soon came Lieut. Wilkes with his section of Clutter's Richmond Battery. The four pieces under McIntosh actually isolated an equal number of Federal guns which were seized and drawn off by the Confederate gunners. Not only did McIntosh throw the hos-

tile column into confusion, but he frustrated the whole movement upon Lee's right. This is the only recorded instance of which the writer knows in which light artillery operated in the open fields between two lines of intrenchments. Such a thing was only possible under the leadership of one possessing the dauntless character of that soldier lad from South Carolina—David Gregg McIntosh. After the war Col. McIntosh married the sister of his former comrade in arms—Col. William John Pegram, and settled in Maryland, where he died in the Fall of 1916, the senior surviving officer of Lee's Artillery.

Most of the officers who I have mentioned were men of aristocratic birth. It must not be thought, however, that a democratic spirit did not prevail among the commissioned personnel of Lee's Artillery. One of the most respected field officers in the Artillery Corps was Joseph McGraw, a teamster of Irish blood, aged twenty, who rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This remarkable officer was "discovered" by Pegram, in whose battery ("The Purcell") he enlisted, and was rapidly advanced by him through the lower grades. He was a young man of powerful frame and exceptional ability to command men. His courage was proverbial. While sitting on his horse at Spotsylvania a solid shot tore away his left arm, leaving only a stump in the shoulder socket. For an instant his subordinates paused in their work to proffer him assistance, but perceiving their intention he cried out in unshaken tones—"Don't mind me, men, I'm all right—give 'em hell!", and then fell forward from his saddle without a flinch or a cry of pain. Upon regaining consciousness, Major McGraw refused to receive the usual anaesthetic, and exercising the prerogative of his authority as senior officer to the surgeon in attendance upon him, commanded the latter to remove the shattered stump of his arm, which was done without eliciting a groan from the patient, or a blink from his marvelous blue eyes, while he quietly puffed away at his pipe. One of his officers undertook to commiserate with him over his wound. "Pretty bad; reckon I'll be off duty thirty days," was the laconic reply. When Gen. Lee heard of the wounding of McGraw, he said: "I very much fear the Artillery

will lose one of its best officers." Not long after this Col. Pegram, who was sitting in his tent at Petersburg, heard a mounted man approaching, contrary to his orders against such reckless exposure in the trenches. McGraw rode up to the tent, calmly saluted with his right hand, and reported: "Sir, Major Joseph McGraw returns to duty." Just before the withdrawal of the army from Petersburg, he was again promoted and placed in command of twenty-four guns. On the retreat he jocularly remarked that he held the unprecedented record of having lost twenty-three guns in twenty-four days! (His guns, without horses, were left in the trenches.) McGraw did not boast, as did Bernadotte, that he had never lost a gun, for he knew well that the man did not live who could question his conduct in battle.

The finest artillery manoeuvre on the field of battle known to Lee's army was, perhaps, the charge of Alexander's Battalion of six batteries across the fields at Gettysburg from its original position to the Peach Orchard, when that position was seized by the Confederates. It is probable that no more superb feat than this was ever performed by so large a body of artillery on the battle field under fire. For five hundred yards the foaming horses dashed forward under whip and spur, the guns in perfect alignment, and the carriages fairly bounding over the fields. Every officer and non-commissioned officer rode at his post, and not a team fell or swerved from the line, except those which were struck to earth by the blizzard of Federal shell that was hurled upon them by fifty guns. Most of the enemy's projectiles overshot their mark, and as the great line of twenty-four guns and over four hundred animals reached the position abandoned by the enemy, "action front" was executed as if by a single battery. Hardly had the teams wheeled and the pieces cleared their pintle-hooks when again a sheet of flame burst from the line of guns and Alexander's magnificent battalion was in heated action. Few artillerymen have experienced the sensation that must have come to the battalion commander at this moment. Never had he seen such a perfect manoeuvre, even at the United State Military Academy, where he had formerly

served as Instructor of Artillery. Surely there could be nothing more thrilling than that of galloping at the head of such a line of artillery, with the awe-inspiring rumble of two hundred wheels and the clatter of innumerable feet close behind. The momentum of that great mass of men, animals, and carriages must have almost forbid the thought in Alexander's mind of checking the force which he had set in motion. But with his mount bounding along as if borne on the breeze of the pursuing storm, and his quick eye searching the terrain for his position, with hundreds of breathless men and horses watching his every movement, what must have been his feelings as his right arm shot upward! No words from him were necessary, and if uttered would have been useless in the dull roar of the onrushing mass. No voice but that of Jove himself could have been heard. And yet, the swoop of the hawk is not more graceful nor more sudden than what followed. Every man and every beast knew his part and performed it joyously. Mistakes at such a time would have been fatal. And then, out of the orderly chaos which ensued, the dark warriors came to rest as if, in the ominous silence, gathering breath with which to shout a new defiance, while the attending men and animals were springing to their accustomed posts. It is true the joy of the charge was forgotten, though every hand and limb was still trembling with the old thrill. A greater joy was now in store for all, for flash! bang! scre—e—ch * * * bo—om!—a shell had burst among the flying foe.

In a few seconds the fifty Federal pieces which had opposed Alexander's advance across the fields, are joined by many others in a stependous but vain effort to crush him in his new position, and then the artillery of both armies rends the air with the deep notes of the guns and the crescendo of bursting shell. while the earth trembles as if Jove has placed his feet upon the pedals of his mightiest organ. Truly might Mars have applauded the tremendous throb, and looked down with delight from his Olympic seat upon the fire-wreathed arena of Gettysburg, for never in this world had such a warlike scene been set before. Small wonder that Alexander cherished no regret at having de-

clined the command of an infantry brigade. Surely there was glory enough for any soldier to be found at the head of the command he led across the fields and into action in front of Little Round Top, and under the eyes of a hundred thousand men, and ample reward too, for on that momentous day the young Georgian, at the age of twenty-six, won the star of an artillery brigadier!

One more incident in connection with Alexander's Battalion should be recounted. While Taylor's or Eubank's old battery was charging with the battalion, Corporal Joseph T. V. Lantz, was struck from his limber by a shell which broke his legs above the knees, and soon died. To one of his comrades who came to his aid he said: "You can do me no good; I am dying; follow your piece!" Nearby lay the lifeless body of a young cadet, Hill Carter Eubank, who, only a few days before, left the Virginia Military Institute to serve with the guns of his father's old battery! Of such caliber were the enlisted men in Lee's Artillery.

One of the most extraordinary incidents may here be cited, to illustrate the fortitude of Lee's "gunners." In the battle of Malvern Hill, a cannoneer in Stribling's "Fauquier Battery," named Joe Kendall—a plain country lad—lost one of his arms, and in the excitement of the conflict was permitted, upon his insistent request, to hold, with his one hand a number of loose horses, which had been left under cover. "At least I can do that much," he urged. Soon after his lifeless body was found lying at the feet of the horses, the bridle reins of which were gripped in his stiffened hand. Kendall had bled to death, but remained faithful to his charge even after death! In honor of this humble but heroic private soldier the Camp of Confederate Veterans of his home county—Fauquier—was named.

There were many striking instances which might be cited to illustrate the manner in which the gunners defended themselves and their guns against both infantry and cavalry, but space does not permit this. A Confederate gun was ordinarily not captured until actually taken possession of by the enemy and withdrawn from the field. The defensive ability of the can-

noneers was remarkable and on many occasions they were known to save their guns with their sponge and rammer staffs. During Early's Valley Campaign, when the infantry and cavalry were completely demoralized by repeated defeats, Col. Thomas Henry Carter armed his cannoneers with carbines and protected his own column of artillery while on the march against the enemy's raiding parties. Early made some harsh criticisms concerning his cavalry and infantry, but always specifically excepted his gunners.

One frequently reads of the conflicts between Morton's Horse Artillery of Forrest's command with gun boats on the Tennessee River and elsewhere in the West. There were many instances of such affairs in Virginia. There were several along the lower Potomac and Rappahannock in the Spring of 1861. On the retreat from Yorktown, a Confederate battery engaged a flotilla of gun boats on the York River. Along the Rappahannock in 1862 and 1863, there were frequent conflicts between light batteries and gun boats near Port Royal, and throughout the Fall of 1864, Col. Carter, with a battalion of light artillery, was constantly engaged from the north bank of the river with Federal gun boats on the James, and preyed with great effect upon the enemy's shipping about City Point. The exploits of Carter's Battalion at this time, operating far down the Peninsula under cover of darkness, and concealing itself in the dense swamps by day, would fill an interesting volume. Some of the artillery raids in which he engaged entailed the greatest hardships upon men and beasts, and required extraordinary daring and stamina on the part of all. The writer knows of no other instance where field artillery, entirely self-supporting, was utilized for such hazardous and extensive raiding operations. Carter's rapidly moving batteries frequently ventured many miles in advance of the lines about Richmond, unattended by escorts of any kind, and his men became equally skillful as gunners, cavalry scouts, and infantry patrols, and fought according to the circumstances first as one, then as the other. There were times when whole batteries were cut off from their base of operations for several days, finally working their way back to the

friendly lines through the swamps and along the by-ways of that densely wooded section. Such service was not exceptional in the South, for cavalry, or even for small parties of dismounted troops, either during the Revolution or the War Between the States, but for field artillery it was unprecedented. Verily, Carter was the Marion of the Artillery. It is said that as he sat cross-legged upon his saddle in the midst of his guns at Seven Pines, while the hostile shell rained down upon his battery, Gen. D. H. Hill, of iron nerve and noted for his rugged speech, rode up to Carter, saluted him, and declared that he would rather be the captain of the King William Artillery on that day than President of the Confederacy. "Old Raw-Hide," as Hill was dubbed by his men, was not given to pretty speeches. Carter, like many of his illustrious compeers, was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. He was a kinsman of Lee, and it was to his home that the great soldier, but greater man, repaired immediately after Appomattox. His daughter later married Capt. Robert E. Lee, Jr., the soldier whose conduct at Sharpsburg we have noted.

As my mind dwells upon the arrival of Gen. Lee at "Pampatike," whither he hastened from Appomattox, to find in that secluded retreat a brief refuge from the world, I can picture nothing more touching than the greeting that there awaited him. It is a scene for a master brush.

I seem to see the outstretched hand of Carter firmly clasp that of his immortal commander, as the great soldier dismounts and ascends to the shattered portico of Carter's wrecked but still hospitable home. And then I seem to see the two gray-clad, silent warriors, with bowed heads, and firmly compressed lips, enter the darkened doorway, where the beautiful mistress of "Pampatike" greets them with a tearful welcome. No words are uttered as the great door closes behind them, and if uttered would be but a mockery at this moment!

And then I seem to see out there on the broad, neglected lawn, 'neath the patriarchal and shell-scarred oaks, that line the driveway, an ancient darkey, still faithful to that home, with caressing hands slip the martial and battle-stained trappings

from the weary back of old "Traveller," and turn him out to graze and root. No longer at "Pampatike" do the winds play over the fields of tasseled wheat; no longer the generous grain bins hold their yellow freight of yore, but out there where old "Traveller" roams are the tender grass of Spring and the budding trees that alone seem to give promise of a fuller measure and a better day to come!

Oh! that was a bitter time for Lee and his kinsmen and his people. But if there were sobs and tears at "Pampatike" where all about were the charred reminders of the flame of war that had swept over even that once happy home, the world did not hear and see them. And so, let us avert our eyes from that sacred scene, and leave the great captain there in the home of the veteran "gunner" who, like his comrades, had served him so faithfully for four long years—leave them there alone with "Sue Roy," typifying as she does the heroism of Southern womanhood—leave them there in the peace which has come to them all at last.

But it is not of Lee and his "gunners" alone that I think. Often my mind dwells upon those mute warrior steeds, who were surrendered at Appomattox—those warriors who drew the guns!

It was due to Grant's magnanimity that many of them were turned over to their former masters, for every soldier who claimed to own a horse or a mule was permitted by Grant's generous orders to retain his animal for farming purposes. And so, many of the poor, half-starved beasts that had survived that awful retreat exchanged the gun and the caisson for the plow and the harrow, the implements in that struggle for existence which for the next decade was to prove far more cruel and distressing for Lee's veterans than the war through which they had already passed.

Who can tell what were the emotions of those gallant gunners when first they struck the plowshare of peace into the poverty-stricken soil of their native fields? Did not the war-stained harness, which still hung from the backs of those weary, worn animals, recall to their minds the charger and the martial

trappings of a hundred battlefields? Did not the dumb patience of those faithful brutes, bearing like themselves the wounds and scars of battle, hold for Lee's veteran gunners a lesson of fortitude, and impress upon them the fact that together, the old war horse and the veteran, they must labor on for the salvation of the Southland?

Ah! it is sweet to believe that those brave "gunners," often as at dawn they led their old artillery teams from the leaky shelters that stabled them, recalled the reveille of other days, and perhaps, with manly tears in their eyes, gently stroked the muzzles of those faithful steeds. Or that, perhaps, as they rested together, men and beasts, in the heat of noon-tide 'neath the generous shade of some spreading oak, the sighing of the nearby pines recalled to their minds the rush of the guns, the hastening feet, the swelling roar of the battle of another day, and admonished them to be brave so that when the final Appomattox came upon them they might be released from the plow of life with the same consciousness of duty well performed, that filled their souls on that April day in 1865—that day when nature, with her scented fields and budding trees, sought to sweeten the bitterness of defeat, and soothe with her fragrant breath the fevered brow of a vanquished army!

STONEWALL JACKSON IN CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

By the Late Colonel A. R. BOTELER.

[*See Volume XL.*]

"The movement proposed by General Jackson will have to be postponed for reasons which I have already communicated to him, and of which you will soon be apprised." He then handed me a letter to give to the general, and in doing so suggested that as I was going up in the morning I had better stop at Charlottesville and wait for orders there. Of course, I asked no questions, though naturally curious to know what would probably be the character of my orders and why I was to wait for them at Charlottesville. But when I got there at noon the next day, I found the town in a fever of excitement, with a cordon of pickets posted around, preventing all egress from the place, and was told that, at least, a dozen trains of empty cars had passed through some hours before to the Valley. I had, therefore, no difficulty in divining what was in the wind, and that "great events were on the gale."

BOUND FOR THE CHICKAHOMINY.

Presently the scream of an engine announced an approaching train, and as it came thundering up to the station I saw, as I expected, it was filled with troops, who not only fully occupied the interior of the cars, but likewise their roofs, and, in fact, seemed to cover them all over like clusters of bees. The train paused but a minute or two at the station. As it "slowed up" I recognized Jackson, who was seated in a postal car next to the tender, and who, as I approached him, said in his quick, sententious way:

"Glad to see you, jump in!" at the same time extending his hand to assist me in clambering up at the side door.

"Got a pencil?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Paper?"

"Yes."

"Then, sit down, please," said he, "and write as I shall dictate to you."

From a little, old, brown-covered note book now lying before me I copy the following memoranda as I then wrote them in it at Jackson's dictation. I give them here to illustrate the method by which his army was transferred from the Valley to co-operate with the forces of General Lee in the famous "seven days' battles around Richmond" in which McClellan was so signally defeated.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTEBOOK.

June 19, 1862—Memoranda—On reaching Gordonsville telegraph to Major Dabney at Charlottesville (care of Mr. Hoge, or in his absence, of General Ewell), the following dispatches, viz:

1. Telegraph General Robinson to send Second Regiment Cavalry, Colonel Mumford, to vicinity of Port Republic to await orders and to reply when it will be there.
2. Telegraph Colonel Crutchfield to forward a battery of artillery to General Lawton.
3. Organize at once the corps of signal men under Vermillion, selecting six to ten additional men. Have their flags made.
4. Tell Major Harmon to have eighteen additional battle flags for infantry made at once.
5. Answer above when received.

FURTHER MEMORANDA.

After giving my personal attention to the foregoing instructions in Charlottesville, which detained me there the night

of the 20th, I returned the next day, by the general's order, to Gordonsville, where I received by telegraph from him at Fredericks Hall the following additional instructions:

"June 21, Gordonsville. Mem.: Let Lawton's troops that come from Charlottesville this morning proceed to Louisa Courthouse.

"Send back empty trains to take up Lawton's troops that are marching on the way.

"At Louisa Courthouse let the cars take up Ewell's troops and send back empty cars for those troops of Ewell that are yet marching.

"Telegraph as trains arrive.

"Communicate with Colonel Jackson."

The method by which this important movement of Jackson's troops from the Valley was accomplished—as may be inferred, if not fully understood, from the foregoing instructions—was by having his army stores, artillery and baggage forwarded by the burden trains and by causing the empty passenger trains to proceed to the rear of his line of march (which was chosen near the railroad), and take up the hindmost brigades, they, in a couple of hours, were carried the distance of a whole day's march. In this way, by Saturday night, nearly the whole command, with its impedimenta, was transferred without difficulty or delay to Fredericks Hall, a station on the Central Railroad, fifty miles from Richmond, where it rested on Sunday, and whence, on the following day, June 23, it took up its line of march across the country towards Ashland, on the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, within twelve miles of Richmond, arriving there on the evening of the 25th.

AN ENGLISH LORD'S OPINION.

Meanwhile I received instructions to proceed to Louisa Courthouse and establish a line of couriers from that place to Charlottesville, which I mention as an additional illustration of Jackson's foresight and sagacity in providing for possible con-

tingencies. Although at first I saw no occasion for couriers between the two points in question where we had telegraph stations, the necessity for them became abundantly apparent when I learned, a few hours after the line was established, that it had been surreptitiously cut by some secret enemy and no further reliance could be placed on them for the transmission of orders and intelligence.

Leaving Louisa Courthouse on horseback Wednesday morning, June 25, I next morning reached Ashland, where I found Governor Letcher and a substantial dinner, which was all the more enjoyable from my not having had anything to eat since the previous noon. While taking a post-prandial smoke at Ashland, two tired looking youths came up to me from across the fields on foot, the foremost of whom introduced himself as Mr. Carroll, of Baltimore, and presented his friend, Lord St. Muir, of England. They had run the blockade to see something of the war on our side, with which they heartily sympathized. I introduced them to the Governor, who, that afternoon, took them as his guests, to Richmond, where, during the following week, they had ample opportunities to gratify their curiosity, for his lordship told me afterwards he had witnessed some of the Seven Days' Battles. "Then you saw some hot fighting?" said I. "Yes," he replied; "it was rather warmish!" The same evening, Thursday, June 26, I rejoined General Jackson near Hundley's Corner, where we laid on our arms that night, vainly trying to sleep amid the angry mutterings of the coming storm of battle, which next day burst upon us and raged with such unexampled violence for seven successive days around the city of Richmond.

WHAT JACKSON THOUGHT OF LEE.

As it is no part of my purpose to attempt a description of that terrible series of Titanic struggles between the forces of Lee and McClellan, which terminated in the latter's strategic "change of base" to the shelter of his ships, I omit all mention of the various exciting incidents and sanguinary scenes through which we passed during the eventful days of their occurrence and come down to the quiet week that followed them, when

we were encamped at Westover, in sight of the defeated Federals at Harrison's Landing. One evening during that brief interval of rest Jackson called me into his tent and on my taking a seat, said in a tone of considerable excitement:

"Do you know that we are losing valuable time here?"

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, by repeating the blunder we made after the Battle of Manassas, in allowing the enemy leisure to recover from his defeat and ourselves to suffer by inaction——" "Yes," he continued, with increasing excitement, "we are wasting precious time and energies in this malarious region that can be much better employed elsewhere, and I want to talk with you about it."

He then went on to tell me it was evident McClellan's army was thoroughly beaten; that it would have to be reinforced and reorganized before it could become effective in the field; that, therefore, so far as it was concerned, the safety of Richmond was assured; that the movement northward which he had previously advised should be made without further delay; that he wanted me again to bring the matter to President Davis's attention, and that in doing so to tell the President it was not from any self-seeking he was so persistent in urging the movement, as he was entirely willing to follow any leader in making it whom he might think proper to designate. I then remarked: "What is the use of my going to Mr. Davis, as he'll probably refer me again to General Lee? So why don't you yourself speak to General Lee upon the subject?"

"I have already done so," he replied.

"Well, what does he say?" I asked.

"He says nothing," was Jackson's answer, but he quietly added: "Don't think I complain of his silence; he doubtless has good reasons for it."

"Then," said I, more for the purpose of eliciting his opinion than to intimate any of my own, "then you don't think that General Lee is slow in making up his mind?"

"Slow!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy, "by no means, Colonel; on the contrary, his perception is as quick and unerr-

ing as his judgment is infallible. But with the vast responsibilities now resting on him, he is perfectly right in withholding a hasty expression of his opinions and purposes." Then, after a pause, he added: "So great is my confidence in General Lee that I am willing to follow him blindfolded. But I fear he is unable to give me a definite answer now because of influences at Richmond, where, perhaps, the matter has been mentioned by him and may be under consideration. I, therefore, want you to see the President and urge the importance of prompt action."

BACK IN RICHMOND.

So it was arranged I should next day go up to Richmond and for the third time represent Jackson's views to the administration in regard to the movement he was so anxious to make.

When early on the following morning I was about to start, the general suggested that as Mr. Davis would probably be anxious to know the exact position of the enemy, I had better first accompany General Whiting and himself on a reconnoissance they intended to make for that purpose, so as to see for myself where they were and what they were doing.

Accordingly, we three rode off by ourselves toward the Federal outposts, and, leaving our horses hidden in the woods, managed to get behind a fence overgrown with bushes along which we cautiously crept across a large field, keeping ourselves concealed from the enemy's pickets, whom we could plainly see within hailing distance at the extremity of the adjoining field, until we finally reached a knoll, from which we had a fine view of the Federal encampment.

While making, by means of our glasses, such observations as we could from our "coigne of vantage," a large balloon suddenly loomed up before us, which seemed to hang almost over our heads,

Like a huge hawk in mid-air poised,
To pounce upon his prey,

so we deemed it prudent to retrace our steps before we were discovered. This little scouting expedition made it late in the morning before I left for Richmond, and I remember that my twenty-five miles' ride there was, by all odds, the hottest and most exhausting that I've ever had before or since.

The next day I saw Mr. Davis, said all that was necessary upon the object of my interview, and soon thereafter had the satisfaction of accompanying Jackson to a more congenial climate and in more active fields of duty.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS AT ARLINGTON.

Bishop COLLINS DENNY.

The significance of this monument ought not to be missed. In no other country can such a monument be found, perhaps; even in our own it is unique, and I have not forgotten the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham.

To make possible the burial here of Confederate soldiers, and over their graves to erect this notable work of genius, many influences combined. The plan was conceived in a camp of Confederate Veterans, it was born and nourished in the arms of Southern women. In this accomplishment no workers wrought with more credit than the United Daughters of the Confederacy, yet many wrought and there was much credit.

These blessed women of the South, many of whom honor us by their presence today, without apology for the glorious part they had taken, the inestimable help they had given, the yet untold agonies they suffered in the War between the States; without the humiliation of the men of the South, dead or living—their fathers, sons and brothers—who, in as fierce, as devastating a war as was ever waged, had gone forth to dare, to fight, to die for their dear land; without the denial of a jot of their faith in the right, the justice, the reasonableness of the cause for which all gave all—these women requested of the Federal officials authority to do this work, and when permission was granted, with tender hearts they gathered here the remains of their dead heroes and over their bodies raised this monument.

If that were all it would be enough to account for your presence here today. But that is by no means all. In truth the half has not been told.

These graves and this metal moulding into beauty are in the Nation's greatest military burial place, in the midst of the Nation's most beloved, renowned and illustrious dead, they in its custody, are under its protection, they are its property. They are here by the consent of the Nation, by the act of your former foes. Those who won ungrudgingly gave to those who lost a place to erect a tribute to their dead. Without that consent, without that formal enactment of the Congress of the United States, no monument to the Confederacy could stand here under the shadow of the Capitol's dome. The Congress taking that needed step, and taking it unanimously, was not controlled by Southern men, the government officials were not of Southern birth. Of you those ancient foes asked no apology for anything you had done, specifically they demanded no confession of wrong intended or accomplished in a war that left your land a desert, blackened with its ruins, covered with its ashes, furrowed with its graves, a war they found to be no child's play, but which strained their great resources to the utmost. Those men met your petition for the warrant to honor your dead not with a challenge to a contest in forum or in field, not with the sting of the taunting conqueror, but with a knightliness as honorable to them as it was gracious to you, and they joined with you in the dedication of this memorial to your dead.

Here is a magnanimity, a greatness of soul, worthy to be the theme of story and of song, and the South will not stint her appreciation nor her praise. Gladly she accords everything she claims. With you there is no question of the patriotism and courage of the men of the North, and this monument is the seal of your full and frank admission of their exalted chivalry.

The time has passed in this country when men enlightened in mind and manly in heart can speak to their brothers of returning prodigals and of calves killed to satisfy their hunger. The once potent catchwords of a blind and fallacious prejudice are no longer influential nor tolerable. All men of wisdom know that humiliation is not an ingredient of national

unity, that to ask men to forfeit their self-respect to deny, or even to conceal their honest opinions, is not an emollient but an acid, indeed a deadly poison to all true manhood.

By those qualified to judge, and that without regard to section, it is now universally admitted that you men of the South did not create the causes of that sad and terrible war, nor were those causes exclusively a Southern product. They were nation wide, and your generation inherited them, and not from your immediate ancestors. They were in the facts of our national life, the joint contribution of our revolutionary and colonial forefathers, North and South. They were sown in the Constitution itself and were seen and noted, but could not be prevented by the men who wrought out that amazing document. With the makers of the Constitution there was a vague and feeble hope that the division in sentiment, in prejudice, in purpose, in interpretation, which ran deep down into the subsoil of that compact of astonishingly able compromises, might be healed by a slow first intention of our developing federal union, that our opportunities, our necessities, our dangers might prevent infection of the wound of division and produce a healthy granulation of sound living tissue.

Our form of government was an experiment, an acknowledged experiment, the most venturous experiment in the turbulent history of civics. Its framers feared its failure. Some predicted that it would fail, some few foresaw and foretold a bloody conflict, certain, unavoidable.

Prior to the Revolution the only sovereignty known and acknowledged in the English-speaking colonies of this country was the crown of England. Each colony then assumed and exercised that sovereignty. Except the specifically enumerated powers delegated to the United States by the Constitution or prohibited by it to the States all others were reserved, and the enumeration of rights it was declared, could not be construed to deny or to disparage others retained by the people. By the Constitution some fundamentals were overlooked or untouched, others were undeveloped. There was a wide neutral and unexplored, if not unsuspected territory of rights and powers be-

tween the several States and the United States. There was ample room for differences, constant provocation to debate. Through long decades, in every known form, on every hustings, with an ability never excelled, with a learning as exhaustive as the available records made possible, the greatest and best trained intellects of the country argued, they discussed, they disputed. Neither section consistently maintained one interpretation. Each shifted its position according to its interests or its necessities. Only just before your birth did the two sections crystalize into diverse opinions. You were born in the settled belief that at your option you had a right to secede, a right inherent in the undisputed sovereignty of the States, a right proclaimed in these words by the Virginia Constitution when it ratified the Constitution: "the powers granted under this Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression;" and you acted on the conviction that your democracy, your liberty and your honor made secession a necessity. The men you fought were born into the honest persuasion that the Constitution did not provide for the disruption of the States, that secession was ruinous and wrong, that, if need be unwillingly, you must be held in the union, even at the expense of a fratricidal war, and when you seceded they made war. Secession was no sudden expedient. You believed it to be a lamentable and a last necessity. Only with agony did you break the bond your forefathers had given their blood to form.

With these honest opposite and firm convictions the war was inevitable. Nothing but the red blood of hearts precious alike in the North and in the South could fill the crevice left in the foundation of our government. That blood superabundantly shed completely filled that crevice, and this monument above these honored and ever beloved heroes of the South, hard by the honored and ever beloved heroes of the North—Americans all—is the material and sufficient evidence of a country genuinely reunited, of a people once more living harmoniously together in the house which their fathers had builded, with the old controversy forever settled, the old wound for-

ever healed. This monument is not the memorial of a bloody division, it is the seal of a fraternal union.

Our history, it has been discovered, is a succession of surprises. Here is the greatest surprise in the history of the Republic. To one who simply reads of this monument the story is but a fable, it needs a pilgrimage to make it a fact.

True, it is a Confederate monument, and rightly the work of one who wore the gray and shared in its renown, a son of genius who, in his youth, on a bloody field in his native Virginia, helped to plant his victorious banner on the captured cannon of his foe. Into it he put the tender experiences of his early life, the love of his land that did not die. Here he is to rest, his own work his halo.

We cannot, as we ought not to forget you old Veterans, nor your comrades who sleep in our soil. Heroes all! we hail you. With your blood you wrote the epic of your manhood, and no true man would now obliterate one word. Indelible is your record, and the climb of the centuries will but brighten your deeds. Never can we become so ungrateful as to forget how in your youth the South stripped herself to very nakedness, gave exhaustingly her last resources, gave the lives of her dearest and her best, gave all save honor. In these precious gifts we find the invulnerable, the unassailable, the inexpugnable proofs of your sincere patriotism, of the honesty of your convictions, of your ingenuous purpose. Unabashed, in the light of the glory of the courage and success and sacrifice of her sons and daughters, the South can look the world in the face and hear her record read.

You and your comrades never were cursed with that infirmity of mind, that utter lack of chivalry to the man you fought, that inability

To honor while you struck him down,
The foe that came with fearless eyes.

Not in the least do you abate your admiration and respect for the firm courage, the tenacious purpose, the heroic resistance of the men who made so bloody your three days' work

at Manassas, nor for those at Chancellorsville who, even when surprised, so manfully struck back. You rightly give hearty praise to the men at Gettysburg, whom even you, flushed with a success almost unbelievable, could not drive from Culp's Hill, Little Round Top, and Cemetery Ridge. We must give honor to the men who made your fight so hard, your many victories ultimately so unavailing; and we do give it readily and without reserve. All the glory, all the benefit, of those days of deadly strife are now the common heritage of all Americans. To the world, and to each other Americans have shown what they can accomplish when put to the crucial test, and how at the last they can accept the result.

Beside this monument you softened asperities, you allayed suspicions, you buried old jealousies, you abandoned old feuds, you renounced old enmities, you dissipated all legendary causes of bitterness, you discarded all unholy partisanship, you repudiated all divisive discord, and you obliterated all scars. In this hour all differences die. Now, not simply does the blue touch the gray, the two are interwoven. America is united.

While we are gathered here to honor our dead who fell for our cause and to greet their surviving comrades, the storm of another war breaks on us. We did not want this war, honestly and patiently we tried to avoid it. Long time we bore abundant tribulation, submitted to unprovoked wrong. Ardently we hoped, eagerly we worked, fervently we prayed that this cup might pass from us. A righteous and merciful God, our God and the God of our fathers, saw it was not wise to indulge in longings for peace, and permitted the Scourge of Europe to make war on us, whether as a just punishment of our manifold grievous and heinous sins and wickedness, which we acknowledge and bewail, or as a necessary discipline for the service and sacrifice we owe and only thus can pay to a sadly stricken world, or as a test that present and future generations might see what He has wrought out in this new world with a people who a little while ago were not a people, or for all these reasons, we do not know. Our part now is with humbled hearts and chastened spirits, with unflinching courage and grim

tenacity, to tread our appointed path to the very end, not to halt until we shall have finished our allotted work.

Is this generation equal to the task? Looking backwards to your day we see what sacrifice, what pain, what agony, what death await the sons and daughters of America. Woe worth the day. They enter a veritable *via dolorosa*. As we remember how heroically you men and you women of the South and of the North fought your fight, did your work, fully met your obligations, counted not your lives dear unto yourselves, and as we remember that these who now under your old eyes go into the mouth of this hell are the bone of your bone and the flesh of your flesh, we believe they will not be false to their fathers. We cannot but believe they can do what you did, can suffer what you suffered, can starve as you starved, can also walk as you walked with victorious tread through the fiery flames of battle; and they will. We can ask no more of them. No more have men ever done, no more can men ever do. For them, with the blessings of God, we can ask no more than such leaders as you followed. You will not think me narrow nor prejudiced nor sectional if I pray, God send our boys a Lee and a Jackson. Then even your deeds will be equalled. One blast upon their bugle horns would make you young again, and will make your sons the victors.

Look for a moment at what is involved. This is not simply a question of the disturbance of our accustomed life, nor is it merely a denial of the luxuries of human rights—of the right to trade in the marts of the world, or to travel in peace its ancient paths. It is more than a denial of American rights. It is the extinction of the very essence of human rights. Everything that men hold dear is at stake. Never before was the world in such a chaos. Order has been dethroned. Law has been assassinated. Ruthless hands are on the throat of liberty. A knife is at the heart of Christian civilization. Not to act is to attempt to live at peace with crime, but it is impossible to live at peace with crime. We are in this war determined, God helping us, that freedom shall not perish from the earth, for should liberty in Europe die today, it will be buried in America tomorrow.

Here, as by the mound on the plain of Marathon, patriotism may gain force, here as amid the ruins of Iona piety may grow warmer, for this also is historic and holy ground. Standing beside this monument so full of significance, surrounded by our immortal dead, in the presence of our living heroes, now grown gray, we renew the vow of our fathers, and mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor that, by the blessing of God, our land shall not furnish the grave for the liberty they so hardly won, that having lived upon the heritage they left us we will not shirk the responsibility its possession inevitably entails. We will not sit supinely down and see our children robbed of what we hold in trust for them. We will not condone the theft of this treasure even at the price of peace. We will not sell our birthright of freedom for an illusory peace—that in such a bargain would be but a mess of potage. Remembering whose sons we are we cannot, by our cowardice, prove recreant to our fathers. Since, in a defensive war, fight we must, fight we will. May God speedily send us a victory.

That throws over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret;

and peace so full of benefit to our foes as to leave in their hearts no place for bitterness.

A FAMOUS ARMY AND ITS COMMANDER.

Sketch of Army of the Peninsula and General Magruder—
Soldiers the Flower of the South—Conspicuous
for Splendid Qualities.

Dedicated to the Army of the Peninsula.

By Colonel H. T. DOUGLAS.

Half a century has passed since there was assembled on the historic plains of Yorktown, troops of the Confederate States Army, under Major-General John Bankhead Magruder, to be known thereafter as "The Army of the Peninsula." General Magruder was not a stranger to the people of Virginia; it was his native State, and the record of distinguished services rendered in the Mexican War, in which he won two brevets, and especial mention in the reports of General Scott, were fresh in the memory of his people. They welcomed him to the command of the Confederate troops at this important point.

The "Army of the Peninsula" was composed of the flower of the South; troops from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana filled its ranks.

It received its baptism of fire on the field of "Big Bethel," where the First North Carolina Infantry, under Colonel (afterward Lieutenant-General) D. H. Hill, a battalion of Virginia infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar Montague. Two companies of Virginia artillery (Richmond Howitzers), under Captain (after Colonel J. Thompson Brown and Captain Stanard,

commanded by Major (afterward General) George W. Randolph, and a small force of cavalry, the Old Dominion Guard, commanded by Captain Jeff Phillips, of Hampton, and the Charles City troop, commanded by Captain Robert Douthat, all commanded by General Magruder, met and defeated the Federal Army under the immediate command of General Pierce, forming a part of General B. F. Butler's army, then stationed at Fortress Monroe and Newport News.

It has been said by critiques, that this battle was a mere skirmish, unimportant in its results, and it is even alleged that the Confederate forces retired from the field almost as soon as the defeated Federal troops.

This is an unfair and unjust criticism. The real reason for not pressing the enemy was because of the very small force of General Magruder, and especially because of the lack of sufficient cavalry. The Confederate troops drove the enemy from the field and held their position, retiring to their camps the day following the battle. They had gone to meet the enemy, they did so and defeated him, although largely outnumbered. The troops had not at that time the experience in the field which they gained by long service thereafter, but the importance of winning the first battle of the war was of great value to the Confederate cause. A granite shaft has been erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy, those devoted women of Virginia, near the little church at "Bethel," to mark this historic event.

After the repulse of the Federal Army at "Bethel," the "Army of the Peninsula" was actively employed in constructing defences at "Gloucester Point" and "Yorktown," and along the line of the Warwick River to Lee's Mill, and in watching and skirmishing with the enemy, keeping him well within his entrenchments at Newport News and Fortress Monroe. In one of these skirmishes the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Drew, of Louisiana, was killed.

The Peninsula became the drill ground and training school for a part of that army to become so famous as the "Army of Northern Virginia," and to the lessons taught it by its able com-

mander may be attributed to a large degree the distinguished career of the soldiers of this gallant little army.

In the spring of 1862, General McClellan, with his grand army, splendidly organized and equipped, began his march from Fortress Monroe and Newport News, to Richmond.

The Confederate troops fell back slowly as McClellan advanced, until the lines at Yorktown and on the west bank of the Warwick River, stretching from Yorktown to Mulberry Island on the James River, were reached. The roster of the Army of the Peninsula shows that at that time the Confederate force numbered about 12,000 men, of all arms, and this "thin gray line" interposed the only barrier between that great Federal Army and the Confederate capital at Richmond, Va.

The defence of the Peninsula will be better understood when I state, that at Yorktown, the Peninsula narrows to a strip of land about fourteen miles in width between the James and York rivers. The little stream known as the Warwick River, a tributary of the James, has its source within less than a mile of Yorktown, and running almost due south, empties into the James River at Mulberry Island.

Along this stream there were two grist mills (Wynn's and Lee's mills), located about three and eight miles, respectively, south of Yorktown, and which, with ponds, covered a distance of about two miles of the defensive line. South of Lee's Mill, the Warwick River develops into a stream of about one hundred and fifty feet in width, and from five to ten feet in depth, with marshes on either side, affording a good defensive line. The defences at Yorktown consisted of bastioned earthworks, enveloping the town, connected by a covered way with two strong redoubts (Nos. 4 and 5) on the high ground south of Yorktown, commanding the head waters of the Warwick River and the approach to Yorktown. A line of rifle pits was constructed on the west bank of the Warwick River from Yorktown to Lee's Mill, and two dams located between Lee's and Wynn's Mills were thrown across the stream, flooding the lowlands to a depth of from two to five feet.

Earthworks for artillery and infantry were constructed at

Wynn's and Lee's Mills, commanding the two dams. The "Army of the Peninsula" occupied this line, sometimes with long intervals between the men. Between Redoubt No. 5 and Wynn's Mill, opposite Wynn's millpond, the Confederate line was held with men at intervals of about twenty feet. In rear of and parallel with the line of defense, a military road, affording quick communication between all parts of the line, was constructed, and was effectively used to assemble troops at points attacked or threatened by the enemy. The weak points in the defensive line of the Peninsula were two flanks resting on the York and the James Rivers.

So long, however, as the Confederate battleship "Virginia" stood in the pathway of "Hampton Roads," commanding the approach to Norfolk and the mouth of the James River, which it did, after its great battle in which it destroyed the United States ships "Congress" and "Cumberland," and forced the "Monitor" and "Minnesota" to seek shallow water, where the "Virginia" could not follow, the right flank of the army was secure, the left flank was still open to the enemy's ships, but defended by the guns of Yorktown and Gloucester Point.

For three long weeks the little "Army of the Peninsula" of 12,000 men held the lines at Gloucester Point and Yorktown, and stretching fourteen miles across the Peninsula to Mulberry Island on the James River, meeting the enemy with undaunted front at every point. McClellan felt our strength by attacks at various points along the line. At Dam No. 1, between Wynn's and Lee's Mills, defended by a small force of infantry and artillery, a fierce attack was made one afternoon, the enemy was met with great gallantry, defeated, and driven back with considerable loss. In this attack Colonel McKenny, of the Fifteenth North Carolina Infantry, was killed.

The lines of the two armies were so closely drawn at this point, and the firing so constant, both by day and night, that the enemy's dead, many of whom fell within a few feet of our line of rifle pits, could not be collected for burial. After several days the commanding officer of the Federal forces, under flag of truce, asked for a cessation of hostilities and permission to gather up and bury their dead, which was granted.

After making attacks at several points along our line, and being met at every point, McClellan, with his grand army, sat down in front of this little army and began by regular approaches his preparations for the second siege of Yorktown. At the end of three weeks reinforcements from General Jos. E. Johnston's army, under Generals G. W. Smith, Longstreet, Early, Ewell, Whiting, Rodes and Hood, began to arrive, and General Johnston moved down and established his headquarters at Lee's house, about seven miles south of Yorktown, and assumed command of the united Confederate forces.

The relief afforded to the "Army of the Peninsula," almost worn out by three long weary weeks of constant watching and fighting, wrestling with their giant foe, was most acceptable. With reinforcements we became very "cockey," believing that if McClellan would attack, we could do more than act on the defensive, and visions of possibly a great victory filled the hearts of the men of the "Army of the Peninsula."

Time went on, each army watching the other, and skirmishing daily, until one morning the writer, who was the engineer officer of the "Army of the Peninsula," was summoned to the quarters of General Magruder and told that General Johnston had decided to abandon the Peninsula and that preparations should be made for the movement. Worn out by the anxiety and activity of a campaign which for skill and courage has rarely been equaled, to abandon the field which he had defended with a skill and energy never surpassed, and where he had hoped and expected to give battle, was a great disappointment to this old soldier, and with a voice broken by the emotion which filled his breast, he arose from his sick bed and pointing toward the field where for so many days and nights his splendid little army had contended with and held in check its giant foe, exclaimed: "*Sic transit gloria Peninsula.*"

General Magruder was strongly opposed to the abandonment of the Peninsula and urged his views on General Johnston with all the force he could bring to bear. He knew that to abandon it meant the giving up of Norfolk, the Eastern Shore counties of Virginia, and all the country south of the James River east of City Point, and the destruction of the ironclad

Virginia, the draft of which was too great to be taken up the James River. He knew that it meant the practical abandonment of Eastern North Carolina, for it gave to the enemy a base at Norfolk from which they could operate within short distances and without interruption from the Confederate forces. Burnside's attack on Roanoke Island was one of the events which followed the abandonment of the "Peninsula."

He urged that the Peninsula afforded strong lines for defensive warfare by an inferior force, and hence that we should not abandon it. In these opinions General R. E. Lee concurred. General Johnston, however, was the commander of the army and he had determined otherwise, and as a soldier, Magruder's duty was to obey orders.

The movement of General Johnston's army begun, McClellan was quick to follow, and at Williamsburg, the scene of the early history of Virginia, both Colonial and State, and which for seventy years had been its capital, McClellan attacked with vigor the rear guard of General Johnston's army. The fighting for several hours was sharp, with considerable losses on both sides. The "Army of the Peninsula" proved itself worthy of its distinguished commander, many yielding up their lives on this bloody field. Among them the gallant Mott, of Mississippi; Ward, of Florida, and Irby, of Alabama, all of the "Army of the Peninsula."

Williamsburg afforded a strong defensive position. It occupied a high plain, between two tributaries of the "York" and the "James" Rivers, known, respectively, as "Capital" and "College" Creeks, difficult of passage to an army, and with an interval of not over two miles between these streams.

Upon the ground on which the battle was fought, General Magruder had selected positions and erected slight earthworks in anticipation of the events which followed, and it is not overstating the facts to say that the Confederate Army, then on the ground, could have held this position indefinitely against the army opposed to it. The James River, as a source of supplies, was securely held by the "Virginia" and the left flank could have been readily taken care of had the enemy attempted to turn it by using the "York" River.

Among the acts of vandalism perpetrated by the Federal army was the burning of the buildings of the old College of William and Mary at Williamsburg, the oldest institution of learning, save Harvard, in the country, and which had been the alma mater of some of the most distinguished men. Among them Presidents Jefferson and Tyler and General Winfield Scott. I do not believe that General McClellan approved of this act, but it was done by his army, as the buildings at Lexington of the Virginia Military Institute were burned by General Hunter, in his memorable campaign in the Valley of Virginia, from which he was driven by General Early.

The Confederate forces, although largely outnumbered, only a small part of the Confederate army having been engaged in the battle, repulsed every attack and drove back the enemy at every point, and after holding their ground, at its leisure, resumed its march.

The next clash of arms occurred at Eltham, near Barhamsville, in New Kent county, about sixteen miles north of Williamsburg. McClellan, finding General Johnston had retired his army from his front on the Peninsula, sent Franklin's corps, who had not debarked from their transports, up the York River, and landing on the south bank of the Pamunkey River, near the Brick House opposite West Point, pushed out to intercept General Johnston's army, moving on the Barhamsville Road. At Burnt Ordinary, a point twelve miles northwest of Williamsburg, the road leading from Williamsburg to Richmond divides, one continuing north via Barhamsville and New Kent Courthouse, the other turning to the west, via Diascund Bridge and Providence Forge.

From continued rains and the movement of wagon-trains the roads had become almost impassable for artillery and wagons, and consequently, the movement of the Confederate army was slow. McClellan anticipated the dividing by General Johnston of his army at Burnt Ordinary, moving it over the two roads, and sent Franklin with his corps to attack that part of Johnston's army moving on the Barhamsville Road. Franklin's attack was feeble, and was met by a brigade under Whiting and driven back. If the Confederate army had made a vigorous

counter attack on Franklin's Corps, it might have been destroyed or captured. It was in this fight that Archer, of Maryland, and Hood, with the troops which afterward became so distinguished as the Texas Brigade, won their spurs. The army continued its march without further interruption, until the south bank of the Chickahominy was reached.

Then followed, on May 31st, 1862, the undecisive battle of "Seven Pines," where General Joseph E. Johnston was seriously wounded, and then General Robert E. Lee assumed the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. The Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, in which McClellan's army was beaten and forced to abandon the movement on Richmond, quickly followed, and at "Savage Station" and "Malvern Hill," the last one of the bloodiest of these memorable engagements, the "Army of the Peninsula," under General Magruder, bore the brunt of the day, losing heavily at "Malvern Hill" in the attack on McClellan's army.

In the carnival of war which followed during the next three years, the "Army of the Peninsula" was merged into many of the different commands of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was always conspicuous for its high courage, its soldierly qualities and devotion to duty. Many of its officers became greatly distinguished, holding the highest commands, won by their valor and distinguished services, on many a field which will live in history for all time.

After the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, General Magruder was assigned to the command of the District of Texas, the Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and relinquished his command in the Army of Northern Virginia.

When he assumed command of the District of Texas, Galveston, its principal port, was in possession of the enemy. In a short time he organized a force, consisting of dismounted cavalry, and with a small river steamboat, attacked the enemy at Galveston, capturing the city and the United States gunboat "Harriet Lane," with a large quantity of stores, and thereafter the city of Galveston was held by the Confederate army

until the close of the war. For boldness and skill this achievement has never been surpassed.

Again at "Sabine Pass," near the "Port Arthur" of today, with a single company of artillery under Captain Smith, occupying a small earthwork, he defeated an attack of the United States navy, and captured several of their ships. The career of this brilliant soldier closed with the war, the last troops to surrender being those of his command.

The roll of that gallant little "Army of the Peninsula" shows that its numbers are growing less each year, until soon there will be none left to recount its story. Taps has been sounded long ago for its commander and for many of those gallant spirits who, with the writer, practically began their military life with its organization.

My object in writing this brief sketch of the "Army of the Peninsula" and its distinguished commander, General John Bankhead Magruder, is that history should not be silent in recording the deeds of as gallant an army as ever bore arms, and that the services of its distinguished commander should not be veiled in obscurity.

It has been written without notes or papers of reference. That it has been a labor of love, I need scarcely say. The years that have passed since '61-'62 have changed the youth of that time to the gray-haired veterans of today, and many have long ago passed to their last account.

To my comrades of the "Army of the Peninsula," the survivors of the commands of General George W. Randolph, Colonels Tom August, Joe Mayo, Jeff Phillips, Edgar Montague, J. Thompson Brown, H. Coulter Cabell, Ben. S. Ewell, Jack Maury, Harrison B. Tomlin, William R. Aylett, Crump and Robert Johnston; Captains Robert Douthat, Ben. Harrison, John Lamb, Jones Rivers Christian, Robert Caskie and Telemachus Taylor, of Virginia; of Generals Howell and T. R. R. Cobb, Pierce M. B. Young, and Robert Toombs, of Georgia; of Colonels Mott and Taylor, of Mississippi; of Colonel Ward, of Florida; of Generals D. H. Hill, Lane and Hoke, and Colonel McKinney, of North Carolina; of General Kershaw, of South Carolina; of

Colonels Fry and Winston, of Alabama; of Colonels DeRussy, Marigny, Hunt, Forno, Zulokowskie, Levy, York, Coppons, Rieter and Drew, of Louisiana, members of the old "Army of the Peninsula," and to the cherished memories of my associates on General Magruder's staff, Generals J. M. St. John, John M. Jones and Cosby, Colonels Andrew Dickinson, William Proctor Smith, E. P. Turner and Joe Philips; Majors R. Kidder Meade, White, George Wray, Bloomfield, Allen B. Magruder, Henry Bryan, Charley Hill, Eugene Pendleton; Captains Hugh Stanard, Willie Alston, George Magruder, and James M. Stubbs, nearly all of whom have long since "crossed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," I dedicate my sketch.

I know I have left unrecorded and unsaid a great deal that might and should be said of the deeds accomplished by this gallant army and its commander, and have omitted important names and events—for this I plead the apology of memory. It was a part of that army who, under General R. E. Lee, won from the gallant foe that name which will never die—"The Invincible Infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia." The army who writ its name so high upon the tablets of fame, that its deeds will live in song and story so long as the virtues of the citizen-soldier who fought singly and alone for his home and fireside, without the hope of reward, save that which comes from duty performed, and perished without a blot upon its escutcheon, is recognized by the civilized world, transmitting to future generations an example of lofty courage and devotion to duty never surpassed, and but rarely equaled in all history, and which has made the name of the Confederate soldier honored by all the world. The followers of those peerless commanders, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and many other gallant spirits, who gave up their lives for a cause which, although blotted out by the shadow of defeat on the field of battle, lives as a principle now and forever.

LITERATURE OF THE WAR.

CONFEDERATE PUBLICATIONS IN THE SIXTIES.

The following article was written by Mr. James D. McCabe. It appeared in a literary weekly published in Philadelphia some years ago, to which city Mr. McCabe removed after the war.

The war of the Confederacy at one time seemed about to witness the birth of a genuine Southern literature. Several literary enterprises were established, and in the main flourished until cut short by the sudden termination of the struggle. At the very outset of the war the firm of Hutton & Freleigh, of Memphis, established a very creditable monthly, to which they gave their name. It went down after a few issues, involving its proprietors in loss. It was for this magazine that Henry L. Flash wrote his beautiful poem of "Zollicoffer." The Southern Field and Fireside, published, we think, at Augusta, Ga., maintained a checkered existence during the war and perished with the Confederacy. In January, 1864, Messrs. Johnson & Schaffter established at Lynchburg, Va., the Weekly Register, which was intended to be a chronicle of current events in the style of Niles' Register. It was short-lived, and expired after less than a year's existence. Richmond was naturally the scene of the principal literary enterprises of the Confederacy, and the best and most successful weeklies and monthlies were published there. Their circulation extended throughout all parts of the South that could be reached by the mails, and in the army. The Record was a handsome little sheet that would have done credit to any city. It was published by West & Johnston, and was edited by Mr. John R. Thompson, at one time the editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. It was devoted mainly to recording the current events in all quarters of the globe. Its news was con-

densed into well-digested tables, which were most convenient for reference. Its editorials were ably written, and its correspondence was interesting and valuable. A full file of this journal, if one could be had, would be very valuable to the future historian. Mr. Thompson received considerable assistance from the Confederate State Department upon the collection of his foreign news. The Record was published weekly, and could boast the whitest paper and the neatest printing of any journal issued in the South. The Illustrated News was the property of Messrs. Ayres & Wade, and was issued weekly. It had its own office, steam presses and all the appointments of a complete establishment. The capital for the enterprise was furnished by Mr. Ayres, who undertook its business management. Mr. Wade was the editor of the journal and managed the printing office. He had served a faithful apprenticeship in journalism on the Richmond dailies, and while at the head of the Illustrated News was also city editor of the Daily Inquirer, filling both posts with credit. The News was a well-edited and enterprising weekly of eight pages. One of its leading and most popular features was the publication, in each number, of a portrait and memoir of some distinguished Confederate general. This occupied the front page of the paper, and rendered it very attractive. Some of the portraits were admirable likenesses—others horrible caricatures. On the whole, however, the illustrations of the News were creditable, considering the resources at its command. The drawings on wood were made chiefly by W. L. Sheppard, whose reputation is now national. They were, like all of Mr. Sheppard's works, well done, and made a handsome appearance on the block. The engraving was the work, in most cases, of Capt. J. W. Torsch, the Baltimore engraver. The miserable paper and ink which the News was compelled to use, however, neutralized the efforts of artist and engraver. The illustrations were not very numerous, but they served to console in part for the loss of Harper's Weekly and Frank Leslie. The office of the News was destroyed in the fire of April, 1865, and the publication of the journal was not resumed after the war.

The Magnolia Weekly began its existence in the second

year of the Confederacy. It was established by Mr. Charles Bailie, a printer of Richmond, the first number appearing on the 4th of October, 1862. It began as an unassuming four-page sheet, about the size of Harper's Weekly, and struggled slowly into favor. Mr. Bailie, who had long been a consumptive, died in December, 1862. To his brother-in-law, Mr. William A. J. Smith, he declared that his greatest regret in dying was that the *Magnolia* would die with him. Smith, who was devotedly attached to Bailie, on the impulse of the moment, promised that the paper should not die, but that he would carry it on himself. Bailie died immediately, and thenceforth Smith felt himself bound by a solemn obligation to carry the *Magnolia* to success. Being ignorant of the printer's art, or of publishing, he formed a partnership with Mr. Oakley P. Haines, one of the staff of the *Daily Inquirer*, who assumed the editorial charge. Mr. Haines was then engaged in reporting the debates in the Confederate Senate and was subsequently one of the official reporters in the Confederate House of Representatives. He had also reported the proceedings of the Virginia State (secession) convention from beginning to end. His connection with the *Magnolia* began immediately after the death of Mr. Bailie. In March the size of the paper was increased to eight pages, and it was issued in new type and greatly improved in appearance. Under Mr. Haines' management the character of the paper was elevated. New contributors were secured, and the columns of the enlarged *Magnolia* showed everywhere the guidance of its editor. Mr. Haines, after placing the paper on a firm and well-paying basis within the year, found that it was too great a strain to keep up the two lines of work, as he was compelled to pin down to them day and night, and, preferring to continue with the *Inquirer*, sold his interest in the *Magnolia* to his partner, Mr. Smith, and resigned the editorial charge. At his suggestion the editorial chair was offered to the writer and was accepted. It was a good representative of Southern literature. All of its leading articles were the productions of Southern writers, and its numbers contained very little reprinted matter. It paid its writers liberally; Mr. Smith often

increased the compensation agreed upon, because he was personally attracted by some article in the paper. It was pure and healthy in tone and never dull. Among the contributors to its columns were William Gilmore Simms, Paul H. Hayne, Henry Timrod, A. J. Reqnier, Capt. John Esten Cooke, William Archer Cocke (author of "The Constitutional History of the United States"), Prof. E. S. Joynes, Prof. Schele de Vere, Charles P. Dimitry, W. Gordon McCabe, Miss Susan Archer Talley, Miss Constance Carey, Mrs. Augusta DeMilly and many others of the writers of the South.

In June, 1863, the *Magnolia* offered a prize of \$500 for the best original serial story. This was followed by an offer of \$1,000 for a similar story on the part of the *Illustrated News*. Both drew out very good efforts in fiction. The *Magnolia* prize was won by Mr. Charles P. Dimitry, and that of the *Illustrated News* by Miss Mary Hawes, of Hanover County, Virginia. Mr. Dimitry's story was a well written novel of English life called "Guilty or Not Guilty." Miss Hawes' story was called "The Rivals," and was a romance of the war. Mr. Dimitry's story was by far the better production. In the spring of 1864 the writer resigned the editorship of the *Magnolia* and was succeeded by Mr. Charles P. Dimitry, who continued to direct it until the destruction of the office in the fire of April, 1865, when the career of the paper came to a close.

The subscription price to the Richmond dailies was \$30 per annum. To the weeklies mentioned above it was \$20. Three literary magazines were published in Richmond. The oldest and most famous of these was the *Southern Literary Messenger*, one of the best-known journals in the South. It had been in existence for a quarter of a century or more before the outbreak of the war, and among its editors had numbered Edgar Allan Poe and John R. Thompson. Its contributors had included some of the best names in American literature. It had always ranked with the first-class periodicals of the country, but it had never reaped the pecuniary reward to which it was so justly entitled. For many years its existence had been a struggle. Its proprietors, Messrs. Macfarlane & Ferguson, had continued its publication more as a matter of pride than of profit, and after

the war began found their burden a very heavy one. In the spring of 1864 they sold the magazine to Messrs. Wedderburn & Alfriend. Rev. Frank H. Alfriend, the junior member of the firm, assumed the editorial control, and without lowering its high standard he infused new life into it and made it a capital monthly. Yet, after all, the enterprise was not a pecuniary success. In the spring of 1864 Messrs. Smith and Barron, the proprietors of the *Magnolia*, issued a magazine, entitled *Smith & Barron's Monthly Magazine*. *Blackwood's* was taken as the model for its outward appearance. The editor was Mr. Charles P. Dimitry, and the first number was very creditable, giving promise of more than ordinary literary excellence. The publishers were unable to carry on the enterprise, and it died after the issue of No. 1. *The Age*, also a monthly magazine, and perhaps the handsomest of all in appearance, was owned and edited by Mr. Ernest Lagarde, a Louisianian. He achieved a very decided literary success with it, but it was suspended after several numbers had been issued.

THE STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES
SHIP "VIRGINIA" (Once Merrimac.)

Her Victory Over the Monitor.

By Col. WILLIAM NORRIS,
Chief of Signal Corps and Secret Service Bureau,
Confederate States Army.

PUBLISHED 1879. REPUBLISHED FROM THE ONE COPY SURVIVING THE
DESTRUCTION OF THE EDITION.

An article in the *Army and Navy Journal*, June 13th, entitled *The "Monitor" and the "Merrimac,"* is one of the very choicest specimens yet produced of the Northern mode of manufacturing history. A grand victory is claimed for the "*Monitor*," whereas a more palpable, undeniable defeat shall never have been recorded in naval history. The proofs are being prepared by those who were actors in the drama, who will produce facts and figures, chapter and verse, bearings and distances. In the meantime here is a brief statement (written hastily and from memory), by a Confederate soldier, who, from a *safe position* saw the fight. It is intended only as a light four-pounder rocket; several 200 pound chilled bolts, conical, will follow. We must *now* settle all disputed questions and reach the *facts*, for it is time that the great fight should pass into history.

It remains to be seen whether it would not have been wiser in the Federals to have remained content, with our tacit acquiescence (to our shame be it said), in their brazen claim, as at first slowly and insidiously set up, to a "drawn battle."

And here I would observe that the writer shows the stereotyped Yankee passion for ringing all the changes upon the word

"Rebel" and its compounds. Now, we Confederates, often see in print "the foul dishonoring word" (only less offensive than traitorous renegade), and hear it sometimes used in a general collective way, but individually applied, and *vice voce*, we never hear it. Curious! !

And first, a few words as to the *Virginia*. The Federals, previous to their flight from Norfolk, had burnt all the United States Government vessels; and we, taking from the mud the hulk of the frigate *Merrimac*, built over it a roof of two-inch iron plates, and cleaning up the hull and overhauling the engines, we formally named the new craft "*Virginia*," as we hauled her out of dock, and that model sailor and gentleman, the gallant Buchanan, took command. She was put up in the roughest way; but the fatal defect in her construction was, that the iron shield extended only a few inches below the water-line. A shell or two amidships, between wind and water (she had no knuckle), and her career was closed. She drew 22 feet of water, was in every respect ill-proportioned and top-heavy; and what with her immense length and wretched engines, (than which a more ill-contrived, spraddling and unreliable pair were never made,—failing on one occasion while the ship was under fire,) she was little more manageable than a timber-raft.

In his report to Com. Tattnal, April 5th, '62, Chief Engineer Ramsay said: "The engines gave out yesterday, as had occasion to report to you, after running only a few hours; and as I cannot insure their working any length of time consecutively, I deem it my duty to make this report. Each time that we have gone down to the Roads I have had to make repairs, which could not have been done aboard ship very well, or, if done at all, would have required a great deal of time."

The quarters for the crew were damp, ill-ventilated and unhealthy; one-third of the men were always on the sick-list, and upon being transferred to the hospital, they would convalesce immediately. She steered *very* badly, and both her rudder and screw were wholly unprotected. Her battery was magnificent, of course, for Catesby Roger Jones had planned and equipped it; and that he had no peer in this branch of his profession (ord-

nance), I believe that every fair man in the "old navy" will concede.

The day after our return to Norfolk, in reply to the question, addressed individually, to every officer and seaman of each division, they said, to a man, that they were unable to suggest *any*,—the *slightest* alteration, which would increase the efficiency of the battery; not so much as by the twisting, or untwisting of a rope yarn.

After the *Virginia* had annihilated the Federal fleet, and beaten off the *Monitor*, our people, who, outside of naval circles, knew nothing whatever of her construction, expected her to accomplish all manner of impossible absurdities. She was first to take Washington, then New York, and after raising the blockade of the Southern ports, she was to rival the splendid career of the Alabama. The truth was, that the ship was not weatherly enough, to move in Hampton Roads, at all times, with safety, and she never should have been found more than three hours sail from a machine shop. The wildest suggestions were gravely urged upon the Navy Department; but I remember that the *Monitor* was never considered the smallest obstacle to her movements, inland or seaward. We consider *her* as she proved to be, *hors du combat*.

With this huge, unwieldy make-shift, then, and (so characteristic of Buchanan's *dash*, without the slightest trial or experimental trip for we had only warped her from dock to dock), officered with the very cream of the old navy, and manned by as gallant a crew as ever fought in a good cause—Southern born almost to a man—we steamed out on that beautiful Saturday morning, freighted down to the very guards, with the tearful prayers and hopes of a whole people, heroically against overwhelming odds, to dissolve a hated political partnership, into which they had been inveigled, and which had now become *noisome* and incestuous—and fighting to the death, *only* that they might govern their own soil in their own way. Every man and officer well understood the desperate hazards of the approaching fight; the utter feebleness of their ship, and the terrible efficiency of the enemy's magnificent fleet. Most of them had taken, as

they supposed, a last farewell of wives, children, friends, and had set in order their worldly affairs. All the lieutenants (Jones excepted) shortly before, and for the first time, had in their respective churches—Protestant and Catholic—publicly partaken of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Of the devotedness, of the unselfish, patriotic purity of motive, which now led them, to give their lives to their Country, the Searcher of all hearts knew.

She had been so crowded, with mechanics from the yard, that there had been little opportunity to drill or exercise the crew. Up to the very hour of sailing, she had been swarming with workmen, and she was *actually in motion* as the last of them and the writer jumped ashore. Says Lieutenant Eggleston in a letter, "We thought we were going upon an ordinary trial trip. I know of no other officer except John Taylor Wood, who would have wound up a trial trip as our grand old Hero, Buchanan, did in Hampton Roads that day."

It had just gone three bells, and the vessel having passed the obstructions, Buchanan addressed his crew: "*Sailors*:—In a few moments you will have the long expected opportunity for showing your devotion to our cause. *Remember* that you are about to strike for your country, for your wives, your children, your homes, for the right. Beat to quarters." And now, before fifty minutes have elapsed, we are at Newport News, where lie at anchor the *Cumberland* and *Congress*; hurrying up from Old Point in all "the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war," we see the splendid frigates *Minnesota* and *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence*. About 3 P. M., we began the fight with a shot from our bow gun; it killed and wounded ten men at the after pivot gun of the *Cumberland*. Our second shot killed and wounded twelve men at her forward pivot gun. Both guns were pointed and fired by Lt. Chas. Simms. We give the *Congress* a broadside as we pass, which was handsomely returned, but the pilot at the wheel has drawn a bead upon the *Cumberland*, and holds her true as the needle for the doomed ship. It is just a little past slack water, and the *Cumberland*, having swung around about three-quarters, is lying slightly athwart the stream and is

just about tautening her cable to the young flood. She gives us another splendid broadside as we near her. Relentless as Fate we rush down upon her, and crushing through the barricade of heavy spars (torpedo fenders), we strike below the starboard fore chains and crash far into her hull. The chief engineer, waiting with intense anxiety to reverse the engines, as ordered, could not fix upon the instant of concussion, so slight had been the shock to us.

We back off, and now, the blue waters are rushing in, to fill the cavern we have made in the beautiful frigate; she reels, and rolls, and staggers, and now the waves engulf her, carrying down that hated flag,—to us, the emblem of so much wrong, and oppression, and sorrow

Delicious recollection! She was at the bottom within twenty minutes after we struck, and was so gallantly fought, that *in that time*, she did us more damage than all the rest of the Yankee fleet together—*Monitor* included. We head up stream a short distance, in order that we may turn and come down upon the *Congress*. In the hope that we had retired from the unequal fight, there was great Yankee cheering ashore and afloat. It was soon changed to lamentation and flight. Terrified at the fate of their consort, they make it a case of *sauve qui peut*,—did those skedad-dling warriors, who with music and banners, had just now come sailing down so proudly to fight us. In their terrified flight, they plump the *Congress* and *Minnesota* ashore, the *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence* succeed in making their escape. And now we have closed with the *Congress*, deliberately taking position just under her counter. Her flag soon comes down by the run. Two surrender flags are run up, and her officers delivering up their swords, entreat that they may return, to assist in getting their wounded out of the ship. Permission is given by Buchanan, but they *never return*.

In defiance of the usages of war as observed, even among savages, a sharp fire is kept up from the shore batteries, wounding Admiral Buchanan, Lieutenant Minor and five of their own men, now our prisoners. We reply to this outrage with hot shot and incendiary shell, and very soon the *Congress* makes a brilliant

bon-fire to illumine the Roads. And now for the *Minnesota*. But just here a precious hour and more is lost through a distressing error on our side; and the pilots, nervous and timid, in the absence of all lights and buoys, insist upon bringing the ship to anchor while yet the daylight lasts. Our anchor is down under Sewell's Point, our ship *unscratched by a pin*, and in the hope that "all's well" with our noble old wounded Captain, the night wears tranquilly away. The fire of the *Cumberland* had killed two men and wounded fourteen, and had also carried away the muzzles of two guns, but we never ceased firing them, and the damage was wholly immaterial.

It was deemed of importance that no vessel of our little fleet should leave the Roads that night, and so, at about dusk, the writer, who had volunteered, took charge of the prisoners from the *Congress*. They were twenty-three (23), of whom five (5) had been badly wounded by the *Yankee* fire. After a long pull against a strong ebb tide, and a very anxious one—the *unencumbered* prisoners numbering eighteen (18), and the *encumbered* boats' crew number nine (9)—they were landed before midnight at the Naval Hospital in Norfolk, two of the wounded prisoners (marines) having died in the Signal Corps gig, just before reaching the landing stage.

In the early morning we land our Admiral, sorely stricken, but cheery and game as a lion, and as soon as the barge of the *Patrick Henry* returns from the duty, with our ship in "inspection order," Jones, who has succeeded to the command, gets under way to finish the *Minnesota*. Next comes the *Patrick Henry* (once *Yorktown*), commanded by Admiral John Randolph Tucker, our Princely sailor Knight, "so stuffed with all honorable virtues," and next in the *Jamestown* comes our own gallant Barney, Baltimore born; and hovering about us are our dashing little mosquito fleet, under Webb, and Parker, and Alexander. We soon descry a strange-looking iron tower sliding over the waters towards us, but it bears a hated flag, and we dash at it. It is the *Monitor*, which, during the previous night, had come in from sea, and which, by the light of the burning *Congress*, had been seen and reported by one of our pilots. In the

strong, Anglo-Saxon which all good pilots affect, he remarked to a midshipman of the watch, "There goes that d—d Ericsson," which we knew all about from Yankee newspapers.

She had been in momentary danger of foundering during the twenty-four hours passage from Sandy Hook to Cape Henry, and in ordinary reef topsail breeze.

And now the great fight has begun, and Commodore Parker's account of it is substantially correct and fair. It will be remembered that this was the first engagement of iron-clads in the World's History. During the Crimean War two or three French ships had been partially shod with iron, but they were never brought into action, and the experiment had as yet, therefore, yielded no practical results. Old things had passed away, and in an instant, as it were, the experiences of "a thousand years of battle and of breeze" were brought all to naught—its lessons to be unlearned and forgotten. In a new volume and upon a virgin page was the art of naval warfare being recorded.

Nearly two hours have passed, and many a shell and shot have been exchanged at close quarters, with no perceptible damage to either. The *Virginia* is discouragingly cumbrous and unwieldy. To wind her for her broadside fire, each fire, fifteen minutes are lost; while, during all this time, the *Monitor* is whirling around and about like a top, and by the easy working of her turret, and her precise and rapid movement elicits the wonder and admiration of all. The ships passed and re-passed very near each other; frequently we delivered our broadside at the distance of only a few yards, and with no greater perceptible effect than if we had thrown marbles at her.

Coming down from the spar deck and observing a division standing "at ease," Jones observed, "why are you not firing. Mr. Eggleston." "Why, our powder is very precious," replied the Lieutenant, "and after two hours incessant firing I find that I can do her just about as much damage, by fashing my thumb at her every two minutes and a half."

The fight had not lasted ten minutes before Jones knew very well (and which no other man in the ship knew) that our chances were as an orange against all Lombard street. Of all the human

beings afloat that day in Hampton Roads, Catesby Jones was, perhaps, the only one capable of comprehending the situation at a glance. In addition to his thorough professional training, theory and practice, he had conducted an exhaustive of experiments, with iron-shod targets, near Norfolk, and knew that our double two-inch iron plates as against the XI-inch guns of the *Monitor*, were a mere sham and a pretence; about the same protection that two sheets of tin would afford a target against a rifle at point blank range. And he knew, too, that the turret of the *Monitor* was impenetrable to our shot or shell, or to the fire of any other artillery of that day; and so he determines to waste no more time with his guns. She is *certainly* invulnerable to our *shell*, and we had but twenty solid shot on board. They were of nine-inch diameter, of very great windage, of course, and intended to be used as hot shot for wooden vessels.

Our next move, therefore, is to *run her down*. A tedious manoeuvring for position; now "back the engines"—now "go ahead"—now "hard a-starboard the helm"—now "hard a-port"—weary, weary minutes—an eighth of a mile of the Red River raft, with plenty of sweeps, would be more lively in handling. At last, we have way on her, and we ram her with all our force. But she is so flat and broad that she merely *slides* away under our stem as a floating door would slip away before the cut water of a barge; all that we could do was to *push* her. At sea and in smooth water, *provided she chose to remain still*, we could, no doubt, have run over her. It required a full mile, under full steam, to get full headway on the *Virginia*; we never had one-half the requisite space, and consequently the blow was weak and inefficient. We could not knock a hole in the *Monitor*, for our prow, which with inconceivable stupidity had been made of cast-iron, had been knocked off, of course, when we opened the bowels of the *Cumberland*; and besides, at the water line the *Monitor* had *six* feet of solid timber, heavily plated with iron, while our cast prow was but *five* feet long. Jones now determines to board her; to choke her turret in some way, and lash her to the *Virginia*.

The gunners and the armorers gang have all their posts assigned; some have heavy sledge-hammers; others have large

wedges and crow-bars, bits of heavy chain, spikes and bolts, and whatever was thought available to wedge the turret and keep it from revolving.

In such case the *Monitor* is harmless and we have captured her. Some have large flasks of turpentine, and others have balls of oakum saturated with the same; some have a slow match, and some have torches. If we can get the combustibles through the top grating of the turret, we may suffocate the crew in it, or possibly may set the ship on fire and blow her up. About twenty men of the boatswain's gang have manned the heavy hawsers and chain cables; if we can lash her securely to the *Virginia*, we can walk away with her to Norfolk, whether the turret revolves or not.

At last, the enemy is dead ahead, and we see by the bubbles which dance past the ports that we are getting "way" on her.

Faster and faster, and nearer and nearer, and the fighting crew, with pistols and boarding pikes, and well sharpened cutlasses are burning for the signal to swarm aboard the foe.

Faster and faster, and nearer and nearer;—within twenty minutes the Confederate colors shall fly from the *Monitor's* peak, by the sheer force of brains and seamanship and heroism and the juster cause. A breathless hush pervades the ship, for a single stroke of the bell is heard; the monster engines are stilled; and now, the blood is fairly tumbling through our veins as the shrill pipes and hoarse roar of the boatswains call "boarders away," but the enemy has also heard the call for "Pr'ythee see there! behold! look! lo!! the *Monitor* is off, has wheeled in flight, has turned tail and fled, and ignominiously seeks refuge on a mud-flat; or, to speak, perhaps, with more euphony and elegance, and in the language of Commodore Parker, "has hauled off into shoal water," where she is as safe from our ship as if she were on the topmost peak of the Blue Ridge. Ten feet draught of water against twenty-two. The flying foe is moving two feet to our one but, rapidly firing, we chase her until we have no longer an inch of water under our keel—we have been brought up, all standing by the shoal.

From the commencement of her flight, the *Monitor* had made no reply to our fire, and now her nimble heels have secured her a place of safety, miles distant, on Hampton Shoals. Although the great distance made it a waste of precious ammunition, yet, by way of emphasizing our victory—putting it in italics, as it were—we fired five more shells at her. As well as we could distinguish, three of them struck, but the last two, though fired from our pivot gun, could not reach, *and to none of them did we get any reply*. Let this fact be especially marked, to-wit:—the *Monitor*, seeking safety in flight, and anchoring where she could float, and where we could not, made no reply to the last guns fired on that day. When she wheeled to fly, she had fired the last hostile gun at the *Virginia*, which a short time afterwards drove her again from the field, when she was bombarding our batteries. A little later still she was severely beaten at Drury's Bluff, principally by the crew of the burnt *Virginia*; and then, leaving Hampton Roads to take part in Butler's fire-works at Wilmington, she went to the bottom, *handsomely*, off Cape Hatteras.

"Most incompetent conclusion—most inglorious career."

But the *Monitor*, now on the shoal, had once before run out of the fight, for the purpose, Commodore Parker tells us, "of hoisting up her shot, weighing 168 pounds" (a most remarkable proceeding for a full manned war-ship); and in the hope that she may return once more, the *Virginia* waits for about thirty-five minutes. But she clings to the flat and makes no "sign;" and having thus beaten her fairly, squarely and absolutely, the *Virginia* goes on her way rejoicing. Commodore Parker admits that the *Monitor* ran off, but "finding her injuries not so serious," she "turned her head towards the enemy," who "turned" his head towards Norfolk, and "left the field pursued by the *Monitor*." Now the *Monitor* was a long way off, nearly three miles, and we cannot gainsay the assertion that she "turned" towards us; but that she "turned" and came out into deep water to give battle, or that the *Virginia* "turned" in consequence, or *that the Monitor ever "pursued" her an inch, or pretended to pursue, or that by*

firing a gun, or in any other way she ever gave the slightest indication of a wish to renew the fight, I wholly and utterly deny. I pronounce the statement absolutely untrue in gross and in detail. I laugh it to scorn and dare its author to the proof. Some *proof* that she was *ever* again, for a single instant, within two miles of the *Virginia* until more than two months afterwards, we were compelled to burn our ship by reason of military movements ashore; remembering always that while she might freely come to us, we might not go to her. Much "*turning*" there may have been, but there was no "*pursuit*." There are five thousand creditable witnesses of the fact, that when we left Hampton Roads that day there was *nothing in sight to fight*. True, the colors of the *Minnesota* were still at her peak, but she was so thoroughly beaten, that, as every Northern man knows, Van Brunt was with great difficulty dissuaded from abandoning her, by the influence of outside spectators. She was aground, and entirely at our mercy, and it seemed merciless to fire another shot at her. We no more considered her a hostile element in the fight, than if she had been a toy ship. And just here I would note an incident. While the crews of the *Cumberland* and *Congress* were struggling to reach the shore, in boats and by swimming, a few charges of grape and canister would have swept them from the waters—not a man would have reached the shore alive. By Buchanan's peremptory order, not a shot was fired.

But the *Monitor* is now, *admittedly*, on the shoal to examine her wounds; the *onus* is on her to *prove* that she came off it to *fight*. Wanted the bearings and distance of the *Virginia* when the *Monitor* "*pursued*;" and wanted *more*, said bearings and distances and *soundings* when she turned from that "*pursuit*" to play that "*defensive role*." The issue is just here, and it is in a nutshell, and there is no dodging it. We charge that she never left the shoal *for an instant* to give battle, and that she *was never again that day nor—any other day—within three miles of the Virginia* or in four fathoms of water, while a Confederate vessel was in sight, or outside the bar. The smoke of one signal gun from the *Monitor*, and we would have wheeled to fight her, although within one hundred yards of our dock. We sailed our

ship to *fight*, and not to "protect vast interests by a defensive role."

The *Monitor* being beaten off, in what more impressive manner *could* Catesby Jones "show his fealty to the cause which he had espoused?" (his devotion to which is the pride and joy of his life, as it is to all of us). No respectable man on board the *Monitor* will deny that the *Virginia* fired the last shots, or that the *Monitor* ran off into shoal water, where our shell could not reach her. If, at this instant, the victory was not ours, whose was it? or how long was it to be in abeyance? Six hours? or six weeks? or six years? By way, however, of putting a clinching nail in this mythical "pursuit;" if the *Monitor*, leaving the flat, was *really* looking for a fight, why did she not find it during the ensuing nine weeks, when the *Virginia* was roaming about the Roads, using every possible effort to coax her into a struggle, but in vain? "Discretion" was "the better part of valor," and *we never met her again*. "He that fights and runs away will live to fight another day," but that "other day" *never dawned* for the *Monitor*. To make our appeal the more impressive, to shame her into a fight, as it were, Barney, in the *Jamestown*, ran over to Hampton side and cut out three vessels under her very nose; but she was not to be coaxed from her earthworks; she was inexorable, and our grand old Sea-king Tatnall, the chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche* was in despair. Nobody *could* "get wounded" for nobody *would* fight him. At last, he determined to capture her by stratagem, but the plan was found to be impracticable. He could only taunt her by the daily display of the Confederate colors, and a daily invitation to battle. And so much for the "pursuing" *Monitor*.

But to the story. It is now about 12 M., and as there is no enemy to fight, we turn to the *Minnesota*. We have knocked a hole into her, large enough to admit a wagon and four horses, driving four of her ports into one, and the carnage in and about her had been dreadful. Of the officers and crew of a steamer alongside, not one remained alive I believe. We considered her *sufficiently* destroyed, a crippled bird, *on the ground*, which we could bag at pleasure. If it was all to go over again (it is so

easy to be wise *after* the event), I suppose that we would have delayed a few minutes, and burnt her with hot shot, in spite of the pilots. The pilots insisted on *immediate* departure: the alternative being, that they cannot, otherwise, take the ship over the bar, until noon of the next day. To cross on the midnight high tide is impossible. The *Minnesota* is on the port-beam, about a mile off, for, although she drew about the same water that we did, the pilots could never (on account of some peculiarity of the channel) place us closer. If we could have used the hot-shot gun on the port side, the *Minnesota* would undoubtedly have been ablaze in a few moments. But the *Cumberland* had shot away its muzzle. To turn the ship and fight the starboard gun, was impossible, for heading up stream on a strong flood-tide, she would have been wholly unmanageable, baffling around on her heel and boxing 30 degrees of the compass—from starboard to port and from port to starboard. We *must* hold her, head to tide. “Shift that starboard gun to port side,” Jones orders, and now it will take the better part of an hour to get the *Minnesota* well ablaze, and then we will lose *this* tide and the *next*. “In a few minutes,” said the extremely importunate pilots, “it will be high water; we have nearly three miles to run to the bar, and if the ship *should* take the ground on a falling tide!!!” We head for Norfolk, and this was the way in which the United States Frigate *Cumberland* saved the United States Frigate *Minnesota*.

The *Virginia* had so lightened up forward, that two or three inches of the hull, below the shield, were plainly exposed, and why the enemy took no advantage of this, is one of the mysteries of the fight. To bring her down by the head at least a foot, to replace an anchor which had been shot away, and which we never missed until ordered to be “let go,” and to replace our broken prow, were important provisions, for our struggle tomorrow with the *Monitor*, by which time, most probably, she may have screwed her courage to the sticking place and ventured off the shoal.

At the special instance of Flag Officer Buchanan, no captain was ever ordered to the *Virginia*; he desired that no one should

be between him and the Executive and Ordnance Officer, who knew the ship from her keel upwards, and who had been made responsible for the efficiency of her battery. Comparatively speaking, a young Lieutenant, Jones, finds himself, in an instant, in command of the leading ship, and in a desperate battle involving possibly the destinies of Empire.

With admirable professional judgment and common sense, he determines, *after beating off the enemy*, and after consulting with his officers, that his seniors should share the dread responsibilities of the hour. And, so, as the crew have been fighting for two days, as his wounded chief is only a few miles off, and as his senior officer, Commodore Tucker, is almost alongside, Jones steams off for Norfolk, and the great fight in Hampton Roads is over. . . . In a battle which, revolutionizing as it did in an instant the whole science of naval warfare, is more memorable than any sea-fight of history, more pregnant of consequences—in a battle, which will be remembered to the latest posterity, as the prominent naval event of our times, our ship has come out victorious,

With that last shot at the *Minnesota*, closed her fighting career. The *Patrick Henry* and the *Jamestown* follow. On the previous day, at the first sound of our guns, they had come booming down the river from Mulberry Island, and had rushed into the fight, in the most gallant and effective way. The *Patrick Henry* has received a shot through her boiler; one of her engines is disabled, and she has lost more men than all the rest together. It became necessary to tow her out of the fight, but she soon returned and was actively engaged. In the hottest of the fire the *Virginia* grounded for a few moments, and both ships dashed in to her aid, and how they ever survived that fire is another mystery of the action; for from all the shore batteries and all the men-of-war, the *Virginia* was literally bathed in shell and shot—*benado en municion*. The *Minnesota* alone fired 145 ten-inch; 349 nine-inch and 35 eight-inch shot and shell, and 5,567 pounds of powder. The entire time of all our quarter-masters was consumed in setting and re-setting the colors. Again and again were they shot away, and when the last spare flag staff

was "expended" they were rigged to the much be-riddled smoke-stack, whence they were shot away again and again, and when the fight was over and the *Monitor* had run off, our flag was flying from a boarding-pike, passed up through the spar deck grating. While fighting the men-of-war and shore batteries they manage to find time to blow up a transport steamer, to sink a schooner and to capture another. They were large, side wheel; were vulnerable almost to a pistol shot. Never were two beautiful ships more gallantly handled. We are off for Norfolk: Barney, who happened to be the last to quit the field, has fired the last gun. It was a weather-bow gun, and the enemy—"they heard the sound, its meaning knew." And did the *Monitor* fire a blank cartridge to windward that day? and if not why not? Was it an *accidental* omission of glorification? *Credat Judaeus and other marines.*

Well, the smoke from that triumphant gun was yet floating lazily away, when Catesby Jones remarked to the writer, "the destruction of those wooden vessels was a matter of course especially so, being at anchor, but in not capturing that ironclad, I feel as if we had done nothing." "And yet," he added, "give me that vessel and I will sink this one in twenty minutes." And every watch-officer of our squadron would engage, under forfeiture of his head, with a *Monitor* to sink a *Virginia*, every thirty minutes from dawn till dewy eve. And this is said in no spirit of boasting. It only means that they would know the fatally weak point of the *Virginia*, which Worden could scarcely be expected to know by inspiration. Considering the terrible prestige of our ship, and that his junior officers were volunteers (as I suppose), and therefore inexperienced, Worden fought his ship with plenty of spirit. After being temporarily blinded by Hunter Davidson's gun, his responsibility ceased. In other and happier days, we were temporarily shipmates; (in 49-50 the writer was Judge Advocate of the Pacific Squadron in San Francisco Bay, and upon one or more Courts Martial we served together, he being, if I recollect aright, the junior member); I knew Lieutenant Worden for an amiable, upright, conscientious, debt-hating man, and of fair standing as an average deck officer. Never

having seen his official report, which, strange to say, was not made till '68—six years after the fight—am wholly unwilling to believe that he has given his sanction to this preposterous claim of "pursuit" and "victory." He would never, I am sure, lend himself to the meanness of claiming *unearned* laurels. While he could fight, he fought gallantly; but he was beaten thoroughly, and it would have been a great novelty in other days for *defeat* to be rewarded by *promotion*. In the political exigency of the hour, which forbade the acknowledgment of defeat by his Government, he was a fortunate man. A Nelson or Collingwood, finding the enemy's upper works invulnerable, might have tried the lower ones; they certainly would have *done something* with the divine inspiration of genius to make the best ship win. But then the Nelsons and Collingwoods only appear every century or two.

I have said that the *Monitor* was fought with plenty or spirit. She was also fought with a "plentiful lack" of judgment and common-sense and ordnance-sense. The great radical blunder was in failing to *concentrate* her fire. In two instances a second shot striking near the first, weakened our shield and caused the backing to bulge inwards, and made it very manifest that a third or fourth shot would have *gone through*. "But another shot or two from the *Monitor*," writes one of our Lieutenants, "following up two or more that she had placed between my two guns on the starboard side, would have brought down the shield about our ears." In these cases the shots were delivered upon the strongest part of our roof; if they had struck her at the water-line, where there was no protection whatever for the hull (for be it remembered that she had no knuckle), they would have gone through her as if she had been of paper. A fighting, wide-awake seaman makes the enemy's *water-line* his *first* target and that proving invulnerable, the guns, and the guns' crew the *second*. Now, the enormous weight of her shield and battery, kept the *Virginia*, all the time, just hovering between floating and sinking. She was sluggish, sodden and entirely irresponsible to the breathing of the sea. In a very slight roughening of the water, a sailor could tell in a moment, by the *feel of her*, under

his feet, that it was a touch and go matter whether she staid up, or went down; a very few tons of water through the hole made by two, or even one, well-aimed shot from the splendid eleven-inch gun of the *Monitor*, and the *Virginia* would have gone to the bottom in five minutes. With such a gun, and at such short range, it would be no great feat for the intelligent side-boy to plant his shot *every time* in the space covered by an ordinary straw-hat. The *Virginia* was so large a mark that almost every shot struck her *somewhere*; but they were scattered over the whole shield and on both sides, and were therefore harmless. To point her gun in our direction, and fire on the instant, *without aim or motive*, appeared to be the object. The turret revolving rapidly, the gun disappears only to repeat in five or six minutes the same hurried and necessarily aimless, unmeaning fire; not a shot appeared to have any "*motif*." They appeared to be firing at "Cowes and a market." She could assume and keep whatever position she pleased, for, with her short keel and fine engines, she could play around us like a rabbit around a sloth. Once during the fight she took such a position that we could not bring a single gun to bear on her. Why did she not with common-sense keep it, and with perfect security deliberately plant her shot where she pleased almost to an inch? She fired, all told, during the fight forty-one shots (taking her time, about one fire in six minutes), and any three of them properly aimed would have sunk us, and yet the nearest shot to the water-line was over four feet. Our rudder and propeller were wholly unprotected, and a slight blow from her stem would have disabled both and ended the fight. Every time the *Virginia* went to cruise in the Roads under Tattall we bade her an affectionate good-bye—we never expected to see her again. In short, considering that at noon on the —th of March, '62, the *Monitor* was by *immense odds* the most formidable vessel of war on this planet, and that our ship was comparatively a *ship of glass*, and that doing us *no* harm (for our crew never suffered so much as a finger ache from the *Monitor's* fire), and wholly unharmed herself, after four mortal hours of battle she runs away and gives up the fight, it is impossible to conceive in what manner she *could have been more inefficiently*

handled. On the other hand, the *Monitor* might have thrown her guns overboard and have flooded her magazine, and in spite of all that daring and genius could do, at the end of a week, or a month, or a year, would have been as far from capture as she was at the moment of "hauling off into shoal water."

We are now at Norfolk, and will any one ever forget that Sunday afternoon ovation to our glory-covered sailors—a whole people wild with delight? Or can any one ever forget the scene aboard the *Virginia* on the following Tuesday, when all hands were assembled on the quarter-deck to return thanks to Almighty God for this great victory and deliverance; the tears and sobs of both officers and men; or the burning words of the eloquent divine—Wingfield, the present Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Texas. How our President, that "very noblest Roman of them all," announced the glad tidings in one of those exquisite compositions, which for force of language and classical elegance and purity, are wholly unsurpassable? Or, how Congress voted thanks and promotion? Or, can we forget that our victory sent a thrill of gladness through the hearts of our people, then staggering under so many reverses, such as was not exceeded by any single success of the War? Nor do we forget that to this very hour, "I fought in Hampton Roads" is an *open sesame* to the hearts and homes of all our own countrymen. Ah! the thrilling memories of those halcyon days.

"There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul; which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it never again to put forth bud or blossom." And so, we, crushed to the earth, as we admit, by the agonizing thought that we have no country *now* (eternally infamous be the cowards who still oppress her); broken in health, broken in fortune, broken hearted, utterly, hopelessly. Life all broken up, aimless—weary; for since that dreadful day of April, '65—

"There's nothing serious in Mortality;
All is but joys: Renown and Grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn; and naught but lies
Is left the vault to brag of."

More than willing since that day of doom, and between *any* two ticks of the clock, to join our envied brothers—that noble army of martyrs, who left us on the battle field for the Spirit land, (where so soon now they will welcome us all) *and, yet*, in the consciousness of duty performed, of self-respect maintained, in the now proved certainty that we were right, and in a thousand glorious recollections of our struggle, we have many and many a cheerful moment. And to none of those hope-tinted hours

“In the land where we were dreaming”

does memory more delightedly recur, than to those early days of March, 1862. Ah, me! how earnestly, how feelingly, how tearfully do we say of them: *Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*.

And our ship. She’s “by the head” again, to twenty-three feet forward, has a new anchor, a new wrought-iron prow, a new set of boats, the two port shutters repaired, and plenty of solid shot and bolts; and as soon as her new captain reaches her deck (Commodore Tatnall—I *never* think of the gallant “old chieftain” without mentally ordering to his memory, a “present-arms,”) she is off to find that “pursuing” *Monitor*, and she never found her. Where was she? Echo answers “where,” and likewise a brave boatswain’s-mate, who worshipped at the shrine of the Wide Water-street muse, and as the classic poet of the fo’castle irreverently wrote:—

“Supra mud-flattibus
Monitoribus jugattibus,
Non est come-attibus
Virginiabus.”

While roaming about the *Monitor*-less Roads in triumph, the *Virginia* was a powerful support to Magruder at Yorktown. I have often heard my gallant Chief say that she was his “right wing, and was equal to five thousand men.” (General John Bankhead Magruder—and at the name of as true and unselfish a gentleman, and of as gallant a soldier as ever adorned the profession of arms—let the drums roll.) It was largely, if not chiefly, owing to her material and moral support that we kept

McClellan in check—eight thousand men against a splendidly appointed army of one hundred and twenty thousand. It gave us time to concentrate our forces around Richmond, where so soon after we beat them so terribly. Up to this time I have not seen the fights around Richmond manufactured into Yankee victories, but I am looking for that fabric every day. What were those “vast interests” which the *Monitor* was protecting in her “defensive role?” And how did they weigh when compared with the *actual, positive, tangible* damage which the *Virginia* was doing their cause? If that splendid invention (as we freely admit she was, for smooth water) had been fought as she ought to have been, it might have saved them fifty thousand men. Engaging our handful with a few brigades, McClellan might have walked past us to Richmond with the rest of his army almost any morning before breakfast.

Having accomplished our object, which was to check McClellan, our armies fell back from Yorktown and Norfolk, and Commodore Tatnall ordered all our light-draught vessels to Drury’s Bluff, viz: the *Patrick Henry*, *Jamestown*, *Teaser*, *Beaufort*, and *Raleigh*, under Tucker, Barney, Webb, Parker and Alexander. Possibly we might have taken the *Virginia* as far as Harrison’s Bar, but such action would have been absurd from every point of view. As the enemy occupied both sides of the river, *above* and *below*, we could neither coal nor provision her, and would have been compelled to destroy her in a few days, if she remained so long uncaptured. Her officers and crew were more usefully employed than in holding in a narrow shoal river a ship which required an inland sea to move in. It was suggested that we abandon her to the enemy, and after they had indulged in a sufficient amount of exultation, that Taylor Wood (our young Nelson) should slip out late some afternoon and sink her with the *Torpedo* or *Teaser* (one-gun tugs); but it was regarded as a species of ingratitude to allow the flag which she had done so much to humble, to float over her for a single moment.

And now the narrative is drawing to a close, for it is the 10th of May, and one mile distant W. S. W. bears Craney Island.

"Then war her journey's end
The butt and very sea mark of her utmost sail."

Her mission was accomplished, her work was done and here was she to receive her death-blow and burial at the hands of her own people. And so, landing the crew, whom we marched to Drury's Bluff through Richmond (where a few days later they beat the *Monitor* off again, and who as they fell in and formed on the beach that night continually looked for, but more continually never saw that "pursuing" *Monitor*)—then and there, on the very field of her fame, within sight of the *Cumberland's* top-gallant masts all awash—within sight of that magnificent fleet still cowering on the shoal, with her laurels all fresh and green, we hauled down her drooping colors, and with mingled pride and grief, we gave her to the flames. Now the lambent fires are roaring around the shotted guns. The slow-match—the magazine—and that last deep hollow, sullen, mournful boom has rolled to the very sympathizing stars, and in muttered thunders told her fate; and it told her people, now far away on the march that, unprofaned by the touch of the hated foe, our gallant ship had passed away.

Her glory and renown shall live in song and story until Time shall be no more, and as long as love of country, devotion to duty, wisdom in council and heroism in battle are honored among men—so long shall the gentle fair with thrilling hearts listen to the brave and the true, as they tell of the gallant spirits who fought the Confederate States war-ship, the *Virginia*, to immortality—to a glorious *ever brightening* immortality.

And *Virginia* was her name, not *Merrimac*, which has a nasal twang equally abhorrent to sentiment and to melody, and meanly compares with the sonorous sweetness of "*Virginia*." She fought under Confederate colors, and her fame belongs to all of us; but there was a peculiar fitness in the name we gave her. *In Virginia, of Virginia iron and wood, and by Virginians* was she built, and *in Virginia's waters*, now made classic by her exploits, she made a record which shall live forever. Of her officers a large proportion were Virginians. From Maryland were Admiral Buchanan, Lieut. John Taylor Wood, and Chief-

Engineer Ramsay; and well may we be especially proud of the contribution of our dear old State, "our Maryland." Of the three leading ships in the great fight two were commanded by Marylanders: Buchanan and Barney, in the *Virginia* and *James-town*. From Georgia were Commodore Tatnall and one of the assistant engineers, I regret that I cannot remember his name; from Missouri, Midshipman Marmaduke; from Tennessee, Midshipman Foute; from Kentucky, Midshipman Craig, and from Virginia were Catesby Jones, Charlie Simms, Hunter Davidson, Robert Minor, John R. Eggleston and Walter Butt, *all* the Lieutenants; Midshipmen Littlepage, Rootes and Long; Paymaster Jas. Semple; Surgeons Dinwiddie Phillips and A. S. Garnett; Marine Officer Reuben Thom; five out of the six assistant-engineers; Signal Officer Lieut. George E. Tabb, and all five of the pilots. Of the nineteen officers who fought her through her *Monitor* fight, fifteen were of Virginia. Well may the grand old mother of States and Statesmen be proud of the record of her children—her daughters as of her sons. On the sea as on the land their Confederate loyalty and zeal were conspicuous, and especially does every valley and hill-top on the battle-scarred bosom of their political Mother tell, trumpet-tongued, of their filial valor and devotion. Honored and respected in life, in death their ashes shall repose among their well-loved people, and their names now already become "household words," shall be cherished in affectionate remembrance through many a generation yet unborn.

God save the Old Dominion, and all true Virginians, and God save the wretched handful of her surviving naval and military renegades, thick-skinned fellows in eternal exile, whom remorse and the slow-moving finger of scorn have not, *as yet*, marked down into their graves.

And just here, I would dwell for a moment upon the peculiarly grateful relations, which, as Marylanders, we hold to our Southern brothers—relations so "hallowed and so gracious." They remind us, in kindly tones, that because of being forced to struggle through the enemy's lines, to reach the Confederate colors, we were in a peculiar degree isolated from our homes

and friends. (But for the infamous arrest of her Legislature, the State, by the absolutely unanimous voice of her people *on that day*, would, in a few hours, have been wheeled into line with her Southern Sisters.) Our Southern brothers tell us, that *wherever* it adorned and hallowed the landscape, our beautiful flag looked down upon Marylanders, who, in turn, looked up to it, their eyes beaming with love and devotion; that *wherever* the day-light air was startled with the crash and roar of battle, in the thickest of the smoke and close to the colors, were men who were then illustrating the glories of the "old Maryland line;" and when they looked down upon Maryland's dead and dying. We take no pride in these flattering words—none whatever. The Cause was ours as much as theirs, and called for the same sacrifices, even to the going down into the grave. But when they tell us of what Maryland has done *since* the war—that weeping with them tear for tear, they gave themselves up wholly to alleviate their sorrows, nursing their shattered bodies, and whispering comfort to their bleeding, broken hearts; pouring over them a flood tide of loving tenderness and sympathy, which has known no ebb to this hour; when they tell us that even on the busy mart where "merchants most do congregate," where hard sharp lines of trade prevail, there has been a generous rivalry as to who should first say, "shattered by the losses and calamities of desolating war, sit down quickly, and write thy debt acquitted." When they tell us, in the language of Gov. Vance, of North Carolina that, our beautiful Baltimore "has become a very Mecca to every true Southern heart,"—*then* it is, I say, that thrilling with pride in our holy cause—(that cause, which, through those four dreadful years of physical hardship and suffering and mental agony, was upheld with a patience and a devotion of which, we, its soldiers, are not ashamed,) thrilling with pride in our grand old State and her glorious history and traditions—pride in our noble City, her fair women and brave men—we tremble with emotion—we shall have been "flattered to tears."

By what process of reasoning Commodore Parker extracts

such a quantity of sentimental semi-religious sop out of the fight, I cannot comprehend. The quality is much to be envied. Extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers is nothing to it.

Now, "Providence," whatever that is, was in this war, as usual, on that side having the heaviest artillery, and having with open ports the most money with which to entice foreign hirelings, with Dutchmen, for example, at \$2,000 a head bounty. (This, the sole cause of our defeat.) But, if ever there was an exception to the Napoleonic maxim, this was it. The *Monitor* only appears upon the scene *after* that, we have been upon the rampage for a whole day—have cleared out everything in the Roads; men-of-war, transports, traders; we *have* done the enemy all possible injury, material and moral. Stocks fall ten per cent. in an hour; gold rises faster and such a panic pervades all Yankee-dom as they never knew before or since, and then next day, when we come to fight the *Monitor*—Noah's ark against the crack iron-clad of the British channel fleet, we beat her off, undeniably, and forever, of which fact the French and British men-of-war were witnesses. Without stopping to comment on that characteristic so peculiarly Yankee, which arrogantly assumes with self-righteous, holier-than-thou airs, that Providence must be necessarily and *ex officio* on whatever side he may happen to esponse, one would think that always fighting us twelve to one in point of numbers, and one hundred to one in point of resources, they would be content with the odds and let Providence alone. *Sed de gustibus, etc.* Now, we thanked Providence (or ought) for helping us to beat the *Monitor*, and I cannot conceive what the *Monitor* gave thanks for, except for their escape. It must be very embarrassing to Providence to be thanked by *both* sides for victory—carrying water on both shoulders, as it were. Providence could not possibly have done more for us than to lift us to ten feet draught of water, *or* give us three or four knots more speed that we might have caught the *Monitor*. There are grave doubts whether Providence could do it, but assuming that she could, with such an enormous weight of roof and battery, and with such engines as those, we did not ask it: Providence took no sides in the fight, I am forced to attribute

the flight of the *Monitor* to other causes. Possibly the horrors of the Libby prison had something to do with it. I weary to death under this snuffling cant of Providential interference. Before the war, we Southern men, *as a nation, carried* our colors, in the great battle of life, as far to the front as Northern men did; we so carry them now. How we carried them in actual battle, their own records tell. "We were entitled to say the least, to be regarded as fighting for a principle as much as themselves—We had all to lose and nothing to gain. We were as competent to select the path which manhood, duty, patriotism and honor required us to follow. And we *know* that we selected aright; for though we could look down the stream of time, and see all the agony, ruin and humiliation which would await us at the end, we would follow the same path without a moment's hesitation. We would only so change that by intensifying our effort, *other* half million of our wicked and cowardly invaders should be welcomed with hospitable hands to bloody graves. Gushing politicians to the contrary notwithstanding,

Commodore Parker thinks that "what injuries the *Virginia* sustained will probably never be known." He can learn the truth from hundreds of witnesses; there never was any secret about it. They were almost nothing, and she was ready for action within five minutes after reaching her dock.

It would seem to be very clear that no such dreadful injuries could befall the ship, without some greater or less harm to the crew, and yet not one drop of Confederate blood was shed in the fight. Our surgeons were utterly scandalized and brought all to naught, for the *official record* shows that on the 8th of March our casualties were absolutely *nil*—not so much as a sprain, or a bruise, or a finger ache or a nose bleeding—not so much as a splinter for a fine cambric needle. In the cramped and crowded condition of our gun deck, a rifle ball even, would have done no little execution. No missile so large entered any of our ten ports, although the *Monitor's* fire was often delivered at half pistol shot distance, and frequently the ships were nearly touching. Among the many mysteries of the fight, this was perhaps the most remarkable. (What an immense field for "Prov." lucubration.)

Not more remarkable, however, than the least mendacious Yankee account of the fight which I have seen, and in a book, aspiring to the dignity and truthfulness of history.

"Neither produced the slightest effect upon the other, until at last, the *Monitor* sent a shell through the port hole of her antagonist doing severe execution among the crew. After that the *Merrimac* retreated leaving the victory with the little *Monitor*." (Young Folks' History.) *Oh tempora! Oh mores!* There *was* much abrasion of the wood-work about the stem, where she had rammed the *Monitor*; a number of dents in the shield more or less deep, and in one or two places the iron was ripped off, and the smoke-stack riddled. During the fight an alarming leak was reported, but it was soon discovered and stopped. These and the injuries named were wholly immaterial as regards her fighting capacity; whether great or small she was always ready for action, and the greater her injuries the less excuse for the *Monitor* to decline the daily-offered battle.

With regard to the rhetorical flourish as to what "Earl Russell thought," and "Europe thought," "the political significance of the victory," etc., this is all *vox et preterea nihil*. At the time the most "trooly loil" claimed no victory; not even the *Monitors* themselves. Every man of them knows in his secret heart that his ship was whipped. It was an accepted defeat. The public prints, contemporaneous literature, the stock and gold markets, all prove it. True, the enemy managed to find some solace from the survival of the *Monitor*, but it was after this manner to wit: that *if* there had been no *Monitor*, that *then* the *Virginia* might have achieved that terrible career aforesaid. The most puerile and vapid of *non sequiturs* of course, but it was all the extractable comfort *at the time*. For supposing the *Virginia*, manned by idiots or traitors, to have been run seaward past Cape Henry (there to founder in the first few moments, upon the first few heaves of a sleeping sea), the *Monitor* would have been no hindrance—no greater than a Portuguese man-of-war. For she was playing a "defensive role" (to absolute perfection), and the approved mode of playing it, is your enemy drawing four to swing to your anchors in two fathoms of water. You cannot

play a "defensive role" and a fighting and a "pursuing" role at *the same time*. It was only *gradually* that the story of the fight was woven into Northern school-books as a "drawn battle." In this article for the first time I have seen it claimed as a Federal victory. With great pomp and circumstance, and in many honied words the muster-roll of the *Monitor* is held up to the admiring gaze of their countrymen. If there is a man among them who does not blush at the false position assigned him in this article—at being thus pilloried for a mock hero, then must the modesty of such man be under very splendid command.

Earl Russell most probably neither thought nor cared about the fight. The British neutrality policy had been determined upon long before; and assuming that he had been humbugged into the belief that the *Monitor* had not been beaten, the affair had not a feather's political weight one way or the other. The English were accurately informed as to military operations on both sides, but in this case they had special means of knowing the exact truth. I cannot remember distinctly whether or not the British man-of-war was in the Roads on the 8th of March, and with her own eyes, saw the *Monitor* run up on the shoal and *stay there* (I know that the Frenchman saw it all and so reported), but she was certainly there early in April, for I remember this incident. Barney's prizes, cut out in the hope that in very shame the *Monitor* would come out and fight us in the channel, were passing near the British ship *en route* to Norfolk. Entirely ignoring their neutrality obligations and all the petty proprieties, unable to restrain their generous impulses, from the captain to the side-boy, they cheered our gunboat to the very echo. I seem to hear again those rousing, ringing British cheers, at this very moment. To a man, the English army and navy were with us, and not having the fear of the Yankee before their eyes, lost no opportunity of publicly showing their sympathy and respect. But they saw, alas! that Barney's gallantry was thrown away, and that the *Monitor* with her *steam up* still hugged the shoal and utterly refused the gage of battle so handsomely thrown down. Now the "political significance" of this "victory" of the *Monitor* could scarcely have so overwhelmed Earl Russell. And again,

early in May a magnificent Federal fleet (the *Virginia* being concealed behind the land) have ventured across the channel and some of them expressly fitted to destroy our ship, are furiously bombarding our batteries at Sewell's Point. Dashing down comes old Tatnall on the instant, as light-stepping and blithe as a boy. With such terrible odds they will surely fight us now; though we could not have survived the shock for sixty seconds, either from the fire or from the ramming. But the *Virginia* no sooner draws into range than the whole fleet, like a flushed covey of birds, flutters off into shoal water and under the guns of the forts. *Every vessel runs, and we cannot fire a single shot.* Says one of our Lieutenants: "There were seven or eight vessels besides the *Monitor*—heavy steam Frigates several of them—in line of battle, and throwing shells into Sewell's Point. We heard at the time that it was by way of entertaining Mr. Lincoln, who was at Fortress Monroe. At any rate they *all ran*, when they saw us coming, in a way that made me blush for the navy in which I had served so long." We chase until we can almost hail the gunners on the Rip Raps, who were pouring a splendid fire into her—remarkably splendid from its rapidity and precision. A few lengths of the cable will put us ashore. *Pari passu* the squadron retreat, and are far beyond our range. But see! they are now huddling together between the forts, and are only waiting to make a grand combined onslaught. Vain hope! the weary hours roll by; the crew are yawning at their guns, cursing their luck ("the defensive role") and growling like old sea bears for the "roll to grog," and we rest like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." "Tucker," hailed the old Commodore in a tone of the deepest disgust, and relapsing into his rheumatic limp, "what can we do! what can we do!" but "it's of no use, they'll *never* fight us; send me a boat, I'll go up in your ship and examine my morning's mail." "Mr. Jones, fire a gun to windward and take the ship back to her buoy." There was *no further bombardment of our batteries*, nor did that splendid squadron again leave the protection of the guns at Old Point, until *they saw* by the debris sweeping seaward on the tides that the *Virginia* was no more. This "victory" of the *Monitor*, as seen and reported by the British

ship, could hardly have so stunned Lord Russell with its "political significance." Nor could it have been her victory at Drury's Bluff a few days later, when with the *Galena* and others she dashed up against our batteries only to be hurled back utterly beaten and discomfitted. What victory was it then that frightened all Europe from its propriety by its "political significance"? Not that it has, even if true, the remotest bearing upon the question at issue (which is, which vessel whipped, the *Monitor* or the *Virginia*?); but if it shall turn out that the whole paragraph is mere dashing assertion, mere "wild and whirling words," why then—*ex uno disce omnes*. The allusion to Earl Russell appears to be unfortunate. If rumor be true, his humiliation at the back down of England in the *Alabama* case is *the* sorrow which is clouding his few remaining years. But what Europe really *did* know was, that we fought long and well for our country; and *we* know, that we were true to our convictions; that all our military renegades can be counted on the fingers of one hand, with one finger and-a-half to spare; and we in Maryland know, that hooting at "pardons" and glorying in "disabilities," we shall remain consistent and true and faithful unto the end. Aye, glorying in our "disabilities" happy to share, though ever so little, in malignant hate with which they honor our President—truest of the true, purest of the pure, bravest of the brave! And their hate is natural and has a two-fold origin. First, because, *Proprium humani ingenii est, odisse quem laeseris*, and the historic records of the last half of the Nineteenth Century shall be blotted with no such damning infamy as that which tells of the treatment of President Davis after his capture. And second, because he has fairly earned their hate. His lion-like, intrepid spirit which in trumpet tones breathes only contempt and defiance to this hour, cheered and sustained our fire until the very last moment. Fewer by 10,000 would have been the "head board" demand but for his single individual heroic will. Their *very* most venomous and most hissing curses. And *we* know how earnest we were, for we read every day the United States Quartermaster's advertisement for "head-boards," the sweetest reading since Cadmus invented letters. The style

—tho' a trifle monotonous, so intensely terse and vivid and the figures *so* magnificent.

To conclude. "In every Federal account of the operations of the war, an antidote should accompany the poison, page by page, line by line." To this effect was the language of my old friend and school-mate, Mr. Teackle Wallis, *tried and true*, in his address to the Southern Historical Society; and could there possibly be a clearer illustration of the truth and wisdom of the words than in the necessity for his reply to the article "Monitor and Merrimack"?

THE DUTY LETTER AND THE LLOYD LETTER.

From the New York Times.

On November 26, 1916, The New York Times published the announcement of an auction sale of autograph letters to take place in London early in December. Among the letters described was one alleged to be by General Robert E. Lee. The description was such as to identify this letter as the famous "Duty Letter" ascribed to General Lee, and so called from the sentence therein, "Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language." This letter was first printed in The New York *Sun*, November 26, 1864.

The announcement of the discovery of the original of this letter, in the handwriting of General Lee, was startling, as it had always been repudiated by the Lee Family, and was believed, beyond doubt, to be a forgery.

On December 21, 1916, The New York Times printed a letter from the undersigned, in which the so-called "Duty Letter" was declared to be a forgery, notwithstanding the discovery in England of what purported to be the original letter, and the sale of it as such by such a firm as Sotheby's. This was done with confidence because the undersigned had for several years made an exhaustive study of the evidence bearing on the authenticity of the "Duty Letter," and in two papers read before the Virginia State Bar Association, in 1914 and 1915, had shown that this letter was disclaimed by General Lee on its first publication in Richmond, in 1864, and that it contained erroneous statements of facts as to which General Lee could not have been mistaken. As to the letter sold in London as an autograph, it was promised that this would be obtained and subjected to comparison with genuine writings of General Lee by experts, and those familiar

with his handwriting. This has now been done, and the result is stated below.

Miss Mary Custis Lee, eldest daughter and only surviving child of General Lee, writes of what we may now call the "Lloyd Letter": "The handwriting bears not the slightest resemblance to my father's. Nor does the signature in the least resemble his."

Captain W. Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, Virginia, the highest authority on all matters concerning General Lee, and the official custodian of his letters, writes: "The so-called original letter, recently purchased from Quaritch in London, is not in General Lee's handwriting, nor has the writer of this letter made even an attempt to imitate his handwriting."

Mr. Albert S. Osborn, of New York City, an expert examiner of questioned documents, writes: "I have made an examination of the original of the 'Duty Letter' and have compared it with genuine writings of General Lee, and, as a result of such examination and comparison, I am of the positive opinion that the letter was not written by General Lee. Furthermore, I am of the opinion that the letter was not written in imitation of the handwriting of General Lee."

If space permitted the publication, side by side, in *The Times*, of photographs of the "Lloyd Letter" and a genuine letter of General Lee, it would be manifest to any one, at a glance, that the "Lloyd Letter" is totally unlike General Lee's writing, and was not meant to be an imitation.

What, then, was the genesis of the "Lloyd Letter"? Can the "Lloyd Letter" be the pretended letter of General Lee, from which the *New York Sun* printed the "Duty Letter" in 1864? This is not impossible, as the "Lloyd Letter," judging by its appearance and water-mark, is old enough to have been in existence in 1864. But a comparison of the "Lloyd Letter" with *The Sun* letter makes it almost certain that the "Lloyd Letter" was not the copy from which *The Sun* printed the "Duty Letter." There are such variations in *The Sun* letter from the "Lloyd Letter" as no compositor would have made, or proof reader overlooked.

The explanation of the "Lloyd Letter," no doubt, is that it is no more than a copy of the "Duty Letter" first printed in *The Sun*, the copyist making a number of changes, mostly verbal, from accident or design. The copy was perhaps sent to his son by a father who was an admirer of General Lee, and who, of course, believed the letter genuine. This view of the "Lloyd Letter" leaves the question of the forgery of *The Sun* letter unaffected by the "Lloyd Letter," and where it was left by the papers read before the Virginia State Bar Association, above referred to.

It may be of interest to add this extract from a letter of Bernard Quaritch : "The letter of General Lee has been under the consideration of the British Museum authorities. It must be distinctly understood that there is no doubt whatever that the letter is a forgery, but at the same time, as you state, a most remarkable forgery." And Mr. Lloyd, on whose behalf the letter was sold, writes : "I have received your pamphlets. To an impartial observer they seem to establish, without reasonable doubt, that the letter in question was a forgery."

In a later letter Bernard Quaritch adds : "With regard to the handwriting of General Lee's letter, we here in England are in an unfortunate position, as, so far as I can trace, we have no specimen of his handwriting, and we have to depend on inadequate facsimiles. This is probably the reason that neither the auctioneer nor the original owner was able to definitely decide the question of its authenticity.

CHARLES A. GRAVES.

University of Virginia, Nov, 1, 1917.

ROBERT E. LEE

By MARY DECKER

When the fate-fraught war was over
And the planter's slaves were free
And the South lay stricken, palsied,
Like a lightning-blasted tree—

One name from out the millions
Bade the anger demons flee.
This name of magic import?
It was that of Robert Lee.

By the fireside, round the campfire,
On ships anchored at the quay—
Wherever valor's worshipped
One hears the name of Lee.

And today the Southern soldier,
Wherever he may be,
Bows his head in love and reverence
At the memory of Lee.

And the mighty, ponderous rivers
That go rolling toward the sea
'Neath the lonely, starlit heavens,
Chant the requiem of Lee.

Lake Providence, La.

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